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OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS,
MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL
LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOLUME II.



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SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN THE
CAROLINAS

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN THE CAROLINAS

BY

MAJOR HENRY O. MARCY, SURGEON, U.S.C.T.

DECEMBER, 1864, was a busy month in the Department of the South. All the available troops had been sent up the Broad River, where, after some sharp fighting, they had secured a safe lodgment and intrenched themselves upon the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, to furnish a base of support to General Sherman, should he seek to reach the coast between Charleston and Savannah. Vast quantities of military stores had been accumulated at Hilton Head, and all were in daily expectancy of news from the army marching through Georgia.

Long shall I remember the morning when a courier rode rapidly to headquarters with the despatch: "Sherman is safe, — Savannah is ours!" It thrilled through the ranks like electric fire. Cheer after cheer rang out along the lines as the news spread from camp to camp. In a wild commotion of joy, in common with a grateful people, as the lightning flashed the news all over the North, our hearts went up in thanksgiving for Sherman's Christmas greeting and present to his country.

Weeks rapidly sped away in preparation for the coming campaign. Our vast stores were depleted, and the army refitted anew. The men became restive in their desire to begin their promised and dearly cherished work of teaching South Carolina a lesson of war, and of testing the prowess of her vaunted chivalry.

The Seventeenth Corps was transferred by water to Beaufort, a pleasing little town of summer residences, which for two years had been civilized by the occupation of our armies. The

corps was quartered in the immediate vicinity of the town. The morning after its entrance the inhabitants were surprised to find their friends had quietly taken possession of almost everything of value. Houses no longer possessed back or front yards, for our veterans did not scruple to use wood, even fences, when they found themselves in the vicinity of dry fuel. Poultry was missing, storehouses were empty, barns had been ransacked, etc. Although painful to the victims, many of these incidents were of too ludicrous a character to cause them loss of temper. A friend of mine from near Boston was an officer in the Internal Revenue Department, and was called "Colonel" out of respect. All who knew him loved him as a whole-souled fellow with a heart as tender to suffering as a woman's; yet he was fully impressed with the importance of his position under the government, which military men, to some degree under his surveillance, liked to ignore. He was impetuous, easily angered, and at first impressed one unpleasantly, and, as a consequence, was by no means a general favorite. He was unfortunate at this time in occupying a house in Beaufort, and in having it well stored with good things from Boston; perhaps in these days it will not be to the colonel's discredit to tell that among other luxuries there was a barrel of sherry in the cellar, while in the yard, when he retired that night, was a coop full of turkeys which had survived the holidays. More than usual noise aroused our worthy colonel upon the aforementioned morning, and, proceeding to investigate the cause of the disturbance, his eye rested upon the empty coop of his favorite fowls, and at the same moment fell upon a soldier, sitting on a fence-post, busy in making his breakfast of broiled turkey. As the idea of this outrage to justice, visited upon an officer of the law, seized the colonel, he eagerly exclaimed: "You scoundrel, where are my turkeys?" The veteran deigned no reply, but with a gesture more emphatic than words, held up the leg of the bird and pointed to the feathers strewn the ground. We make no attempt to paint the colonel's indignation, and his

emphatic language when he found that his six months' supply of good cheer, including his wine, had disappeared from his cellar as mysteriously as his turkeys and his fences.

The sutlers had prepared to welcome the veterans with a large stock of northern delicacies, held at prices which only a sutler's conscience dared to impose, but they breathed a sigh of relief when the good-natured vandals marched out of town. When an account of stock was taken and compared with the amount of money received, they found a large balance to be placed to the debit side of profit and loss. The soldiers' excuse was that they had been promised liberty and license when on the soil of Carolina, and was not Beaufort within the limits of this state?

Kilpatrick and his cavalry, with the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps, ploughed slowly through the overflowed lowlands and crossed the Savannah River at Sister's Ferry, while the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps broke the enemy's line at Pocatigo, a few miles to the right of our winter quarters, and there rendezvoused for the final start. Here our division joined, and relieved these veterans of all extra duty, busied as they were with all the detail of final preparation for the repetition of their herculean efforts.

As before, General Sherman again succeeded in mystifying the enemy as to his future course. Although he had just severed the Confederacy in twain, they did not deem it possible for him again to cut loose from his base and plunge boldly into their country, but fondly hoped he would follow the old routine, fighting upon the line of the coast, where they believed that they, aided by the immense natural and artificial defences of the country, might detain him. They supposed the city of Charleston to be his objective point. Many of her citizens had sent their valuables, and had fled themselves in consternation to the interior, chiefly to Columbia.

The last day of January saw the busy work of preparation cease. The grand army was ready for its last and greatest

campaign. General Sherman, now free from the constant anxieties attending the outfitting and supplying, took a day for rest.

I have pleasant remembrances of an hour spent in his presence that day. He told us that the road to Charleston by way of Columbia was the easiest to travel, and said that he expected by this movement to mystify the enemy. He talked freely and easily, and was in this respect the very opposite of General Grant, making all about him feel perfectly at ease. His clear eye and thoughtful expression taught us that he was master of the situation, but there was a depth of meaning in his semi-playful words that we did not then comprehend.

The first day of February opened as fair and bright and beautiful as a May morning in New England. Many brave hearts swelled with hope, and, may I say, trembled with fear, as again they cut loose from all communications. A large army with Johnston, the wisest of rebel leaders, at its head, confronted them. There were swamps and marshes to cross, rivers to bridge, battles to fight, an enemy to conquer, a confederacy to annihilate, before again father or mother, brother or sister, wife or children, could know of their fate, and who could say that he might not be numbered with those who would fall by the wayside, and that his requiem would not be sung by the winds as they waved the tall reeds and wild grasses growing over a nameless and forgotten grave?

The order of march was issued the preceding night. At three o'clock in the morning the camp fires were burning dimly, giving only here and there a flickering glow, and all was so silent that it seemed difficult to believe oneself in presence of a large army. Suddenly from headquarters a bugle sounded the reveille. Another and another caught up the strain and echoed and re-echoed the call. The beating of drums everywhere struck upon unwilling ears, dispelling all thought of peace and quiet, as they aroused the veterans of Sherman for their last campaign. Breakfast around the camp fires followed. Then the bugles rang out again, and soon the long lines of men

and trains stretched out over the thinly-settled, pine-clad lowlands. The march through the Carolinas had commenced.

The advance struck the enemy near Midway on the Edisto River, some distance above Branchville. As General Sherman had predicted, the Confederates were not looking for him here, but had made great effort at preparing defences at the last mentioned place. The advance was gallantly made through swamps, now floundering in the mud, now scrambling over prostrate trees, now waist deep in water; at last our men emerged in sight of the enemy's works.

A steady, unfaltering step, the hurrahs ring along the line, and the rapid discharge of repeating rifles drive the demoralized enemy from works which, stubbornly held, should have cost us dearly. Pursuit was kept up, until the wayside was lined with muskets, haversacks, canteens, etc., cast away in rapid flight. One hundred of our men were killed and wounded. A gallant Ohio colonel who came under my care severely wounded, mourned the death of his favorite horse more than the loss of his leg. This horse had been taken from the old home, had carried him gallantly through Kentucky, over the mountains of Tennessee, was foremost in the fight when his command captured Atlanta, and had borne him triumphantly through Georgia. In the delirium that ensued four days after the amputation of the leg, as I sent him to the rear, he exclaimed to me: "The sacrifice of a leg is accounted as simply a part of a soldier's misfortune, but, Oh, doctor, the death of that horse is an irreparable loss! I had thought that my children yet unborn should fondle the dear creature, and that unvexed with bridle or rein he should pass his declining years in the peaceful quiet of the old Ohio home."

I had often regretted that the name of this valiant soldier should have escaped my memory, but I had supposed that the sands of the coast received the remains of another of our gallant young men, sacrificed on the altar of our country. About eight years ago, while travelling east from Vancouver over the Cana-

dian Pacific Railway, in passing through the car, I noticed a gentleman wearing the button of our Commandery. Seeing the insignia upon my coat, he said: "I permit no comrade of the Loyal Legion to pass without recognition." It was General Wager Swayne of New York City, well known for his heroic services during the war, and his equally distinguished career in civil life. He had just returned from Alaska, having made the excursion in company with General Sherman, and very naturally the conversation turned upon personal incidents relating to the great commander. I had told of General Sherman showing me some of his favorite horses, of which he was very fond, particularly of one fine, thorough-bred mare which he said Kilpatrick gave him, remarking playfully that "Kil stole him up in Georgia." Thus the conversation turned upon the fondness which the soldier has for his steed, and I recited the story just told of the love which the Ohio colonel, wounded, as I thought, fatally, had shown for his favorite horse. When I finished, tears were coursing down the cheeks of my hearer, and in a husky voice he said, placing my hand upon his artificial limb: "I am sorry to have spoiled the diagnosis of such a famous surgeon, but I am that young Ohio colonel, and am glad to meet the man who ministered to me in my dire necessity."

At last the South Carolina Railroad was reached. Our men, trained to the laying waste of railroads in Tennessee and Alabama, set to work upon the long lines through Georgia with alacrity, and this last artery of communication between the Gulf and the sea-coast states of the Confederacy met the fate of the Charleston and Savannah Road.

Each corps had its badge, worn upon the cap of the wearer. The soldiers were very much in the habit of tracing the outlines of their emblems upon the trunks of trees by the wayside. This habit found expression of poetic character here in the heart of the Confederacy, upon the railroad. With the aid of neighboring trees the ponderous iron rails were shaped into huge letters of U and S. With bolts and spikes these were

fixed and firmly nailed upon the crossings, and left for the consideration of those who should come after. Letters pregnant with meaning to this misguided state, of union more enduring than the iron of which they were made, of prosperity which should follow retribution, of peace on earth and good will towards men.

Orangeburg fell, and the different corps concentrated, until the grand army invested Columbia; this bold movement carried dismay to the hearts of the Confederate leaders. Augusta was threatened on the left. Charleston was hastily abandoned lest a sudden swinging of our forces to the right should cut off all possible means of escape. In the front Beauregard and Hampton retreated from the devoted city towards Charlotte in North Carolina.

The property stored here was of untold value. Columbia had been considered a city of refuge and safety. Here gentlemen had sent their works of art, libraries even, and more valuable articles of personal property. The bank vaults were filled with boxes of jewelry and plate. The store houses were overflowing with cotton, munitions of war and provisions. The Treasury Depot of the Confederate States here printed its multitudinous promises to pay, with proper foresight based upon one condition, — "two years after ratification of the treaty of peace with the United States of America."

Hampton in his retreat had ordered all cotton to be burned. Long lines of burning bales filled the streets. Generals Sherman and Howard were among the first to enter the city. A scene of confusion surrounded them; cotton, household property of all kinds strewed the streets. Crowds of colored men, women and children awaited their approach with respectful attention. When asked if they were not afraid of the Yankees, they replied: "Lors, no, massa, we knowed yous coming. We's prayed de good Lord dis long time fur yous, and we t'anks him dat Mister Sherman an' his company is here sure enuff!"

Our forces were encamped outside the city, excepting a

brigade which performed guard duty within its precincts. Night fell quietly over Columbia, a city noted for its broad avenues, the regularity of its streets, its wealth of shade, its splendid mansions and beautiful gardens. There was no warning of the desolation coming on the morrow. A strong wind fanned to flame the embers strewing the streets, and bore here and there flakes of burning cotton. Flames shot forth from an hundred places, aided doubtless in some instances by wanton hands.

The black smoke rolled up in dense volumes upon the midnight air, shutting in the heavens and spreading its sable wings like a funeral pall over the doomed city. The lurid flames, like the tongues of mammoth serpents, shot out from side to side, leaping from house to house and square to square, crossing streets, gaining volume and impetuosity at every moment, driving helpless before them a fleeing, terror stricken, half clad population of women and children.

Crowds, too, of the sable sons and daughters of toil were hurrying this way and that, carrying large bundles, precious freight for massa or mistress or self. Some gathered at the street corners with wonderment, awe and amazement portrayed upon every feature, listening to the crash of falling buildings, the crackle and roar of devouring elements. Others, with prayerful attitude and upturned countenance, were invoking the blessing of heaven, as if they thought the day of judgment had come. The sharp voice of command rang through the streets. Soldiers by platoons and companies hurried this way and that, restoring order, preventing rapine and plunder, rescuing life and property, doing all that could be done to stay the spreading destruction.

Generals Sherman and Howard and a host of others worked the night long and did all that men could do, to lessen the terrible scourge, and when morning came, aided the destitute, fed the hungry from the soldiers' scanty store, and provided for the suffering.

A discussion has since arisen as to who was responsible for

the burning of Columbia, Hampton claiming it to be the wanton act of a vandal soldiery; but Sherman has shown, and we think beyond controversy, that the responsibility of the city's destruction rests with its own would-be defenders in their hasty attempt to burn the immense quantity of cotton stored there, lest it fall into the hands of the Yankees.

The uneasiness and dread which came over the inhabitants of South Carolina as Georgia opened a highway for its conqueror when Sherman marched down to the sea, had been hanging over their heads during all these weeks of preparation and march. The destruction of Columbia capped the climax and confirmed belief in the wildest stories of ravage, rapine, lust and blood. The horrible tales of Yankees so often told to frighten the slaves, were at last believed by the master, and the disordered imagination of their heated and terror stricken brains could picture nothing more frightful than to fall into our hands.

And thus by a series of natural causes and their effects, the state which had earliest, loudest and longest clamored for heroic defence, for blood, for the raising of the black flag, for a grand rally in the "last ditch," as the tide of war swept through other states, now when called upon to be the martyr to its own principles, made the least honorable, the most ignoble and pusillanimous show of defence seen within the limits of the Southern Confederacy.

Far and wide a very general, almost universal flight, even of women and children, preceded our approach. Hiding of articles of value had usually occurred, and door-yard, garden and cellar were the most common places of secretion. I have spoken of this wide-spread panic especially to explain that anomaly of these campaigns of which you have all heard much, the bummers.

The origin of this nickname is unknown. No English dictionary contains it, only the bummers themselves knew exactly what it meant, except, perhaps, inferentially. Probably the word originated among themselves, certainly they were not

ashamed of it. In campaigns like those in Virginia or in northern Georgia, thickly strewn with danger, soldiers stick close to the main line of march. But in Georgia, and especially in South Carolina, the veterans had learned to consider the danger just enough to give zest to personal adventure, and prompted by its spirit, many brave fellows tired of the march, of roll call and the sameness of regimental life, temporarily deserted the ranks, and banding together in small companies for defence, for days and weeks together went roaming whither they would, keeping in the same general direction, but far in advance of the main body. These bummers were usually stragglers from the infantry, but they became cavalry of the most unique and grotesque sort. The great, cardinal, characteristic, distinguishing feature of the bummer was that he believed it the first and last maxim of war to live off the enemy's resources, and judged from this standpoint he never was remiss in his duty. Horse and rider were frequently seen bedecked in the most independent, unmilitary, Don Quixote style imaginable. He had no distaste for the uniform he wore, but a strange longing for citizen's dress not infrequently cropped out in the donning of some huge, old-fashioned bell-crowned hat, long-tailed surtout and other fixings of olden style which his investigating spirit had discovered. His Rosinante, sometimes a blooded horse that a general might be proud of, sometimes a broken down, wheezing old nag that gave you pain to see ridden, but oftener the patient, ever-ready mule, was bedecked as his favorite, with female adornments, and softer goods than a government blanket served as a saddle-cloth. His gastro-nomic propensities were simply enormous; chickens, turkeys and pigs, honey, butter and eggs, sweetmeats, preserves and wines, all found their way to stomachs as ignorant of dyspepsia as the consciences of their owners to confession. The bummers had a strong liking for watches, jewelry and money, in the finding of which some became very dexterous. A new made garden or spaded patch was sure to attract the attention of these

military agriculturists, and almost every inch was probed by ramrod, poked by bayonet, or pierced by sabre, and when some lucky digger found a vein, the spade was brought into speedy requisition and hopeless and irretrievable confiscation followed. Our experience was replete with personal incidents in connection with these good-natured vagabonds. Governor Aitken of South Carolina sent to the up country for safety a beautiful silver service which cost six thousand pounds sterling. It fell into the track of Sherman's raiders, and the only piece the Governor ever again secured was an elegant silver waiter which was found in the hands of a plantation darkey, who, with an eye to the practical, was using it as a frying-pan for cooking his bacon.

One evening I set out to look for a missing brigade and took a cross road through the woods, of course unknown to me. Unattended I rode cheerfully on in the darkness for several miles. As I reached a fork in the roads, a noise sufficiently loud to mark the coming of the looked-for troops was heard. As they neared me, sounds of hilarious singing and boisterous laughing were prominent. A half dozen of the ever ready rifles glistened in the dim light as their owners in the advance caught sight of me, and in the most soldierly manner they called out : "Halt, or I will fire !" I upbraided them for their unmilitary conduct, and the coolest of "Who cares for you ?" was given me in reply. When at length I was recognized, I heard this story from one of the soberest. The little party had found buried a quantity of fine old wines. They acknowledged they were jolly, but excused their condition because there happened to be some brandy in the cases, and unfortunately they had been drinking mixed liquors. They had vied with each other to see which could carry to camp the greatest quantity, but like many another unfortunate they had stowed it inside instead of outside, and the poor fellows were struggling under burdens which they would be unable to carry much longer. With generous thought for their comrades, however, they had packed

the bottles they could not drink into a carriage and harnessed in a lot of plantation slaves, and thus in triumph were marching to camp. A bountiful supply was offered me with a "Now don't report us at headquarters," and by a less premature method of stowage I disposed of more than my comrades and rode away. I did report the coming of the colored men with their carriage of precious freight, but when an aide was dispatched for its contents, only a buggy was found with a broken bottle to testify to the truth of my story.

As I have said, the bummers were always in the advance, and as ready for fight as for plunder. As our forces neared North Carolina, General Sherman learned that over one of the rivers in his front there was a long bridge, which if burned by the enemy according to their usual custom, would delay the army and disarrange important strategic movements. He sent for Kilpatrick, and consulted with him as to the best manner of securing it. At the head of his cavalry Kilpatrick made a long and forced march. As he neared the bridge, a strange figure, mounted on an old horse, with rope stirrups, came tearing down the road, swinging his hat and shouting at the top of his voice, "Come on, Kil, we've taken the bridge and we'll hold it until you can support us." Sure enough, they had captured the bridge, formed in line of battle, and were vigorously driving the enemy. The bummers had accomplished that which had cost the generals much anxiety, and the cavalry a night's march.

There is a comic side to many of the stories of these adventurers. A gentleman of much prominence whom I met in Charleston after its fall and the cessation of hostilities, told me his experience in illustration of the indignities to which he had been subjected. A colored soldier came up to his beautiful residence, and, meeting him at the door, asked for something to eat. The gentleman refused, whereupon he started for the kitchen for personal investigation. The proprietor soon followed. The soldier was master of the situation. He had laid

aside knapsack and rifle, was playing with the little colored "Pickaninies" and delighting a group of the servants with tales of his adventures, for a colored soldier was a novel sight to them. The master was a drawback to the enjoyment of the occasion. Not liking such close scrutiny, our hero exclaimed, "See here, sah, de Ginerall want to see you at headquarters." Fearing for the safety of his property, and not daring to disobey, away went the gentleman and found the general after two hours of search, only to learn that he was the dupe of his colored visitor, who had found his presence disagreeable.

Officers' servants liked to play the part of bummers, as doubtless many of you know. I remember suddenly missing one who attended me upon a cavalry scout one day. The enemy was about, and we feared his capture. Before nightfall there loomed up in the distance behind us a queer, nondescript looking figure, coming at a rapid pace. As he neared us he proved to be the lost attendant. Beside the ordinary decking of turkeys, chickens, etc., he had taken the queer fancy to present me with a feather bed, and had thrown it over his saddle and sat astride of it as proud as a Roman conqueror.

Everywhere the negroes hailed our coming with delight, and at a moment's notice were prepared to fall in and leave their place of nativity, known to them by none of those endearing associations which cluster around the sacred name of home. To them it was a synonym of task, compulsion, tyranny and fear. When asked where they were going they would not unfrequently, cheerfully reply: "Don't know, we's goin' wheres youse goin', massa." The women and children, who could not be allowed to encumber and delay the trains, were sadly disappointed, but showed their confidence and hope by being easily satisfied with the promise that *next* time we would take them too. These colored men were no hindrance, but often of great value to us. They could always be trusted, they were invaluable as guides, proved the best of foragers, were ever ready to tell where "Massa" had hidden his horses, mules or provisions, and

not infrequently suggested to the inquisitive soldiers which part of the yard was best to experiment upon with ramrod or sabre.

I call to mind one notable exception. A fine looking negro of forty was true to his master. He buried and saved \$30,000 worth of silver plate and many other valuables. He was promised by his former owner, who was his half brother, a farm from his thousands of acres, but two years later, lured by the expected fulfillment, the faithful fellow was still with his master, trying to feed a large family on the munificent recompense of eight dollars per month, paid him by this signer of the ordinance of secession.

One day I met a colored man, a near relative of his owner, who presented me with a gun and a pair of pistols. Equipped with these arms, under the direction of his master, whose pressing engagements just then called him to another part of the state, he had taken charge of a train of loaded wagons and choice slaves, and in company with a retreating Confederate battery was to find safety from the Yankees in the up country. For a while he followed the soldiers, but ruminating upon the chances of escape, he concluded it was better to return to the plantation. So he told the lieutenant that "Massa" had given him particular instruction to take good care of the mules, and he must feed them! The lieutenant replied that the Yankees would catch him if he stopped. "Leave me alone fur dat, sah, — I ain' gwine ter stop long," was his reply, and sure enough, he did not, for when the retreating soldiers were out of sight, he at once moved in the opposite direction and brought up safely in our lines.

Columbia proved the key of the enemy's position, and the mistake was in the Confederates not concentrating in its defence, instead of dividing their forces in covering Augusta, Columbia and Charleston. This last place, as we have seen, had to be evacuated, and the first ceased to be of value. We still see the strategic ability of General Sherman, and his success in deceiving the enemy.

From Columbia, the army moved by different roads to Minsboro', demonstrating on Charlotte as if to march through the up hill country into Virginia. By this movement the enemy was well drawn to the left, away from our front, and a sudden turn to the right caused Cheraw, almost on the border of North Carolina, to fall, an easy prey to our arms. Here were found immense stores, hurriedly forwarded from Charleston before its evacuation. Provisions of all sorts were ready at hand to fill our long trains. Thirty-six hundred barrels of powder, Blakely rifled guns sent by blockade runners from English friends, and other munitions of war fell into our hands. Here, as at Columbia, quantities of plate and other valuables were stored. Thousands of bottles of choice old wine were discovered, and many a bumper filled to overflowing was drunk in honor of the inauguration of President Lincoln for his second term of office, a marked contrast to the state of things four years previously, when in South Carolina, no gun was fired nor wine drunk, save to pledge the overthrow of both President and Government. The glorification, even if a little excessive, went to make up for the deficiency.

The insane fear which fell upon the inhabitants at our approach was illustrated by a lady of education and refinement, who told me that she had sent her son, a lad of twelve years, with his father who retreated with the Confederate army, for she thought we would take him prisoner of war. No doubt our soldiers were guilty of unjustifiable acts ;—dwelling houses were burned ; but they had always been deserted by their masters, and I have yet to learn of a single instance where injury or outrage was committed upon women or children. In some way the most ignorant of plantation slaves had learned that their freedom was secured by our approach. One day in company with several officers I visited a large plantation miles from our line of march. It was a beautiful place. The mother, grown up daughters, sons' wives, numbered eight, including the daughter of an Episcopal Bishop from New Jersey, who had been

shut out from home all these years of war. Several of the young ladies were very pretty, and I confess that as we sat in the drawing room, we were guilty of saying gallant things in a pleasant way, and in an unfortunate moment, conquered by their smiles, were weak enough to accept an invitation to dinner. Our hostess, as she thought, and she reasoned well, had made an impression upon us. She spoke of her slaves, said that lately she had lost the power of control over them, in fact, they had refused to work, and her driver and herself had utterly failed to govern them. Turning to me, she asked in woman's pleasantest manner, if I would not be kind enough to talk with them and tell them of their duties, saying that coming from an United States officer, it would have great influence. Could I do less than consent? A messenger was dispatched to the quarters, and soon I was notified that my audience was all ready. As I came out upon the veranda, I was welcomed by a gathering that quite surprised me. It was a motley crowd of about two hundred men and women, arrayed in the most grotesque costumes. There were pants of carpets, coats of quilts, and garments of many colors. But through all, in huge rents, armless coats and tattered dresses, were to be seen the patches of native color. With bared heads and shoeless feet they stood shivering in the winter wind. To my chagrin, our hostess and her fair daughters, accompanied by my brother officers, came out to hear what I had to say, and formed the background to the picture. It was a difficult audience to please, but then as now, having a strong desire to be a popular man, I went in for pleasing the largest number, and as I expatiated upon human rights, freedom under the old flag, and the inalienable right to the fruit of one's labor, I succeeded in bringing down the house. Frowns and scowls sadly disfigured the fair features of the ladies behind me.

But the bright eyes of my listeners in front told me that I had hit the mark; murmurs of applause and "Dat so, Massa," ran through the crowd, and when I told them of Massa Lincoln

and his proclamation, they tearfully replied, "We knows dat be true."

Turning to the lady, I could not help dryly remarking, "Madam, I think you will have no further trouble with your slaves!"

The greatest enemy which opposed our progress was found in the long continued heavy rains. Rain fell in torrents for days together. Small creeks were swollen to rivers of considerable magnitude. The long trains and thousands of animals cut the roads into a quagmire of mud. A wheel would suddenly sink in the quicksand. All efforts to pull it out only served to bury the animals still deeper. The driver soon learned that his occupation of whipping and swearing was useless, so he would dismount. The trainguard would come to the rescue. A dozen work with shoulders at the wheels and body, and finally the wagon would be to hard ground. The road must be corduroyed. With jest and joke, the men seized the fence rails or, wading into the neighboring swamp, cut and split the trees, and soon bridged over the impassable morass.

The 12th of March saw the taking of Fayetteville, but not without opposition. As at Cheraw, the capture was of much greater importance than at first supposed. The magnificent arsenal which our Government built, contained millions of dollars' worth of machinery, materials and munitions of war. The Confederates tried to move the most valuable part, but it was too bulky for easy transportation, and our advance was so rapid that there was scarcely time for personal escape. All was left one mass of ruins.

General Johnston had at last collected the scattered fragments of the Confederate army from Charleston, Wilmington and Augusta, the remnants of Hood's old army of the Tennessee, all that could be spared from Virginia, all the detachments that were scattered through North and South Carolina, until a formidable force, in numbers at least, was in front. But they lacked the spirit which had characterized the enemy on other fields, for they now believed that their cause was hopeless.

Johnston had watched our long lines of march, our scattered trains, and deemed it possible to strike the flank, roll its disorganized masses back upon our centre before the reserves could be brought up for support, and thus at this last moment wring victory from the jaws of Fate, and give renewed hope to the cause now well nigh lost. His men fell upon the veteran ranks with the desperation of despair, but these heroes of a hundred battles were never caught napping. A wall of steel and fire arrested the rebel columns, which advanced only to destruction. Brigades and divisions came on to the support of our over-matched battalions. Not a foot was lost, not a man wavered.

The morning found us in undisputed possession of the field, covered with the enemy's dead and wounded. This battle of Averysboro' was followed by fighting on the 20th and 21st at Bentonville with like result, and the grand old army, heroes of Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Altoona, Lookout Mountain and Atlanta, who had taken the Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore of the Confederacy; whose delight had been in visiting the capitals of rebellious states; who had trodden two thousand miles through the length and breadth of the Confederacy, — had now fired its last shot and fought its last battle. Its crowning and highest glory was the surrender of its brave enemy.

Dear old army! Its mission is ended! Its flags are furled! Its tents struck, its comrades scattered in the quiet pursuits of peace, but its lessons remain and its glory is written in history, to the Nation's honor.

LIFE IN CONFEDERATE PRISONS

LIFE IN CONFEDERATE PRISONS

BY

LIEUTENANT JOSEPH E. MOODY, U. S. V.

I WAS taken prisoner near Petersburg, Virginia, in June, 1864, and sent to Libby Prison on the following day. On the journey to Richmond, the soldiers in charge (who belonged to Mosby's guerrillas) took away my uniform, boots, equipments, and everything of value to them, and in exchange gave me some odd pieces of southern homespun clothing, of different sizes and patterns. After the change of dress was made, I was arrayed like Joseph of old, in a suit of many colors. I had on a faded brown coat much too large, a pair of dingy gray pants much too small, a hat (such as many Confederate soldiers wore) made in some southern home, of green cloth stitched heavily around the rim to give it firmness, but age and service had caused the edges to sag heavily all around, and my feet were clad in coarse, cowhide shoes. When captured I had a twenty dollar and a five dollar bill in my pocket. I contrived during the change of dress to take out the larger bill and put it in my mouth, and a few minutes later to hide it in the hem at the bottom of the new pair of pantaloons. The small bill was left in the pocket-book to divert the suspicion of having money hidden.

We came into the city of Richmond early in the morning, and marched under guard to the door of the prison. Libby Prison is too well known to need much description. Before the war it was an old tobacco warehouse owned and occupied by Mr. Libby. It was built of brick, three stories high. The windows were small, the rooms were low, dark and gloomy. There was also a basement where prisoners were confined for

extra punishment. Men who had attempted escape or who had broken the rules were placed there. From this basement there was partitioned off a kind of coal-bin, about eight feet square, for the use of men committing serious offences. The only opening in this bin for light or air was a hole one foot square near the ceiling. Through this hole food and water were passed down twice a day. Hostages were confined there in cells perhaps ten feet in length by six in width. I will give an illustration of what is meant by "hostages." A rebel captain came into the Union lines as a spy. He was captured and sentenced to be shot. Jefferson Davis at once sent an order to Libby Prison to have two prisoners held as hostages. Our men were ordered into line; a basket containing scraps of paper was passed about. Two of these scraps were marked. The men drawing the marked pieces were put in these cells to be shot in case the spy was executed. This was called the Libby Prison Lottery; there was a chance for any one to draw a prize. A nephew of General Lee was then a prisoner in the north. Our Government notified General Lee that the execution of these Union prisoners at Libby would be followed by the execution of young Lee;— and none of them were shot!

These cells were full of rats; sometimes one had to stand on guard all night and drive them off with sticks. The inmates could not endure this; they were generally reported on the sick list before very long; and soon after were reported as having died of sickness.

Outside this building a small Confederate flag waved from a staff on the centre of the roof, and a sign swung from one corner bearing the name of Libby & Son.

I was ushered into a small office at one corner and confronted a stern, dark-complexioned man who I learned was the keeper, "Dick" Turner. He demanded my name, regiment, age, etc. He ordered me to stand up against the wall and be measured. These details were recorded by a clerk in a large book on his desk. This clerk was named Ross. After the war

he was employed as clerk in the Spottswood Hotel in Richmond, and when, a few years ago, this hotel was destroyed by fire in the night, Ross was burned to death.

Turner then asked if I had any money and I answered no. Without any heed to my answer, he commenced to hunt. He searched like an expert. He felt rapidly and thoroughly of the seams and of the linings of coat and vest. He went down one leg of the trousers and then the other, and I thought it was all over ; when without any comment, he quietly took out his pocket knife, ripped open the hem at the bottom of one leg and took out the twenty dollar greenback, and put it in his vest pocket. "Now you can go," he said. "As a sheep before his shearers" is dumb, so I opened not my mouth but went.

Now came a new and strange sensation ; that of a prisoner. For the first time I was behind iron bars. I walked to the nearest window and looked out, but hastily retreated, for the first thing I saw was the shining barrel of a rifle pointed at me. I soon learned that prisoners were liable to be shot if they came too near a window ; sentinels were on the alert for such opportunities. I was told the story of the recent shooting of one of our men in that way. He was not near the window, but had taken the bullet intended for one who had dodged. That bullet is now to be seen in a beam in the building in Chicago.¹ The room we occupied was a large storage loft. Men singly and in groups sad and despondent were sitting about the floor or leaning against the walls. After looking about I found a vacant spot on the floor and sat down.

About five in the afternoon a negro came in bearing on his head a basket filled with corn cakes. They were about five inches square and one inch thick. He passed each of us one of these cakes ; and this was repeated twice a day. Twice a week we had also a small piece of meat, either of beef or hog. The beef was usually lean and tough and very much corned.

¹ The Libby Prison building was taken down and put up again at the great Chicago Exposition.

Some one remarked that they must have killed those cattle to save their lives. We had plenty of warm water from the James River. There was a fair supply of housekeeping utensils. Knives, forks and plates made of iron or tin were of little value, and so were not taken away. A few men managed to smuggle in silver-plated forks and spoons. These were marks of aristocracy and distinction. There was a curious mania among the prisoners for taking other fellows' spoons. I was told that men of the highest character, surgeons and chaplains included, had been detected in the act of pocketing their comrades' spoons. The first night it seemed to me to be a shrewd thing to save a part of the ration for the early morning, before the colored steward came in, so I placed one half of the ration under the pillow; but in the morning it was gone, — the rats had carried it off.

One of the saddest features of our life was the removal of the dead. Every morning the "dead cart" backed up to the door. Every morning from thirty to forty dead men were loaded in from our hospital and that of "Castle Thunder." In the larger prisons, at Belle Isle and Andersonville, the deaths numbered now about one hundred a day.

It was the policy of the authorities to forward prisoners to Georgia as fast as a car-load was gathered in the prison; supplies came from Georgia, and Richmond was liable at any time to fall into the hands of the enemy. Georgia was the centre of the food supply of the South, and was furthest from the scene of active operations. Jefferson Davis says Georgia was selected as the "prison state," after much consideration, on account of its pure air and healthy pine woods, its mild climate, its soil and water, which contained no recognizable form of disease.

About the last of June the order was given to ship another car-load, and fifty of us were driven into a baggage car; there was room to stand or sit, but not to lie down. When one got into a reclining position and fell asleep, he would soon wake up from a dreadful dream that some one was piling a cord of wood

upon him. This journey lasted eight days. The glass was in the 90's in the shade. Twice a day corn bread and water were passed in. Once a day we were allowed to get out, under guard, for fifteen minutes in the open air ;—we could get out at no other time, and as many were sick and suffering from painful disorders, you can imagine our condition. One door was fastened, and two guards crossed their bayonets over the other. After eight days we arrived at Macon.

In Macon a different kind of prison awaited us. It was constructed on the plan of all out door prisons, and was called a stockade. A piece of land was enclosed by a tight plank fence about twenty feet high. Four feet from the top, outside, running all around, was a walk for the guards. Inside, about thirty feet distant was a low fence two or three feet high, called the "dead line" because guards were ordered to shoot anyone attempting to cross it from the inside. At Columbia, Lieutenant Turbayne of New York was shot dead in this way. He was fully ten feet from the dead line, walking slowly towards it, alone, after sunset but before dark. He was ordered to halt and did so, when the guard fired and killed him. We held an indignation meeting and protested against this deliberate murder. The guard who did the shooting was removed ; he may have feared personal violence. But we heard that he was afterwards promoted to another field of usefulness.

These prison pens were located over a stream of water, so that the upper part should be for drinking and cooking, and the lower part for washing and sewerage. When a new lot of prisoners arrived, you would suppose the older ones would rush to embrace them, and express their sorrow and sympathy, but this was not so unless some one recognized a friend or an acquaintance. The tendency of the life was brutalizing ; the affection of comrades came later. New arrivals were received very coolly. The older prisoners would cry " Fresh fish !" and go to the entrance to look on with cold curiosity.

I found old friends at Macon, Captains Hastings of Wey-

mouth, Creasey, Cross, and Chute. We five formed a mess, or family, and ate and slept and quarreled happily together to the end. Captain J. G. B. Adams subsequently became an adopted member of the family, and we owed much during this dark period of our lives to his never-failing courage and cheerfulness. The most useful man was the one who by his toil and courage and good nature could sustain the drooping spirits of his companions.

The prisoners were organized into companies of one hundred, and sub-divisions of twenties, and smaller groups as they could arrange together. One kettle was issued to each family or mess of from three to six men, and one axe to each division of twenty men. The ration at Macon was one pint of corn meal a day for each man, and a piece of bacon twice a week. The bacon was from sides which had been stored some time, and in summer weather was often green from partial decay. We stirred up the corn meal with water and cooked it in an iron pot covered and surrounded by hot ashes. This was called by the Indian name, "pone." We also had a small ration of beans. They were of a small black variety known as "sheep beans." Each bean was the home of several worms. On bean days we all sat around the pot armed with pointed sticks, picked up the beans one by one, and removed the worms from the little holes in which they lived. It was tedious enough, but time with us was cheap and beans were very dear. There was a great craving for vegetable food, and great fear of scurvy. I remember picking up sweet potato skins, which some more fortunate comrade had thrown away and eating them with the greatest relish.

In spite of these depressing surroundings, we maintained our spirit and loyalty. The fires of patriotism were partly covered, but they burned brightly underneath. This was shown when the fourth of July came around. We were bound to show on this day our devotion to the flag, so we prepared to celebrate. We secured boxes for a platform and called up the best speakers for orations. Songs came in abundance. The "Star

Spangled Banner," "America," "Rally Round the Flag," — all joined in. Those yelled who could not sing. The camp became wild with enthusiasm which kept on increasing until orders came from the commander to stop that infernal racket and disperse to our quarters. At each corner of the enclosure a cannon with mouth black and wide open, threatening grape and canister, warned us of the danger of disobedience. At a similar demonstration in Libby, on the same day, the prisoners freely gave up their only shirts of red or white or blue and tore them into strips to make a flag, which was waved aloft until the guards came in and captured it.

The campaign of General Sherman at this time obliged the authorities to move us from Macon. The last of August another baggage-car journey was made to Savannah, where we were confined in a yard adjoining the City Hospital for one month. As we landed from the cars and marched through the streets of the city, crowds of women and children and negroes followed. The white women laughed, scoffed and sneered. They cried: "O, Lord, we've got 'em all! Got all the Yanks sure! How homely they look! What for did you uns come down here to fight we uns for?" and similar remarks. Forty days we sat with our backs against the pine trees in the grove of the asylum yard. Forty nights we slept on the pine needles underneath. The water was poor; there was much suffering from disease. The mosquitoes were large and numerous, and seemed bound to make life uncomfortable for the Northern invader; but we had a gentlemanly commander. We had better food; fresh meat twice a week; healthier quarters; and the men gained in flesh and spirits a little. They played games of checkers and chess, making the pieces from wood and beef bones. They read what few books could be had. Bibles were the most abundant; wherever you find an ex-prisoner of war to-day, you will generally find a man familiar with the Scriptures. Many interested themselves in making ornaments of wood or bone. Napkin rings and chess men, as fine as any to be found at a Japanese

fair, were carved with a pocket-knife. The most interesting event in our life was the receipt and distribution of mail. We were permitted to write and receive letters, but they had to be short and open for inspection. About the first of October orders to move on again reached us. The great "march to the sea" had begun, and we had the honor to lead it. We took cars for Charleston, South Carolina, and were there driven into the yard of the State Prison and work-house, — a damp, gloomy, dirty place. High stone walls around, topped with tall spikes; mud and filth beneath the walls. At intervals through the night the convicts looked out from the grated windows overhead and yelled and shook their bars and chains. We were placed here chiefly that we might be under the fire of our own guns on Morris Island. The bombardment of Charleston was denounced by the southern press as barbarous and a crime. As an act of retaliation, six hundred Yankee prisoners were placed in the city under the fire of the Federal batteries. Our government immediately sent six hundred rebel prisoners to be exposed to the fire of Confederate batteries. From fifty to sixty shells were thrown into the city of Charleston every day. We sat there day after day and watched the bombardment. We saw the shells explode in the air. We heard them fall and burst, sometimes inside of a building. Then would come an alarm of fire. The bells would ring, the crowd would yell, the negroes would rush down the street dragging an old hand-tub. One fire was hardly out before another alarm was sounded, and another engine rattled down the street with shouting of boys and negroes. The commander of our batteries being informed, so directed his guns that the shells flew over or by on either side of us, and little damage was done. In this situation, however, there was less interest in games and discussions. The religious sentiment developed; the Testament took the place of cards in the breast pocket. The prayer meeting was better attended. I heard of one brother who began his remarks in the old way, "Dear brethren and sisters," and when they smiled, he added, "I didn't mean to put in the sisters." —

Early in December we were again ordered to get ready for another move. Sherman was coming! If this order had been delayed a few hours longer, this story would have ended here; for as we steamed out of the station, Kilpatrick was only fifteen miles away. Plans were made to capture the trains. A few leaders selected two men for each guard, and told them when they saw a red light displayed from the first car, to seize their man and take his arms away. Others were detailed to take care of the engineer and fireman. The place was to be near Hilton Head. Of course the men were excited and watched anxiously for the signal, but it was not shown, and no reason why not was ever given, as far as I know. This time we moved north to Columbia, South Carolina. There was no place ready for us there. The Confederacy appeared to be tired even of building prisons. If the same ingenuity had been shown in making all their implements of war which was shown in building prisons, the war would have lasted many years longer. But the State Lunatic Asylum was there, and adjoining it was a large yard for the use of the inmates. This was hastily divided by a high fence, and we were hustled in there. On one side the lunatics peered through the cracks in the fence at us, and on the other side we peeped through the knot-holes back at them; no doubt both thought the other lot were crazy. The lunatics kept up their unearthly howls and shrieks through the night. But our stay there was short; a camp named Camp Sorghum was established about two miles west of the city, — so named because sorghum was issued daily. This, with corn meal, was the entire ration. Sorghum is a thin, dark molasses from an Asiatic sugar cane of the same name. As it was mid-winter, and no other shelter prepared, we were given axes, one to every twenty men, and allowed to go out in small parties, under guard or on parole, every day to cut wood for shelter and for cooking. We went out and cut down trees and lugged them in. Our family, like the others, built a log house. It was about ten feet square; the crevices between the logs were plastered with mud; the roof was covered with pine

boughs overlapping in rows like shingles ; an open fire-place was made in the chimney of sticks covered with clay. We named it "Newburyport," as three of our family belonged there, Captain Creasey, Cross and myself ; and we put a sign up over the door. When at length the order to "move on" came once more, and we knew that our house must be abandoned, we said "the old town dies, but never surrenders," and we set it on fire, and watched it go up in smoke. A few weeks later Wade Hampton and his Confederates treated the houses of Columbia in the same heroic manner ; they set them on fire. Sherman, in his march through Georgia, rode in over their smouldering ruins.

In the outskirts of the city there lived a man who owned a pack of blood-hounds, formerly used to track slaves, now used to track prisoners. One day two of them wandered into our camp. We had forgotten to put up the notice "Dogs not allowed in this enclosure." They were coaxed back out of sight of the guards, knocked in the head and buried in the ground. When, a few minutes later, the owner came in, looking for his dogs, no one knew anything about them. If we had been able to conduct him to their resting place and lay him tenderly by their side, it would have been to us a very satisfactory job. At length he found the new made graves. He went out quickly, but soon returned, followed by a man with a spade, who dug them up and carried them off on his back, dropping a string of threats and curses all the way out.

In a letter written in 1867, Jefferson Davis denied all stories about blood-hounds, and declared that "no blood-hounds were ever used to track prisoners." He admitted "that two or three packs were kept near Andersonville, but claimed that they were fox or deer hounds," and Wade Hampton wrote in December, 1894, that the North generally believed that these dogs were blood-hounds, but that there had never been a blood-hound used in pursuit of fugitives except in the fable of Uncle Tom's Cabin. They claimed the dogs used were fox-hounds who will follow a trail, but will never attack a person. Mr. Milton Ellsworth,

an intelligent, honest man, who was an inmate of Andersonville for eight months, told me recently that blood-hounds were called out every morning at Andersonville, to cover the ground about the stockades, and to detect and track any one who might have escaped during the night, and that prisoners were frequently brought in torn and bleeding from their attacks. I read a letter from Colonel Cochrane, 6th United States Infantry, who escaped from prison in July, 1864. He says: "I shall never forget how my blood ran cold when we heard the doleful cry of the hounds and knew they were on our track. A short distance away we found Lieutenant Dunning up a tree, with three blood-hounds savagely baying at him."

It was generally believed at this time that it was the policy of the Confederate Government to reduce the prisoners by a course of ill-treatment, even to starvation. In May, 1861, the Confederate Congress enacted "That all prisoners-of-war should receive the same ration in quality and quantity as those furnished enlisted men in the Army of the Confederacy." Also, General Order No. 159, Adjutant General's Office, read, "Hospitals for prisoners-of-war are placed on the same footing in all respects as all other Confederate States hospitals." So far as I could judge, our ration was the same as that given the soldiers in the service. There was, however, no necessity to use starvation as a means of reducing prisoners. No more efficient agent could be had than unobstructed disease. Jefferson Davis said, "No person reared on wheat bread and held in captivity for any length of time could retain his health and escape either scurvy or diarrhoea, if confined to the Confederate ration of unbolts corn meal and bacon."

These diseases soon became chronic; scurvy and gangrene became prevalent; poor water, crowded quarters, despondency, lack of medicines and care, did their work. General Winder recommended the removal of prisoners to a healthier place, in June, 1864, but owing, as they claimed, to lack of guards and transportation, they were not moved till late in September.

Then five thousand men were too ill to be moved, and three thousand more had died the previous month.

The authorities have acknowledged great negligence in this matter, but have excused it on the ground that they needed all their surgeons for their own troops, and their doctors didn't like prison service, — also that they were short of medicines because the United States made them contraband of war. The Confederate Surgeon General, however, claimed to have a good supply of remedies which were gathered from southern plants and trees, fully as efficient, he said, as imported ones, if the prisoners had only sufficient faith in them. I can testify that I was very sick several months with chronic dysentery, and the only articles that I was permitted to exercise my faith upon were corn meal and occasional small doses of opium.

Late in the fall there came an opportunity to get money ; speculators outside obtained permission to trade on our necessities. They proposed to take our drafts on friends at home, payable in gold, and to furnish us with Confederate currency at the ratio of two to one. As the real value was about sixty to one, it was very dear money to us, but it was decided that "health was before wealth," and we made the sacrifice. Several drafts were given, sent through the lines, and collected. Our friends hesitated before accepting these strange drafts, but, fearing that if not paid, it might re-act upon us in some way, and increase our sufferings, decided to pay them. When we were exchanged the last issue had not arrived ; we refused that lot, and were annoyed for years with entreaties and with threats from lawyers, but they were not answered and finally ceased. Some of the prisoners had greenbacks which had escaped detection. Southerners were prohibited by law from using other than Confederate money, so various contrivances were resorted to, to make the exchange. One was to tie a dollar greenback to a stone and throw it over the fence ; the speculator outside would tie a Confederate bill to the stone and throw it back. Sometimes a guard could be bribed or coaxed to make the ex-

change. The two dollars in Confederate currency which we bought for one dollar in gold would buy a loaf of bread, or a quart of beans, or two turnips. I will read here a memorandum of market prices in Confederate money which I copied at this time. Butter was quoted at \$15 a pound; beef \$6 to \$7 a pound; beans \$2 a quart; Irish potatoes \$40 a peck; sweet potatoes \$20 a peck; onions and turnips \$1 each; candles \$5 each; bread \$2 a loaf; cowhide shoes \$100 a pair; molasses \$7 a quart; mutton \$5 a pound. Sweet potatoes being a home product in the South, were comparatively cheaper than other foods, so we invested chiefly in them. To eke them out, we boiled them in water until dissolved, making what we called sweet potato soup.

It was now February, 1865, and the lost cause was losing rapidly. We on the inside of the shell could see it growing thinner day by day. The soldiers in gray were getting disheartened and losing discipline. Their credit was growing worse and worse. Those paper promises to pay the bearer in twenty years after the treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States, had a far off look, and sold for one cent on the dollar.

"Move on" was again the order. Sherman was approaching Columbia. This time we climbed into the baggage cars for a journey to Charlotte, North Carolina. On arriving there no pen or building was ready, and none ever was built. The commander of the home guard there said: "March the Yankees into an open field-camp and place a guard around them," and it was done. A ration of raw rice was issued, and as nothing had been eaten for twelve hours, the men began to cook their rice without delay. Stakes were driven into the ground, poles were placed across the top, kettles were hung in the middle and fires started underneath. Just now it was noticed that some of the prisoners were passing through the lines. The guard was composed of old men and boys who appeared indifferent to their duty. Their officers were partly dressed in blue uniforms taken

from Northern prisoners, so that it was not easy to distinguish prisoners from Confederates ; perhaps their patriotism was waning under the pressure of poor food and poorer pay. My friend Captain Cross, sprang up and said : "Who will make the attempt to escape now with me ?" Some said, "You have no chance and there is every prospect of a speedy exchange ; better wait." But Cross declared that he would go if he went alone, and then I said, "I will go with you." We put a few handfuls of uncooked rice in our pockets, threw our blankets over our shoulders and started to cross the line. As we drew near, one guard stood leaning on his rifle, the next was walking the other way, and did not turn, so we passed without any challenge. Later others followed in the same manner. The first thought was to get as far away as possible before the commander learned the situation. The second consideration was as to how far we could travel without food. As we moved on through the pine trees I stumbled over a loaf of corn bread which must have dropped from some Confederate haversack that day. We pushed on with new hope, but hearing voices on either side, decided to try and find a hiding place, till dark. We were then on the brow of a hill and moving down its side. About half way down, we saw a deep hole in the ground, a place about eight feet across and three or four feet deep. All winter the wind had been preparing that place for us by sweeping the dry leaves into it, forming a covering of twigs and leaves two feet thick. We crawled quickly into this hole and lay down, drew the leaves and branches over us, leaving only a breathing place open. Our plan was to stay there until dark, then walk all night across the country in a northerly direction, taking the stars for guides. We remained in this position for perhaps an hour, when we were startled by the sound of footsteps rustling the leaves, and slowly coming nearer and nearer. There was no hesitation or wandering. They came straight to the spot where we were and stopped directly overhead. Looking up through the covering of leaves, we saw above us the head of a large Newfoundland dog. He looked

down with a puzzled expression, "rather of sorrow than of anger," as though duty struggled with emotion in his noble breast. Which emotion mastered him as he turned and trotted slowly away we could not tell, but it soon became evident that he was true to his nature, for in a few minutes he came back. The leaves of the forest rustled louder and more angrily, as he returned, followed by two Confederate soldiers in gray uniforms. He led them straight to the top of the hole. They brought their rifles from their shoulder, thumped the butts on the ground, and cried out: "Well, Yanks!" And we replied, "Well, Johnnies, we suppose the jig is up. We'll go back with you." "You uns needn't go back," they said, "you uns is all right ter git away." "What!" we exclaimed. "What did you say?" "You uns is all right ter git away," they repeated, and continued, "Now you get back and keep quiet. We will go back over the hill and if we see any one coming we will turn them away; then you had better get further down into the swamp." So they went away shouting, "No Yanks down here," and when there was no one in sight we came out, and crawled down into a meadow at the foot of the hill, and into a ditch which ran through it and pulled the long grass over us. When the commander learned the situation he replaced the guard with another more efficient, and then sent them out to scour the woods and bring us back. During the afternoon several passed within a few yards of our hiding place. We heard one say "He didn't care how many got away." Another cried out "There goes a Yank! Fire!" and several shots followed. One shouted "It's great fun to go gunning for Yanks." This fun was soon cut short by a heavy thunder shower, which filled the ditch and soaked us through, producing a cold chill; but it was a warm bath compared with the chill which the hunters had produced. The sportsmen thought the game not worth getting wet for, and went back to camp; then we crawled out. The rain suddenly ceased and the stars looked out. My comrade said: "The wise men of old followed a star for a guide," and pointed to the North

Star. And all night we kept our gaze fixed upon it and followed it through swamps, over brooks, and ravines, around plantations, once getting knee deep in a bog, and losing a shoe, and when the guiding star faded before the light of day, we crawled into a thicket and went to sleep. Waking about noon, I heard on one side the rumble of a wagon over a road, and on the other the laughter of negroes and the sound of axes. The following night and day were much like the first, but now our bread was gone and we were faint with hunger. After dark we went to the door of the first cabin we could find and knocked. A white woman opened it. We said: "We are escaped prisoners and want something to eat." She replied: "We have only cornmeal in the house; I will make you a pone; you can come in." It was a log cabin with an open chimney in the corner; two rooms and an attic, reached by a ladder; one pine table, two wooden benches, no chairs, a boy about twelve and a girl about sixteen sitting by the fire place both chewing gum and spitting on the logs. The woman said her husband was with Lee. Perhaps she was afraid to refuse, but she treated us kindly, cooked the loaf and then offered her boy as a guide through the woods to the railroad track. This was the Knoxville and Tennessee Railroad. We turned northward and walked between the rails until nearly midnight, when a light shone out just ahead. This proved to be at the guard house on the bridge which crossed the Catawba River. At this time some prisoners and many discouraged deserters from the southern army were trying to cross. As we halted to consider this new obstruction, a man ran down the track, and several shots were fired after him. We dropped by the roadside, but seeing as he passed that he was one of our own men, hailed him, and we three went behind a pile of wood and held a council. The decision was that we had better try and get a negro to row us over the river. In the distance could be seen the dim outlines of plantation buildings. We started for them, and as we drew near, took off our shoes (I had but one left), and crept softly around to the negro cabins in the rear. Fortunately the dog did

not bark. The wooden shutter of a cabin window was open and we peeped in. Three negroes were asleep upon the floor. As the night was cold they were indulging in the common practice of sleeping with their bare feet in the warm ashes on the hearth. The slight shadow which our forms cast through the window was enough to wake one of them, who rose quickly and came outside. We told him our story and asked for help. He said : " It's too near mornin' now ; can't do nuthin' to-night, but I'll hide you in de corn barn over yonder, an' to-morrow I'll git a boat an' have all ready by dark in de bushes at de river." He then got a ladder and placed it against the window of the second story of the barn, and we followed him up into the loft and down into the straw which was stored there. " Now," we said, " can we have something to eat ? " He went down the ladder and was gone so long we feared some trouble. A few streaks of daylight began to appear through the window. We were getting very anxious, when he appeared again at the top of the ladder, bearing on his head a large tin pan filled with chicken pie. We never saw a more entrancing picture than that smiling black face, shining with good will, topped by the woolly head with its bright tin crown. It seems our colored friend, when he left us, went to the family hen-pen and twisted the necks of two spring chickens. With the help of his wife he picked and cooked them as quickly as possible. While we ate he told the story of his life. His master was at home, being too old for active service. The old man generally walked around the place every morning, but did not go into this loft very often. " I reckon," he added, " I kin git a boat an' hide it near de river ; come down to de river just after dark. Harken for a whistle in de bushes." The pie now having vanished and the pan and spoons lapped off clean, he took what was left away, promising to keep his word. Then we dropped back into the pile of straw and instantly went to sleep ; nor could all the racket of the farm, the shouting of darkey children, the lowing of cattle, the cackling of hens, the squealing of pigs awaken us again until long past noon. Now this

day was Sunday. I was the first to wake, and began to think ; when I felt the attraction which sometimes comes from an eye fixed steadily on one's own. I looked in that direction, and met a pair of small black eyes looking at me through the crevice in the logs. Instantly they disappeared. I woke my companions and we discussed the new danger, but decided that nothing could be done. We hoped the eyes might belong to some curious but friendly negro. We waited anxiously, but nothing further was heard or seen for nearly an hour. Then there came upon the air a familiar sound ; a sound which had often caused our hearts to thrill with joy, but which now thrilled us with dismay. It was the tramp of marching men. The tramp grew louder and the men marched nearer ; at last the officer in command shouted "Halt ! come down there, you Yanks, come down !" And down the ladder we went. Soldiers in gray surrounded us, and conducted us back to the guard house on the bridge, where we stayed that night. The next morning when the train from the north rolled over the bridge, it stopped to take aboard three ragged, disgusted and thoroughly played out Yankee prisoners, and we were returned to the place whence we came.

Some extra punishment might at other times have been expected, but it happened that while we were out, the commissioners had met and arranged a general exchange ; and we were back just in time to go north by the last car. We climbed on top. No guards were there, or needed. The only danger was that of rolling off while asleep. The engine, like the whole Confederacy, was worn out ; every few miles it broke down. Twice were we stopped two days for repairs ; the last time being within fifteen miles from Raleigh, with no prospect of getting there by car for a week. We left the train and walked. From Raleigh, after some delay, a train was started for Goldsboro'. No provisions had been made for these delays, the rations gave out, and we begged along the road. From Goldsboro' we got transportation to Wilmington, where the prisoners were ordered to meet for the final exchange.

The first day of March, 1865, was that great day! Behind us were those thin lines of faded gray, now scattered and dissolving like the cause which they had lost. Before us were those firm lines of loyal blue, now radiant with the promise of a glorious future for ourselves and our country. Above us, once more floated the Flag which had been to us, like the Cross to the Christians, a symbol of all in life most dear! Some cried, some laughed, some hugged and kissed the soldiers, some hugged and kissed the flag. Many saw before them bright visions of happy and useful lives; some were content that they had reached our lines in time to die in the home of their childhood. I believe to-day that not one now living thinks of his most bitter experiences with regret. I can rather say that the crowning satisfaction of our lives is in recalling them; for they were the supreme days when we lived the most, — because we suffered the most for our country's sake!

IN THE WILDERNESS

IN THE WILDERNESS

BY

BREVET MAJOR Z. BOYLSTON ADAMS, U.S.V.

"Quaeque ipse miserrima vidi." — VIRGIL

"Which things, most worthy of pity, I myself saw — and of them was a part."

A STORY like this which I am about to tell can never grow quite stale to those who suffered the accidents of wounding and capture in the midst of any of the great battles of our war for the Union. It is simply an account of a battlefield given by an eye-witness. This is not an amusing tale, neither does it pretend to be the history of a battle. It is a narrative of actual occurrences and is substantiated by notes made on the spot. Many have had a similar experience. There are thousands now living who have lain under fire all day, having fallen wounded and helpless between the lines of battle, who have been captured, and passed by, and recaptured, have been left behind both by friends and enemies, have been threatened with death by rebel soldiers intent on plunder, have been in danger of being burned alive in the woods, and finally, lying for many days upon the field, have felt the pangs of hunger and thirst, the bitterness of disappointment and defeat, the sensation of helplessness and abandonment, the trials of heat or cold and bodily pain, as well as the disheartenment of being compelled to witness the anguish or the death of others whom they were powerless to succor. We know that there have been myriads who died under similar circumstances, or were sent to rebel prisons whence they never returned, or returning have lingered out a wretched life as a result of the hardships they endured. To continue to dwell upon such painful reminiscences is weak and idle.

But there are certain incidents recounted in this narrative which seem worthy to preserve as possessing an instructive interest, some of which are novel, and a few perhaps are of value as history. For these reasons, and for yet another which will appear later, I venture to tell my story, although parts of it I am sure sound more like fiction than truth, and at the same time I desire to disclaim any vanity about my conduct, and would have it remembered that this was by no means my first experience of a great battle. The "perpendicular pronoun," as President Hayes called it, will obtrude itself with unpleasing iteration, for which I pray your indulgence.

On the fourth day of May, 1864, without tents or camp equipage or company property, in light marching order, with six days' rations in the haversacks and sixty rounds of cartridges to each man, the 56th Massachusetts Regiment of the Ninth Corps left Bealton, crossed the Rappahannock and marched to Brandy Station; there halted until late in the afternoon, and then leaving Culpepper Court House on the right, moved to Germanna Ford on the Rapidan, where they arrived at 12 o'clock midnight, passing over some very rough country. The night was rainy and cold, and we had no blankets and no supper. In the morning of May 5th we crossed the river on pontoons, and I was sent into the woods with my company deployed as pickets on the right of the ford, about a mile from the bridges. The weather changed, became very sultry, and we sweltered in our overcoats and ponchos.

From a hill I was able to get a view of the tract of country before me. It was wooded in every direction, rolling somewhat, showing nowhere any openings, no farms or houses. This I now know was the famous Wilderness, a region of almost unbroken woods and swamps, covering about fifteen square miles of territory, uninviting and unvisited, and scarcely worth exploring; the forest largely composed of black jack, or scrub oak, sweet gum, pines and cedars. And this, it seems, was to be my abiding place for the next fortnight, or thereabouts.

During the day there was some pretty sharp fighting, and towards evening the sound drew nearer to us and became very distinct, though we saw no smoke. This was the first day of the battle of the Wilderness, and the fighting was between the Fifth and part of the Sixth Corps (Warren and Sedgwick) and General Ewell's Confederate Corps, on the Turnpike, and between General Getty's division of Sedgwick and A. P. Hill's Corps, on the Plank road.

Two principal roads, about two miles apart and more or less parallel, passed from east to west through the Wilderness, both leading from Fredericksburg to Orange Court House. The Germanna Ford road cuts across these two at an angle in the direction from northwest to southeast, and branching from this between the two principal roads, and leading more to the south, is the Brock road to Spottsylvania Court House. The northern of these roads is called the old turnpike, and passes the old Wilderness tavern near the junction with the Germanna Ford road. The southern-most road is the Orange Plank road. The Wilderness lies half way between Fredericksburg and Orange Court House, twenty-five miles from each, and seventy miles due southwest from Washington.

On the morning of the 6th of May, our brigade leading, the division under command of General Thomas G. Stevenson moved on the Germanna Ford road in the direction of the firing. About six miles out we turned into the turnpike where we saw Generals Grant and Meade at the old Wilderness tavern. Before reaching this point the firing which we had heard all the morning ahead of our line of march had ceased. Without halting we turned to the right, crossed a wide clearing, in general appearance resembling what farmers call "sprout land," with a five or ten years' growth upon it, level and swampy, and entered the Wilderness. Again taking the Germanna road we followed it about a mile when we came to the Brock road, forking to the right. This we took. It was about at this corner that we met a regiment going to the rear, one whose fortunes

I had shared in the capacity of Assistant Surgeon in camp in 1861, and in marches and battles on the Peninsula in 1862, the 7th Massachusetts Volunteers. The men and officers recognizing me shouted out, "You will get all you want if you go in there," or words to that effect, something which I had several times heard before under similar circumstances. It has since appeared to me that on this occasion the language was prophetic, and that there was an exceptional degree of veracity in the words. A mile further on we reached the corner of the Orange Plank road and at this spot saw that superb soldier General Hancock, commanding the Second Corps, sitting on his horse by the side of a brass 12-pounder pointed down the road, *i.e.*, in the direction of Orange Court House. Straight and level, the Plank road extended westward, looking pleasant enough under the bright sun. We followed it out for a half mile or more when I saw a general officer with white hair and beard whom I afterwards recognized as General James S. Wadsworth, come out of the woods on the left with one or two other staff officers. We were halted and orders were given to our heads of column. I heard something about forming in echelon on the right of the road, and the several regiments moved into the woods and then forward with battalion front. Just as we were filing into the tangled forest in our turn, an officer rode up to me, whose kind friendship and foresight furnished me the means of getting safely off the dangerous battle-line that night. This was Companion Hoyt, Quartermaster of my old regiment, the 32nd Massachusetts. We often meet now, and laugh at the recollection that he asked me if I had anything to eat, and on my answering "No," wheeled his horse saying, "Before this day is over you will be hungry; I guess I shall find you here half an hour hence;" then rode away. We filed into the woods about thirty rods, then fronted and moved forward in line of battle at right angles to the road. We were halted, our line straightened, and we began under orders to throw up breast-works. This was done by dragging upon the line any fallen

stumps which could be found, while the men dug up the soil with their bayonets and heaped the earth upon the logs.

After a time Lieutenant Hoyt returned and gave me some food, which I put in my haversack; he also gave me a box of sardines which I rolled into my poncho, worn as usual tied together by the ends and slung over the shoulder.

While we were at work throwing up our low breastwork, the battle, which had been quiet since morning, opened upon our front, especially on our left toward the road, with furious violence. The whistling and shrieking and pinging of the balls, which went on unceasingly until evening, heard by some of our soldiers for the first time, made them bow their heads or get down behind their cover. It drew gradually nearer and we could hear the cries and murmur of those in front. Then we were ordered to leap the breastwork and move forward. This we did in line of battle, in very good style considering the woods and the rugged nature of the ground. We were halted again and men, limping or creeping, came out of the bush in front, evidently wounded and getting to the rear. If I remember rightly it was at this time that one of my men, a corporal, suddenly was seen to quit his place and go off. I caught him before he had got twenty steps, and seeing he was not hurt, shook him up well, and ordered him to his place in the ranks. He went back looking rather crest-fallen, in a moment after fell down in a faint, and was dragged to the rear where I recovered him with cold water. When we moved again he was left leaning against a tree. This man I have since learned behaved bravely in the battle of Spottsylvania. He was wounded and taken at the North Anna about May 18th, and died in prison.

The line moved forward again, and I passed a rebel sergeant leaning against a tree, evidently wounded. We saw many dead men on the ground. Soon we were ordered to lie down. Skirmishers were thrown out a few rods in front of each company, in obedience to orders. The firing grew fiercer and hotter in the direction of the road, and I went out to the post

of one of my soldiers, John Buckshot, a St. Regis Indian and a good shot. He was holding his rifle rested against a tree and looking forward intently in the direction of the firing, covering his body with the tree. Although the woods were not leafed out and we could see the smoke at no great distance ahead, in fact, close about us, yet the growth was so dense that one could distinguish nothing. I cautioned him on no account to fire, and was returning to the line, when the men arose, and facing to the left took the double-quick to the Plank road, crossed it, and formed a line on the south side, kneeling down in the ditch close to the brush, the officers standing behind them in the road. Up to this moment our regiment had not begun firing, for although the woods were full of smoke and smell of gunpowder, and there was a fearful noise of flying missiles and crashing rifle shots, no one could distinguish any enemy to shoot at. But the nerves of our men were getting a little shaky, and this sudden change of program made us all feel doubtful. Presently one or two shots, I thought in the company on my left, were fired, when to our dismay some of our own soldiers wearing the Second Corps badge, broke into the road crying, "For God's sake don't fire in here, these are our own men;" and a moment after they came out in numbers, jumping between and over our men, and rushed across the road, disappearing in the woods on the other side. Then there was some confusion, but seeing no more men coming, we were ordered by Lieutenant Colonel Weld to fire a volley, and soon after I noticed that my men were falling down or quitting the ranks wounded. My first sergeant, Sanderson, acting as lieutenant, an old soldier and most reliable man, standing at my side in the road, threw up his hands and fell forward upon his face. My second sergeant, Frederick G. Weale, formerly an English soldier who had served in the Crimea and in India, stepped up to me, saluted, and pointing to a wound in his breast (of which he died, I am told, the next day) asked permission to go to the rear.

My company, F, was the second company on the right of the

line. My men still kept firm in spite of our punishment, when I noticed our colonel, Charles E. Griswold, going rapidly to the right, and looking down the road the rebels were seen close to our right flank, coming out of the woods on the south and passing across, at first two or three and then whole squads, pushing for the shelter of the bushes on the north side. Our brave colonel stood at the right of the line, firing his revolver at them as they came out, and the color-bearer was near him, waving them back and striking at their faces.¹ I stepped to the north side where I saw Lieutenant Colonel Stephen M. Weld under the trees, and tried in the noise and confusion to make him understand that the rebels had crossed the road and were close at hand, when a man stepped up, saluted, and delivered a message. Colonel Weld turned to me and said, "The colonel is killed; I am in command. Call off your men."

I ran across the road and drew the attention of some of my men by dint of taking hold of them, shaking them and pointing with my thumb over my shoulder; they quickly understood me and the whole company sprang to their feet. Then for the first time they saw the rebels in the road, and followed me into the woods. I ran with them until I found Colonel Weld, whom I soon joined, bringing the men to a halt and facing them about some twenty rods back from the road. Here they stood firm again and opened fire upon those whom they could see coming through the woods, which were sufficiently open in spots to give us a view. But now the thing began to look rather bad for us. The enemy's fire seemed as ten to one of ours. We had only parts of the two right companies and the colors, the rest had disappeared. The woods seemed to be full of smoke, and shots came in almost every direction except from behind us. Presently I felt a crack on my leg as though it had been struck by a bar of red-hot iron, a blow which shook me all over. I turned to Colonel Weld and said, "I'm hit, sir."

¹ These things are taken from my note-book. I feel that to attempt a more detailed description of what I saw of that close fighting would be to spin soldiers' yarns, even though confirmed by my notes.

"Get off to the rear as soon as you can," he said. I wanted to stay and see it out; but almost at that very moment the men seemed to give up as if by common consent, and Colonel Weld gave the order to retreat. One of my men, Beals, seeing me limping, caught my arm and swung it over his shoulder. With this help I was able to get over the ground, not very rapidly but well enough, and felt no special anxiety. We crossed some wet ground and a brook, which as I have since learned, was the Wilderness Run. On the other side was some rising ground. We had got about half way up the rise when there was a crack, and Beals pitched forward; and at the same time I felt something strike my knee which knocked my legs from under me, and down we both went together. Beals raised himself at once. "They've broke my leg," said he, "but we can go it, I guess," or some such words. I tried to rise but it was no use. I began to feel faint.

"Try again, captain."

"No use, no use! I can't go any more, save yourself."

He tried to lift me.

"Save yourself, Beals." And after looking a moment at me and seeing that I meant what I said, the brave fellow, using his musket as a staff, went off, swinging himself along up the hill, and disappeared. A moment after, our color-bearer went by me running like a deer, trailing the colors and carrying them safely off.

I was faint and found myself unable to rise. The reason for this faintness became apparent later in the day, when I had leisure to examine my wound. Both bones of the leg had been fractured by the ball, and the effort of walking had caused the sharp ends of the bones to rend and tear the flesh, cutting numerous blood vessels and causing profuse hemorrhage. After trying once or twice to rise to my feet, and falling down again, I gave it up and sat leaning upon my elbow, watching with curious interest the course of events. I presume that I had a sort of satisfaction in feeling that I had done the best that I

could under such unhappy conditions, and my faintness made me perfectly indifferent to what might follow. There was very little firing around me now. The trees were larger and clearer of underbrush than in some other parts of the Wilderness, and I could see what was going on. In a few minutes two rebel skirmishers had got sight of me and were making for me as a prize.

"Hulloa! Who are you? Got any tricks? Hand out your watch and money," or words to that effect.

"Look here," said I, cocking my pistol, which I still held in my hand, "I'm ready to surrender, but I'm not going to be robbed."

Instantly, without a word, one of them stepped back, cocked his rifle, and brought the butt to his shoulder.

"Hold on," said I. "Where's your officer? I'll surrender to him." And fortunately for me, at that moment an officer appeared coming up the hill, and I held up my hand and signalled to him. He ran forward.

"I surrender to you, sir," I said; "your men were just going to shoot me."

"Go on, both of you," said he, and away they went. I was doubtless very near being "called" at that time, for a soldier has but little respect for what we know as humanity or human kindness, when out "gunning" for men in the midst of a great battle. I explained to this officer that his men had done nothing unusual under the circumstances, but that I had resisted being robbed. I handed him my sword and pistol, both gifts of admiring friends and duly inscribed. He gave me his name, Captain H. H. Smith, commanding the 24th Georgia regiment. When we were in Libby Prison I read in a Richmond paper that this officer had been killed at Spottsylvania.¹ He took my pretty

¹ The 24th Georgia belonged to General Kershaw's division of Longstreet's Corps of the rebel army, and by a singular coincidence, in the last great battle, Gettysburg, in which I had taken part, General Kershaw's troops passed me in the woods where I had stayed taking care of some wounded men, and I saw General Kershaw himself at that time, riding at their head.

things and hurried forward, while I sat up and watched him and his men until they vanished in the woods above. They had scarcely disappeared from my sight among the scrub oaks when they evidently struck against something, for a volley came out of the woods, with a cloud of smoke and the shriek and pinging of bullets on the ground and in the air; and back they came rushing pell-mell through the trees and leaping down the hill at top-speed. They had not forgotten me, however, for in passing the spot where I lay one of them snatched my hat, which was a handsome one, and left me bareheaded. For a moment I had hopes, I believe, that having friends so near, I might be able to get off. The firing from our side spread right and left but soon ceased. We had evidently a considerable force there. Turning to look after my new acquaintances I saw the long column of gray-backs coming up and forming line at the brook which was only a few rods below me. In an instant came the order:

“Halt! Commence firing!” And they opened fire directly over me. Now came a moment of supreme anxiety. If I had been in great danger while standing in the open Plank road, the conditions were worse where I now lay on a side hill directly in front of a line of battle, while the opposing troops on the crest, who now began a regular roll of musketry in reply, were firing down upon me from above. I flung myself on my face and hugged the ground, while the bullets sung and whistled and pattered upon stones and cracked into stumps about me. I saw a little to my left and just above me, a hole left by the upturned root of a fallen pine tree, and very cautiously dragged myself toward it and thrust my head down into the cavity, stretching out my body at full length directly in the line of fire. Although the firing probably did not last long, it seemed an interminable time to me, expecting every moment to be stripped up by a ball from one side or the other. At length there was a lull and the firing ceased. Then I sat up and waved my hand and called to the rebels below to come and take me out of my perilous position. I saw an officer rise up (they were all lying or kneeling),

who at once sent a couple of his men, who lifted me up and carried me to the bank of the brook. A second time I was in the hands of the enemy, and abandoned all idea of escape.

And now I made a most agreeable acquaintance in Colonel Styles, commanding the 14th Georgia of A. P. Hill's Corps. After talking a little about the troops and the fighting, we fell upon personal matters, and I found he was a graduate of Yale College, and had been a lawyer in Savannah before the war. He was not more than thirty, very intelligent, and a scholarly gentleman. We talked of our colleges and associate subjects. He had me placed comfortably on the edge of the brook, gave me some corn from his haversack, and sent one of his men to find me a cap (the sun being bright and hot), who presently returned, bringing a somewhat damaged, bright scarlet Képi, which I put on my head and wore until my release from prison. While we were talking, the men crowded around to listen to the conversation, pressing close up to their colonel and me, in the most free and easy fashion, but always well behaved and polite. I was somewhat amused at the *camaraderie* between the colonel and his men, it seemed so different from the reserve and distance which in our army was always shown between soldiers and their officers. We talked there for some fifteen minutes or more, when suddenly an order was passed along the line. The colonel sprang to his feet, the men resumed their places and all was changed. "Attention! Forward, Right wheel," and they were gone, crossing the brook and wheeling slowly and in excellent order toward the Plank road. I saw that the left of the line reached nearly to the top of the hill, certainly beyond where I had lain. In a few moments came a second line splashing through the brook and wheeling like the first. A third line followed the course of the second at about fifteen rods' interval. All the officers were on foot, indeed in these swamps and woods a horse would be of little service. I saw the men turn in passing and look at me with curiosity, I presume because of my hand-

some, light blue overcoat. I watched them closely and remarked the excellence of their discipline, their soldierly bearing and fine physical condition.

Any one is at liberty to imagine what passed in my mind when left entirely alone after having been twice in the hands of the enemy and twice released ; a not unusual thing, by the way, when men fall wounded in the thick of a great battle. What I did is another matter and some things are clearly enough remembered. First, I examined and probed my wounds with my fingers and wet them with the water from the brook. I found that the ball had entered above the top of my buttoned boot and had not come out on the opposite side, and must, therefore, be still inside the leg ; that both bones were fractured, but worst of all that I had bled so profusely that my boot was completely filled with blood and I was still bleeding more than it was at all pleasant to contemplate.

The course of events, times, etc., for the rest of the day, I cannot vouch for. I wrote in my diary all that had happened, including the names and regiments of my captors and of those of my regiment who had behaved well. Not long after the rebel line had left, there was very heavy firing in the direction of the Plank road, and every few moments the balls came pinging about me, striking the water of the brook and plunging into the bank near by. No movement came as I hoped from the top of the hill where the firing had been so brisk, and no advance of our men from that direction, which I anxiously waited for. I did not move for several reasons. First, the danger of setting up a hemorrhage in my leg, having nothing to rest my weight upon if I attempted to walk. Second, the fear of being shot by some straggler if I moved, in order to rob me. Third, because I was in the heart of that impenetrable tangle of the Wilderness, and the only safe way out of it was by the Plank road, which was now held by the rebels.

Accordingly, I made myself as easy as I could, now writing in my diary, and again wetting my wounds ; (that in the knee

had split my knee pan in two.) Occasionally when the balls sung too near my ears, I lay flat. Gradually the fighting grew more distant, though still the crashing of musketry kept up, when suddenly a new danger appeared. Our artillery began shelling the part of the field where I lay. For the first time during the battle of that day I heard cannon, and soon the shells began to come hurtling through the woods, and exploding sent down big branches from the trees, while the screaming fragments reached my vicinity. Some of them came splashing into the brook, one or more striking so near as to spatter water over me. This however, I may say, did not greatly disturb my peace of mind, for I believe I felt entirely indifferent about missiles of a kind that came occasionally or every few minutes.

My hope of escape, I think, toward evening was by gaining the top of the ridge after dusk and lying there until morning in case I did not find our troops at or near that point, or could not make them hear my call. I have a vague recollection only on this point. But toward sunset a strong smell of burning brush was noticed, and looking up to the ridge I could see a thin white smoke among the trees, and the conviction came upon me that the woods were on fire, and that to stay even where I now lay was no longer safe. I have since learned that the woods were on fire in that vicinity during the night, and that many of our wounded were actually burned to death. I looked anxiously around for some way to get off, anywhere or anyhow. There had been no fighting very near me for some time, and I had not seen a single soul stirring. I could see the bodies of men lying on the ground, but nothing moving. Presently I heard the sound of voices and saw two rebel soldiers without arms, filling their canteens at the brook. I hallooed to them and they came to me. They showed surprise when they saw me and I explained what I wanted, namely, a couple of muskets which would serve as crutches. These they seemed to find no trouble in picking up from the ground somewhere, and they very kindly helped me

over the brook, and went with me.¹ As we made our way toward the Plank road I was amazed to see so many dead bodies, rebel and our own, blue and gray, lying about everywhere. (This is doubtless explained by the fact that the battle of the day before, as well as Hancock's Second Corps battle of the early morning, was in this vicinity.)

Not far from the Plank road and behind a little log breast-work I saw a familiar sight upon a battlefield. A young surgeon kneeling on the ground and applying the primary dressing to a wounded man, while the stretcher-bearers were bringing others and laying them down near by. I sat down and waited my turn. For some reason which I cannot explain, the scene at that time is remarkably clear in my memory. The sun had set and there was a bright, golden haze over the woods, the road and the moving figures of men. The firing had ceased, or nearly so, and except for occasional groans and murmurs everything was still and peaceful enough. Presently the surgeon came to me in my turn. I told him I would like to get an ambulance to take me to the rear where I could have my wound operated upon, saying that I had been a surgeon and knew, as I thought, what was needed, and my leg was getting hot and painful and had bled dangerously. Then remembering the box of sardines which my friend Hoyt had given me, I said, "Do you like sardines?" The inspiration was a most happy one.

"There's nothing I am more fond of than sardines, and I haven't tasted any since the war," said he. Whereupon I unslung my poncho, pulled out the box and gave it to him.

"I'll look out for you," said he, and immediately sent some one in search of a stretcher, and when it came placed me upon it and went with me along the road until we found an ambulance. This is what I referred to in saying that the box of sardines

¹ I have since learned that my good friend, Lieutenant Hoyt, with another comrade, on the night of the 6th of May went over the ground in the vicinity of which I lay during the afternoon. Had I stayed and taken the chances of fire, I might perhaps have escaped the trials of a rebel prison.

proved of great value to me, as it served well in enabling me to get to the rear that night. While waiting for the stretcher he told me something of the dreadful privations to which they had been subjected in the campaign in East Tennessee after the failure to take Knoxville, for he belonged to Longstreet's Corps of the Rebel Army. The men were forced to march through the mountains, often in snow and ice, without shoes, with bleeding feet, half starved and insufficiently clothed.¹ The army subsisted almost entirely on parched corn, he said.

While we were passing the point of the Plank road where our regiment fought, as already described, I raised myself on my elbow on the stretcher and was immediately recognized by some of our poor boys lying wounded by the roadside.

"There goes the captain!"

Some of them were lying in the ditch where our line had been, while others had crept out under the shelter of the woods. Among the latter was John Buckshot the brave Indian boy, of F company, with whom I had stood by the tree in front of our line of battle at about the time we moved into the Plank road. I saw him afterwards in Crumpton Hospital in Lynchburg. His thigh was broken. I have learned that he was finally sent to Andersonville, and died at Annapolis, Md., on being liberated, in consequence of the hardships to which he was exposed in that horrible prison.

I spoke words of encouragement to my unfortunate men.

Further along on the road, the signs of desperate battle became more marked, and the woods seemed to be full of the wounded of both sides, who had crept to the Plank road, and were waiting to be carried off. I passed a place on the right of the road where the woods seemed to have been actually mowed

¹ General Lee, in writing to Longstreet in October, 1863, speaking of his own army on the Rappahannock in Virginia says, "Our men were dreadfully off for shoes, blankets and clothes. One division alone had over a thousand bare-footed men."

What must have been the condition of Longstreet's men, in a stony and mountainous country and so far from their base of supplies!

down by the musketry. In the road were many Confederate officers, either riding to the front or consulting in groups. We turned out occasionally for ammunition and commissary wagons going to the front. Finally an ambulance was found and I was placed in it by the doctor, who then left, and I saw him no more.¹

One would naturally suppose that I had ended my adventures for the day; but it seems that there was to be one more, a kind of "feu de joie." The ambulance was a two-wheeler, drawn by one horse, and intended for two men, so that it was very soon stopped by some one, and a wounded rebel, to whom I paid no attention, was thrust by my side. I was beginning to feel very sleepy; it was now dark; how far we had gone I don't know, when suddenly there was a tremendous jolt and a crash. Down the thing went on my side, and my fellow-passenger rolled directly on top of me. I pushed him off enough to breathe, when I saw the light of a lantern, and heard some one say in nigger English that "dat ar dog-goned wheel had done come off." So utterly tired out and overcome with sleep was I that I paid no attention to the matter, and have never been able to recall what took place afterwards, have no recollection of being lifted out, and in fact know nothing of what happened to me that night.

Next morning I was aroused by something tickling my face and dripping down upon me from above. I wiped my face and was surprised to find blood. I looked around me and found that I was under a low canopy, made with four uprights like a four-posted bedstead, having a poncho stretched over it as a kind of tester. Men wearing white aprons were standing around, and in close proximity to my head was the leg of a man severed from his body. I spoke, and somebody stepped back and looked under the poncho.

"Hulloa! How did you come there?" or some such words. They pulled me out and all laughed heartily at my predicament, which was, that I had been put in the darkness underneath the

¹ I am sorry to say I have not preserved his name.

operating table unperceived by any of the surgeons, and had slept there soundly until roused as above described.

Soon a consultation was held over my case, in which I was asked to suggest what I thought should be done. Moreover, I learned that I was in the field hospital of Anderson's Division, Perrin's (formerly Wilcox's) Brigade, of A. P. Hill's Corps of the Confederate army. After waiting many weary hours, the surgeons, Drs. Miner and Gaston, of Mahone's Brigade, both of whom smelled pretty strongly of whiskey, came and examined my wounds, and after mid-day I was placed upon (no longer under) the operating table and chloroformed.¹

Now occurred what to my mind appears the most notable incident of my experience in this famous battle. When I recovered consciousness I found myself lying on the ground beneath a tent fly, and at my side a stretcher on which lay the form of a Union general officer, as shown by his shoulder star. His face was familiar. Raising myself upon my elbow I spoke to him, but he made no reply. I looked closely at him and recognized the man who rode up to us on the Plank road the day before, when my brigade was put into the battle as already described. He was rather tall, an eminently handsome man of commanding presence, but showing gentle breeding. I lifted his eyelids, but there was "no speculation in those eyes." I felt his pulse, which was going regularly. His breathing was a little labored. There was no expression of pain, but occasionally a deep sigh. His noble features were calm and natural, except that his mouth was drawn down at the left side. His right arm was evidently paralyzed, which indicated that the injury was to the left brain. Examining further, I found that a musket ball had entered the top of his head a little to the left of the median line. In his left hand, which lay quietly upon the breast of his buttoned coat, he held a scrap of paper, on which was written, "Gen. James S. Wadsworth."

All the afternoon of Saturday I listened to the firing, which

¹ A resection of the fibula (five inches).

gradually became more distant, though still quite distinct, and in a southeasterly direction; as I was told, towards Spottsylvania Court House. I sat up in the fly, watching the never ceasing line of rebel troops marching by. We were evidently upon one of the few cross roads leading through the Wilderness.

The columns were moving in the direction of the firing, *i.e.*, southeastward. I learned that they belonged to Ewell's Corps. I was amused to see that not a few of the men in one or more of the regiments carried a tooth brush in the button-hole. I do not know the meaning of this. Perhaps it was intended to show that they were men who had been well brought up and had been taught to take care of their teeth, but a tooth brush may have been occasionally serviceable to clean out a foul nipple in long firing.

Meanwhile the rebel officers thronged the little fly and crowded around, curious to see the dying man, whose name and fame had reached their ears. Numberless questions were put to me.

"Do you mean to say that this is James S. Wadsworth of New York, the proprietor of vast estates in the Genesee valley, the candidate for governor in 1862?" etc.

I remarked one very singular fact. He lay apparently totally unconscious, but whenever, as was not infrequent, some of the curious ones took the paper to read the name upon it, he would frown and show restlessness, and his hand moved to and fro as if in search of something, until the paper was put into his fingers, when he would grasp it and lay his hand quietly upon his breast. I frequently heard the rebels say, "I'd never believe that they had such men as that in their army." Late in the afternoon a party came in with one vain young fellow much bedizened with stars and buttons and gold lace, and clearly under the influence of liquor. Unmindful of the impress of dignity and nobility of character upon the features of the dying man, he swore at me and called me a liar for saying that this was James S. Wadsworth, declaring that he knew that our

officers were crazy abolitionists, mercenaries, low politicians, hirelings from foreign armies, etc. This led to a somewhat heated discussion. He asked who I was, and I told him that I came from Massachusetts. This seemed to excite his rage. He cursed Boston and Massachusetts, and talked of calling the roll of his slaves some day on Bunker Hill. To all this I replied in such a way that he lost control of himself, drew a revolver from his belt, cocked it, and was about to shoot me, when his friends caught hold of the weapon and pushed him out of the tent. I heard one of them say, "Look here, you can't shoot that man."

The surgeons came Saturday night and examined General Wadsworth's wound, removing a piece of the skull, and then probing for the ball; (the latter struck me as bad surgery.) One remarkable thing about the case was that the ball had entered near the top of the head, had gone forward, and was lodged in the anterior lobe of the left side of the brain. One can only conjecture how such a wound was received, but I have since learned that his horse was shot and fell with him, and it may have been that he was hit as he fell forward, or bent forward his head in anticipation of a volley from the advancing enemy. He seemed to be unable to swallow, for if more than a teaspoonful was put into his lips it ran out of the corners of his mouth upon his beard. Occasionally he heaved a deep sigh, but otherwise lay in calm slumber. On Sunday the 8th, he became comatose, with rising and falling respiration, and ceased to breathe finally at near two P.M., having lived about forty-eight hours since his wounding.

And this was the white-haired man who lay dying by my side in the midst of that lonesome wild of woods and swamp and thicket, and in the hands of enemies. Here was one whose sacrifices in the Union cause equalled, if they did not now surpass in greatness those of any man in our whole country. A character of the finest mould and coming of the noblest strain. Gentle as he was brave, modest as he was rich; one who despised luxury of living, was a plain man, abstemious in habits

and tastes, and pure in his life. Here he now lay dying with not a single one of his friends or of kindred, or indeed any one to care for him of the thousands who had been his beneficiaries, of the thousands who had always looked up to him as their chief, of the faithful soldiers who had so often followed him into battle. There was only a little scrap of paper to tell who he was, while I, who had never known him except by reputation, had no kinship or other ties connecting me with him, watched over his dying hours, and was permitted by the rebel surgeons to take entire charge of his remains after death. By my direction, his body was taken by one Patrick McCracken to his home at Oak Woods, one mile from the New Hope Meeting House, seven miles out on the Plank road towards Orange Court House, and was there interred. I cut a lock of hair from his head which I brought home with me and gave to Mrs. Wadsworth in Boston. When I cut off this lock of hair I felt that it might be the only relic preserved of this noble patriot, gentleman and soldier.

MEMOIR.

James Samuel Wadsworth, born in 1807, was educated partly at Harvard College, class of 1828, and also in the Yale Law School, and was for a time a student in the office of Daniel Webster in Boston; but he never practised law. He inherited an estate of fifteen thousand acres in the Genesee Valley, which was a principality in itself, and he had also an elegant residence in New York City. He had travelled abroad, and had a wife and a family of six children. He was probably the richest man in the state of New York. Though connected by marriage with a noble English family, and having his associates and friends chiefly among the wealthy, his manners, dress and habits were of Spartan simplicity. He was conspicuous for charitable work, contributing with profusion and alacrity to the Irish Famine Fund.

Lothrop Motley spoke of him as "the true original type of the American gentleman."

In 1848 he supported the Free-soil party, opposed the extending of slavery into the territories, and was styled an "Abolitionist." In the famous — or infamous — "Peace Conference," it was upon his motion that the New York delegation voted "No" to proposed measures which jeopardized the honor of the

loyal states. He stood high in the councils of the nation, was, it is said, in constant communication with General Scott, and was employed by him in the execution of several delicate and important commissions.

At his own expense, when the rebels had cut off direct communication with Washington, he had two vessels loaded in New York with provisions for the army, and himself accompanied them to Annapolis. In the first Bull Run battle he served voluntarily on the staff of General McDowell, and had a horse shot under him while rallying the terrified men. "Nobody was more conspicuous for bravery than he," and he was one of the last to quit the field.

When regularly commissioned he so arranged his accounts with the government that all the pay he should receive was to be held and used to found some permanent institution for the relief of invalid soldiers; the least invidious way, he thought, to decline pay for his services.

In 1862 he was made Military Governor of Washington. "He seized the slave-pen, discharged the captives, and established the rule that no negro should be taken out of the District of Columbia under color of the Fugitive Slave Law without an examination on the part of the military authorities respecting the loyalty of the master." "He took great pains to facilitate the change of these people from bondage to freedom," and "amid political and military embarrassments he succeeded in pioneering the way to practical emancipation while commanding the fortifications and twenty-four thousand troops." He was the good genius of the escaped negroes.

In the same year he received the Union nomination for Governor of New York. He said in a public speech, "I have seen with pain the undue and exaggerated commendations with which my friends have referred to me; — the man who pauses to think of himself, of his affairs, of his family even, when his country lies prostrate almost in the agonies of dissolution, is not the man to save it."

He constantly applied to be given active service in the field.

"General Wadsworth was a natural soldier, and was conspicuous for his bravery on many battlefields. He commanded the First Division in General Reynolds' corps at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, displaying great gallantry. At Gettysburg, on the first day, after the fall of Reynolds early in the morning, he was put in command of the First Corps, which continued to hold its line with wonderful tenacity during many hours of severe fighting. He had several horses shot under him. He literally *led his men into the battle*, a thing which, as far as my own experience shows, was rare, at least on the part of Northern general officers."

General Meade wrote of him, "The moral effect of his example, his years and high social position, his distinguished personal gallantry and daring bravery, gave him an influence over his soldiers which few other men possess."

The blood of the old Puritan captain from whom he was descended, "the inextinguishable love of country, — the reverence for truth and right, the inborn hatred of everything false and mean, made him content to exchange the delights of home for the unspeakable horrors of the battlefield."¹

What a rebuke is such an example to the worldliness, cupidity and self-seeking, of the great majority of mankind! What a pattern is here furnished of high and pure patriotism, of devotion and self-sacrifice to the welfare of one's race and of one's country!

After the death of General Wadsworth I was removed to another part of the field, where I lay without shelter and almost without notice among the many hundreds of wounded collected at this place. Of what happened about me during the ten or eleven days that I lay on this part of the Wilderness battlefield, I have but a vague remembrance. It seems like a horrid nightmare. The groans and complaints of the wounded sufferers, the

¹ T. W. Higginson, "Harvard Memorial Biographies,"

foul stench, the tormenting gnats and flies, the pain and fever, thirst, vomiting and diarrhoea, the sense of loneliness and abandonment, every one around me being utter strangers, the back raw from lying on the ground, the hot sun against which the scanty foliage of the low trees afforded little protection, the maggots which got into my wounds,—how can I tell all the horror of that time! My leg had been too tightly bandaged, and the wound sloughed and became offensive. I could not keep down my food. The surgeons came once a day. Water was scarce. A violent rainstorm one night brought down a flood of stinking water upon some of us who lay at the bottom of a slight declivity, and we were obliged to move to higher ground. On my right a poor boy, whose wound did not appear to me to be very serious although painful, was actually dying from home-sickness, starvation (for like myself he could retain no food), and discouragement. He cried continually and talked of home. All that I could say to him failed to arouse his courage or give him any heart, and he died the day before we were taken off to Orange.

On the 8th and 9th we heard some severe fighting, still in the southeasterly direction, and on the 12th, while it rained almost constantly, there was a field day of desperate battle lasting from dawn until evening and even into the night. This I now know was the fighting at Spottsylvania.¹ It was thought by all of us to be quite equal to the musketry at Gettysburg or at Fair Oaks.

On my left lay a bright, hopeful fellow, Captain Clarence G. Jackson of the 24th Pennsylvania. He was not severely wounded (a flesh wound of the calf of the left leg), but his wound, like all that I saw, was foul and sloughing. Our talk related chiefly to the possibility of escape and reaching our lines, etc. Should we ever get out of those woods alive? was the constantly recurring question.

¹ It seems hardly credible that musketry firing could be distinctly heard at the distance of ten miles, but there can be no doubt about it in this case, because of the number of witnesses.

But the nights! Those dreadful nights! Sleep was impossible; the groans and cries of the sufferers; the interminable length of the hours as we waited for dawn; the abandonment and helplessness; the fever and thirst; the diarrhoea with its utter misery, its accompanying sense of degradation, physical and moral; the despairing revolt of nature under such circumstances; and through it all the incessant mournful cry of the whip-poor-will, which I can never hear now in the dark woods without a shudder, — all these I may leave to the imagination.

I think it was on the 14th of May that there came a Union officer to me, who had been passed under a flag of truce with an ambulance, to find the body of General Wadsworth. He was referred to me as the only person able to give him the necessary information. I told him how to find the body at Patrick McCracken's.

After dark on the evening of the 7th of May (the day after the battle) a Virginian, not a soldier, came up to the back of the fly and asked me about the dying general. Was it really General Wadsworth? etc. He said, "My name is Patrick McCracken and I have a little farm a few miles out. I have heard that General Wadsworth is here wounded, and I want to do something for him." He then related how the general had saved him from long imprisonment at the time that Wadsworth was in command of the city of Washington. He, McCracken, was arrested and confined in the Old Capitol prison as a rebel spy and had been released by the general's order on the representation that his family in the Wilderness neighborhood were suffering from his absence, and on his promise that, if allowed to return home, he would not assist in any way the cause of the Confederacy. This promise he assured me he had kept, but added that he was now under suspicion and was obliged so to act as not to lead the rebel soldiers to suspect that he was bringing comforts to the Federal wounded. That he came therefore, only to bring things for the rebel wounded, but if I would take some milk or anything he could supply, and give it to the general, he would be happy.

I told him I did not think the general could swallow anything, but he left a bottle of milk and food, telling me to use it myself. The next day he came again bringing more, and on Sunday afternoon, the 8th, I gave the body of General Wadsworth into his care for burial.

For a day or two, if I am not mistaken, he came to me after dark, and in secret gave me milk and some sort of "snacks" which were palatable and served me well. He soon ceased his visits, and I heard no more of him until years afterward, when I had letters from him asking for assistance of some sort.

The food which was given us then and later, at least until we reached Libby Prison, consisted, as many who hear me will remember, usually of a ration of coarse cob-meal cake, with a bit of rank bacon, which, until I became accustomed to it, almost invariably turned my stomach and caused me to vomit. We had neither plates nor knives and forks. We cut the food with our pocket knives and drank out of our tin cups. Water was scarce and we suffered from thirst as well as from want of water for necessary ablution and to wet our wounds. We had no nurses nor any one to attend to our wants, and few surgeons. Fortunately I have as a gift of nature a very small appetite and never cared much for eating. This I now regard as a great blessing, for it doubtless helped me under the conditions I am here describing, through the sad months of imprisonment in Crumpton Tobacco Factory and in the "Black Hole" of Lynchburg.

After some ten days of impatient waiting, during which the fighting became more and more distant, and we lost all hope of seeing our comrades in the Union army coming back to recapture us, we heard that the ambulances were expected. In the morning we were carried out to the Plank road and put into them and started for Orange Court House, twenty-two miles distant. Captain Jackson and I were given the head of the line. The ambulances were two-wheelers drawn by one horse and holding two men. The road was fearfully rough, the cor-

duroy having been ruined by the passage of the rebel wagons during the past winter. Any one who has ever tried a Virginia corduroy road even in its best estate, knows that it is a "hard road to travel."

Never till I die shall I forget the torture of that dreadful day, and before the evening I had become almost crazy with pain and fever. I could not lie upon my back, it was so sore, and could recline only on one side. The violent shocks, the constant jolting and shaking of a broken limb, at that time in a state of inflammation and not at all united or healed, produced a most lively sensation of agony. At night, when placed on the floor of the depot at Orange, I was in a deplorable state, and when some kind-hearted ladies came bringing us fresh milk and nice bread and butter, things which we had hungered for for days, I was unable to taste anything, but tried a glass of milk, which I vomited.

Exact data of my company are not obtainable. I have discovered that I had about forty-five men in the Wilderness, and no lieutenant. Of these, five were killed, fifteen wounded, four others wounded and captured, and one man was never heard of after.

The bitterest of all is, and was, the reflection that I lost my dear companions in arms, and especially my company, in which I had taken such pride and which had shown such good conduct; that a regiment so well drilled and of such excellent material in the rank and file, should have been thrown into a contest which was all unequal, where neither strategy nor tactics were available, where it did no good service and could do nothing, and merely held on until frittered away and rubbed out.

The incident of the death of General Wadsworth by my side upon the battlefield of the Wilderness will ever remain to me as one of the most memorable of my experiences in the army. What could be more inspiring and uplifting than the life and example of this heroic character! "All honor and

fame to the illustrious and patriotic citizen, who putting aside the allurements of luxury and ease, too often the fatal temptation of men of wealth, responded promptly to the call of his imperilled country, shared the dangers and privations of the common soldier, shed his blood freely on the battlefield, and finally crowned the long list of his services by laying down life itself upon the altar of his country's liberties ! ”

We have begun the work here in Boston, of paying homage to men of this mould who fell in battle in our Civil War, by erecting a monument to Colonel Robert G. Shaw. It is to be hoped that the people of New York will yet honor the memory of James S. Wadsworth by some heroic bronze or marble which shall picture to the eyes of her citizens the splendid example of his life and death.

THE BATTLE AT HIGH BRIDGE

THE BATTLE AT HIGH BRIDGE

BY

MAJOR EDWARD T. BOUVÉ, U.S.V.

THE life of the American Cavalry is almost coeval with that of the American people. Laws were passed for the formation of a mounted force in 1648, when the colony of Massachusetts Bay had not yet attained its majority. Twenty-seven years later, in 1675, when the war with Metacomet (King Philip) broke out there were five troops of cavalry, which in point of equipment, discipline and appearance, had received the commendation of European officers who had seen them.

Captain Prentice's troop formed a part of Major-General Winslow's army, which fought at Narragansett Fort. It participated in the terrible march and the awful battle which ensued. Of that battle, the latest and most exhaustive of its historians says,

"This must be classed as one of the most glorious victories ever achieved in our history, and considering conditions, as displaying heroism both in stubborn patience and dashing intrepidity never excelled in American warfare."

So much for the first great battle in which Massachusetts cavalry took an honorable part. I may be pardoned for referring to it in this paper, on account of the singular coincidence, that in one of the last, and unquestionably one of the most brilliant actions ever fought in America — the Battle at High Bridge — Massachusetts horsemen accomplished a very difficult thing : they succeeded in adding a yet deeper lustre to the laurels which have ever adorned the standards of the American Cavalry.

The story of the fight near High Bridge, Virginia, is but an

account of an obscure skirmish, if the numbers engaged and its duration be solely considered ; judged, however, by the fierce intensity of the struggle, and the carnage, together with the results, which alone, yet amply, justified the apparent madness of the attack, it is seen to be one of the most notable of the achievements of those heroic days ; for it led to the culmination of the campaign and end of the war, at Appomattox. It was called by Mr. Hay and Mr. Nicolay, in their history of Abraham Lincoln, the most gallant and pathetic battle of the war.

The Fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Cavalry had been subjected to a training and discipline which caused it to develop rapidly into one of the finest cavalry regiments in the army. The officers were nearly all veteran soldiers, educated in the hard school of war. A large proportion of the men in the ranks had seen service, and the rank and file, as a whole, proved to be such as any officer might be proud to lead.

The quality of the regiment is easily accounted for, when it is considered that its first colonel left the lasting impress of himself upon it : that colonel was Arnold A. Rand.

From the very beginning of its service in the field, the regiment had the hard fortune to be cut up into detachments and details for special duty. This was probably due to the good opinion entertained of it by the general ; but it was very trying and disappointing to the colonel, and to all who had hoped to be serving, as earlier orders — too soon countermanded — directed, with Sheridan.

At the opening of the last campaign, the first and third battalions were in Virginia. Three squadrons, with the field and staff, were attached to the headquarters of General Ord, commanding the Army of the James ; two were at the headquarters of the Twenty-fourth, and two at those of the Twenty-fifth Army Corps. One was at Fort Magruder, where it had been for many months, doing outpost and picket duty and engaged in scouting and raiding. The second battalion was in active service in South Carolina and Florida.

Before the spring campaign opened, the command of the regiment had passed to Francis Washburn of Lancaster, a member of a family distinguished for its public services. This young gentleman was a patrician in the best sense of the word. With the most brilliant prospects in life, he, like his brother, left all to serve the Republic, and both drew

“the gret prize o’ death in battle.”

In physical proportions, in personal beauty, in superb daring, in high-minded devotion to every duty, he was the ideal of a cavalry leader, and a worthy successor to the first regimental commander.

One of the worst features of the internal economy of our armies during the civil war, was the detailing of officers and men individually from fighting regiments; the officers to serve on staff, the men for orderlies, wagoners, hospital service, and other special duties which reduced the fighting strength to a minimum compared with what it should have been. Probably the same custom would rule now.

Owing to this pernicious, although at the time unavoidable system, as well as to the ordinary casualties of the service, the three squadrons of the Fourth Cavalry under the immediate command of Colonel Washburn at the beginning of active service, had been reduced to one hundred and fifty men.

Orders were issued on the 27th of March to break camp, preparatory to the resumption of movements against the lines of communication between the besieged cities and their sources of supply.

Richmond and Petersburg were evacuated on the third of April, General Lee moving swiftly toward Amelia. The Federal armies marched at once in hot pursuit, the Army of the James taking the general direction of the Lynchburg railroad, reaching Burkesville on the evening of April 5th. That same evening, Lee left Amelia Court House, pushing rapidly in the direction of High Bridge, a long trestle over the Appomattox near Farmville. Could he reach this bridge, cross

and destroy it, he might hope to succeed in gaining the mountains beyond Lynchburg.

The Army of the James instantly changed direction in pursuit. Lee's objective point became evident, and General Ord determined to destroy the bridge, if it were possible to accomplish this, before Lee could reach it. To this end, he detached Colonel Washburn, with the three squadrons of his own cavalry, now reduced by further details to thirteen officers and sixty-seven troopers, together with two small regiments of infantry, and directed him to push on rapidly and burn the bridge.

Information had been received through scouts that the structure was not defended by any fortifications whatever. Reports also came in that the Confederates were badly demoralized. In consequence of these stories, which would appear to have been accepted as fully reliable at headquarters, Washburn was ordered to attack any force which he might meet, as it would certainly fall away before him.

It was a perilous order to give Washburn, for his valor was ever the better part of his discretion.

Some of our generals seem to have been strangely misled as to the spirit of the Confederates remaining in arms. Never had they fought more fiercely than in those last days of the struggle. Their skeleton battalions threw themselves upon our heavy lines at Sailor's Creek as desperately as they charged under Pickett and Edward Johnson at Gettysburg, and their artillery was never more superbly served than when they were attacked in flank by Gregg's brigade, on the seventh of April, when that general was made prisoner and his brigade driven in complete discomfiture by the famous Washington Artillery of New Orleans.

On the morning of the sixth, before dawn, Washburn's little detachment took up its route, the infantry, especially, being in poor condition for the severe and peculiarly dangerous service to which they were called, for they were exhausted by the forced marches which had been indispensable during the preced-

ing three days. The distance was sixteen miles to Farmville. After having been two hours or so upon the road, Washburn satisfied himself that the rebel army, moving diagonally toward the Appomattox, had closed in upon his rear, cutting him off from the Army of the James. There were also unmistakable indications that Confederate columns were moving in front of his command, as well as on its flank. The detachment was thus marching practically among divisions of the enemy, who were evidently ignorant of its proximity.

Meanwhile, General Ord had learned of the movements of the Confederates, and at once despatched Brevet Brigadier General Theodore Read, adjutant general of the Army of the James, to overtake Washburn and cause him to fall back to the main army. Read, with one orderly, contrived to elude the various bodies of the enemy and finally joined Washburn, just before his command reached the vicinity of the bridge.

Upon reconnoitering the country about the bridge, it was found that the information as to its not being fortified was entirely false. A strong redoubt mounting four guns protected it, and the ground around it was open, with morasses in front rendering it almost impossible of access. Washburn considered however, that a sudden attack on its rear side by cavalry, might be successful.

In pursuance of this plan, he left Read with the infantry in a narrow belt of woodland near the Burkesville road, and moved away to make a *détour*, in order to come upon the rear of the fortification.

The column soon reached a small stream spanned by a bridge, the planks of which had been torn up. Lieutenant Davis with the advanced guard, dashed across the stream and laid the planks under sharp fire from a force of dismounted cavalry which occupied low earthworks on the further side. Washburn soon came up with the main body, and throwing out a line of skirmishers, attacked so vigorously that after a fight of half an hour's duration, the enemy retreated toward Farmville.

Here they were reinforced, and Washburn soon found their numbers so great and their artillery fire so heavy, that they could not be driven. Moreover there was incessant musketry firing from the place where he had left the infantry, indicating an attack upon them, and he thought best to withdraw and go to their support.

A sharp ride of a few moments brought the cavalry to the scene of action. Had the Burkesville road been followed for a short distance farther the column would have rounded a bend in the road, and come upon a strong body of Confederate cavalry which was moving in the direction of the firing; but at a point in rear of where the fighting was going on, Washburn left the road and led his men through the woods and along the bed of a ravine, then up a hill, where he halted to learn the state of affairs.

The little line of infantry, outflanked and outnumbered, was falling back fighting, pushed by a brigade of dismounted cavalry, while regiments of horse were galloping up on the flanks and forming for a charge. The infantry were clearly exhausted and their ammunition was used up, but Washburn, after a short consultation with Read, sent his adjutant to rally them, and determined by a furious attack upon the dismounted troops of the enemy, to throw them back on their cavalry and thus, supported by the infantry, to wrest victory from the enemy. He then led the column along the crest of the slope, and forming line, turned to his men and explained his purpose, well knowing what he could expect from the splendid fellows.

Then Washburn ordered "Forward!" The line trotted down the slope. In a moment came his clear call "Gallop, march! Charge!" And to the music from the brazen throats of their own trumpets chiming with their fierce battle shout, those seventy-eight Massachusetts horsemen hurled themselves upon the heavy masses of the foe.

For a few moments the air was bright with the flashing of sabres, and shattered by the explosion of carbine and pistol,

while screams of rage mingled with the cries of the wounded and all the hideous sounds of a savage hand-to-hand fight. As all this died away, it was seen that the immediate body of troops which the Fourth Cavalry had struck was practically annihilated. Their dead and wounded were scattered thickly over the field, while the crowd of prisoners taken was embarrassing to the captors. Driving these before them back toward the hill, to which they must retire to reform for attack upon the enemy's horse (for Washburn's mere handful of men forbade his leaving any to form the reserve without which cavalry almost never can charge without great risk) they were astounded at the sight which presented itself on the Burkesville road. As far as the eye could reach, it was filled with Confederate cavalry, and lines of battle were forming as rapidly as possible and advancing swiftly to the aid of their defeated van.

All hope of victory or of escape from such a field was now utterly gone, but the colonel and his men were mad with the fury of battle, and wild with exultation over the bloody triumph already achieved. But one thought possessed them. The little battalion swept down the slope once more, pressing close behind their knightly leader and their blue standard. They crashed through three lines of their advancing enemies, tearing their formation asunder as the tornado cuts its way through the forest. But now, order and coherence were lost, and the troopers mingled with the Confederates in a bitter hand-to-hand struggle. A few scattered fighters were rallied from out this fearful *melée* by the gallant Captain Hodges, than whom a more chivalrous soldier never drew sabre. He led them in a last furious charge, in which he fell, as he would have wished, "amid the battle's wildest tide."

By this time, all was lost. Eight of the officers lay dead or wounded upon the field. Three were prisoners, their horses having been killed under them. The surgeon and chaplain, being non-combatants, were captured while in attendance upon the wounded.

The battle at High Bridge was finished, for General Read had been mortally wounded at the first fire after the infantry had rallied in support of the cavalry attack, and the two small regiments were overwhelmed and compelled to surrender as soon as the cavalry had ceased to be a factor.

Colonel Washburn had been shot in the mouth and sabred as he fell from his horse. He was found on the field with the other dead and wounded the next day, when the advance of the Army of the James came up. He was taken to the hospital at Point of Rocks, but insisted upon being sent to his home in Massachusetts, where he died in the arms of his mother. Before his death, he was, at Grant's request, brevetted as Brigadier General.

Of the other officers, Lieutenant Colonel Jenkins was severely wounded, as were Captain Caldwell and Lieutenants Belcher and Thompson. Captains Hodges and Goddard were killed, and Lieutenant Davis shot after having been made a prisoner, for resenting an insult offered him by a rebel officer. The adjutant, Lieutenant Lathrop, after his horse had been killed under him, was taken into the woods to be shot, because his captor asserted that he had slain his brother in the fight. Fortunately a Confederate staff-officer observed the proceeding, and rescued him from his would-be murderer.

Happily, the casualties among the enlisted men were much less in proportion than among the officers. They had to a man fought with the most desperate valor, keeping up the struggle after all the officers were down, until absolutely engulfed in the masses of the enemy.

In telling of the practical annihilation of a body of troops, the statement that their standard was saved from capture seems almost incredible; yet such was the case in this instance. The color sergeant, a gallant soldier from Hingham by the name of Thomas Hickey, had carried the standard through the hottest of the battle. At the last moment, seeing that it was impossible to save it from capture except by destroying it, he managed to elude

the enemies who were closing in upon him, and putting spurs to his horse, flew toward a hut which he had observed in the woods, and threw himself from his charger just as he reached it, with his foes close upon him. Rushing in, he thrust his precious battle flag into a fire which was blazing on the hearth. The painted silk flashed up in flame, and by the time that his pursuers broke in, it was ashes !

His life was spared in consideration of his devoted bravery, and he subsequently received a commission from the Governor of the Commonwealth, in recognition of his heroic deed.

The losses of the Confederates in this action were at least a half greater in number than Washburn's whole force. By their own report, there were a hundred killed and wounded, among them a general, one colonel, three majors and a number of officers of lower grade.

The Battle at High Bridge was at first thought to have been a useless sacrifice. It was a sacrifice indeed, but it unquestionably hastened the termination of the war, by days, and perhaps weeks.

After the surrender, Lee's Inspector General said to Ord,

"To the sharpness of that fight, the cutting off of Lee's army at Appomattox was probably owing. So fierce were the charges of Colonel Washburn and his men, and so determined their fighting, that General Lee received the impression that they must be supported by a large part of the army, and that his retreat was cut off."

Lee consequently halted and began to intrench ; and this delay gave time for Ord to come up, and enabled Sheridan to intercept the enemy at Sailor's Creek.

The Confederate General Rosser said to a member of the regiment whom he met after the war,

"You belonged to the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry ? Give me your hand ! I have been many a day in hot fights. I never

saw anything approaching that at High Bridge. While your colonel kept his saddle, everything went down before him !”

The Confederate troops at High Bridge were Rosser's and a part of Fitz Hugh Lee's divisions.

“Was your colonel drunk or crazy this morning, that he attacked with less than one hundred men the best fighting division of the Confederate cavalry?” asked a rebel officer of a wounded captain of the Fourth; “we have seen hard fighting, but we never heard of anything like this before !”

The Confederate officers had at first utterly refused to credit the stories of their prisoners, insisting that the small force would never have fought so fiercely unless it had been the advance of a strong column.

Grant says in his memoirs,

“The Confederates took this to be only the advance of a larger column which had headed them off, and so stopped to intrench; so that this gallant band of six hundred had checked the progress of a strong detachment of the Confederate army. This stoppage of Lee's column no doubt saved to us the trains following.”

THE MORNING SURPRISE AT CEDAR
CREEK

THE MORNING SURPRISE AT CEDAR CREEK

BY

CAPTAIN S. E. HOWARD, U.S.V.

ON the evening of the 18th of October, 1864, a group of officers of the 8th Vermont Regiment were gathered about an immense camp fire near Cedar Creek, Virginia.

We were a cheerful and happy group; that is, as cheerful and happy as we could be when the crimson flood of the great sacrifice already offered up and the dark shadow of the impending future ever obtruded themselves.

Brave men, men of fortitude and power, may be happy and light-hearted in spite of the dangers of the battle-field and the privations and hardships of the camp and march. They may learn to smile at death, but the laugh of thoughtful men is never without reserve when they contemplate a whole nation in mourning; when

"There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

Within one month we had fought the great and successful battle of Winchester, whence Sheridan had telegraphed the Secretary of War that he had sent the enemy "whirling through Winchester." We had fought Fisher's Hill, which Mr. George E. Pond, editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*, calls a "hurricane battle," and where the superb strategy of General Sheridan, backed by his whole army in one of the most audacious charges on record, made vain one of the strongest positions of the war. We had chased the enemy one hundred miles to Harrisonburg, fighting him a dozen times, and always successfully. We had swept the Valley with fire on our return so that a crow in passing over the country would have to carry his rations. We had

halted at Tom's Brook, while our cavalry had fought the new and much vaunted General Rosser, torn his army all to pieces, captured three hundred prisoners, eleven guns and caissons, — in fact, everything he had on wheels, and sent the fragments flying in terror with our troopers close on their heels for twenty-six miles. The citizens christened the affair the "Woodstock Races," and never tired of poking fun at the much trumpeted beginning of General Rosser and his inglorious ending.

All these things and a hundred others had been crowded into the previous thirty days, and we had abundant food for conversation while the flames from the great logs leaped high into the air. On bold Massanutton, overlooking our left front, waved the enemy's signal torch. We had watched it many times before, but this evening it had a special fascination for us, and seemed full of restless energy, as back and forth, up and down, it cut the darkness in its blazing flight.

Could we have read the speech of its fiery tongue, what dire disaster we should have been spared; for, even as we watched it and wondered at its meaning, three divisions of the enemy under Gordon, Ramseur, and Pegram were stealing silently through the tangle of forest and ravine at the base of Massanutton, over a route which involved twice fording the Shenandoah and leading to the ground of the fierce day-break assault.

Our party sat long about the fire. Many were the tales told, and I remember well that as we were about breaking up, some one said: "Now let's have H—— tell his story, and then turn in." H—— always told the same story, and it was quite the thing to call for it in this way. He now rose to the occasion and told the story for the hundredth time with all the grace and gusto of a first night. Then we went to bed, and as I was dozing off, I heard a soldier say: "I wonder what that — blazing thing is waving all night for." Then the great camp fell on sleep, and naught was heard but the cry of the sentry.

"I slept and dreamed that life was beauty.
I woke and found that life was duty."

I was wakened at the first signs of day by a terrific clap of thunder, and sprang into a sitting position and listened. The thunder was the tremendous volley that the enemy was pouring into Crook's devoted camp. The thought went through my mind like lightning that in some way the enemy had run against General Crook's corps and were getting punished for their temerity. It never occurred to me at the instant that it was possible the boot was on the other foot. I listened for the yell of our men, but, alas, it never came; instead, the Yi Yi Yi! of the Confederates, and horror of horrors, — it seemed to me as if our whole left were enveloped, enfolded, by this cry. It was like the howls of the wolves around a wagon train in the early days on the great prairies. This had taken but a moment. The camp was awake. The men sprang into line with the celerity of veterans. It was apparent to everyone from the heavy firing and the yells on our left that a great calamity impended if it had not already become a fact.

General Emory rode down in person, ordering the brigade to cross the pike, to throw a skirmish line into the timber in Crook's direction, until it met the enemy, and then to hold on as long as possible.

Away we went on a double quick through the darkness, the eastern sky at this moment showing the faint gray tinge of dawn. As we rushed along, the infernal torch on Massanutton, dire omen of impending disaster, still flashed against the southern sky. The moment the timber was reached the column came into line on the run, and skirmishers pushed rapidly forward, followed by the main body. Here we met the gallant fellows from Crook's camp who had been assailed while lying asleep and who had done the only possible thing under the circumstances, — run for their lives. They did not seem excited, only stolidly, doggedly determined to go to the rear. Many of them were only partly dressed, some wearing only underclothing, but they generally carried their muskets. An officer wearing his cap and carrying his naked sword was attired in a shirt,

drawers and shoes. The flash of a musket showed him to be a man of forty with full beard, and I think I should recognize his face to-day. They passed around us, through our ranks, and almost over us, insistent, determined. They heeded none of our cries to "Turn back!" "Make a stand!" but streamed to the rear. We had little time to argue with them. The skirmish line had not advanced a hundred yards when it ran in the darkness plump into a body of the enemy; in an instant the timber was in a blaze of light from the musketry, and we were in the midst of one of the most fearful struggles of the war. The enemy were upon us in overwhelming numbers, flushed with victory and with the capture of Crook's camps. We were a little brigade of four regiments consisting of the 12th Connecticut, 160th New York, 47th Pennsylvania and the 8th Vermont. The first two and the 8th Vermont had been brigaded together back in the Louisiana days when Godfrey Weitzel commanded us, and in many a bloody fight had we fought together. It was literally true that we had never been beaten on any field, but we were to have a new experience. We were commanded by Colonel (afterward Brigadier General) Stephen Thomas of the 8th Vermont, now living in Montpelier at the full age of ninety years, the bravest man I have ever known. What Sheridan was to the army under him, Colonel Thomas was to his regiment. Many had been the critical moments in our history when his level head and iron nerve had been our salvation. More than once in the very pinch of a fight, when it seemed as if one straw more would ruin us, had we seen him on his big bay shouting in a voice which rang over the tumult of battle, "Steady, men! Old Vermont is looking at you to-day!" We had never needed him so much as now. The 8th Vermont was on the left of our line, the most exposed position. We were hotly pressed on our front and left. The timber was ablaze with musketry and the air was filled with the yells of our confident foes. They flung themselves upon us in a mass and for a moment the struggle was hand to hand. Then came the

cry "The Colors! The Colors! They've got the Colors!" and with one impulse, as if one mind had moved it, the regiment flung itself into the boiling caldron where the fight for the colors was seething and dragged them out. The history of the regiment, written by our late companion, Colonel George N. Carpenter, of blessed memory, says the colors were three times in the hands of the enemy, but no one can ever tell all that took place in the thirty minutes our little force hung to that fringe of timber. Again and again the enemy flung many times our number against us, only to be forced back and gather for a fresh trial.

Men fought hand to hand; skulls were crushed with clubbed muskets; bayonets dripped with blood. Men actually clenched and rolled upon the ground in the desperate frenzy of the contest for the flags. Three color bearers were killed, and with one exception every member of the color-guard was killed or wounded. There was not much attempt at order. Not many orders were given. The men realized that they were in a terrible mess and fought like tigers. Stephen Thomas, "Colonel commanding" as we loved to call him, was a very present help in trouble. He raged like a lion and was everywhere present to encourage and hold fast the line. Of course only one result was possible. The time came when valor and devotion proved vain. In a moment, without warning, and as if by common consent we were being swept back, every man for himself and the enemy on every hand. I had received two severe wounds, and though not wholly disabled, was unable to make anything like good time, and I looked with envy on Captain Ford who was just in advance of me running like a buck. In an instant he went down all in a heap, but was up and off again in a second. My mental comment was, "What a lummux to fall down in such a scrape as this!" It never once entered my mind that he had been hit by one of the bullets of which the air was full. Later in the day I saw him at the hospital, and expressed my disapproval of his clumsiness under such circum-

stances, to which he replied, "I guess you would fall down if you were shot through both legs." He had been shot through both legs near the thighs by two different bullets so nearly at the same instant that he could not tell which struck him first. Private Robert Sturgeon of my own company was a few yards in advance of me on my right, and I need not say was making good time. In an instant a tall bearded fellow in gray bounded out of the mist which overhung the field where daylight was just gaining the supremacy and ordered him to halt. They were not twenty feet apart. Sturgeon's gun was empty and his bayonet lost. He cast a startled glance over his shoulder and ran at the top of his speed. The Confederate's long legs took tremendous strides, — he sprang forward with a rush and gave a vicious lunge with his bayonet. Sturgeon swerved at the moment, but the steel caught him under the left arm, and passed through the cape of his overcoat, through the overcoat itself, through blouse and flannel shirt, between shirt and skin. It left a vivid mark along his side where the cold steel raked, but did not pierce the skin. Sturgeon stopped and threw up his hands dropping his gun. The stalwart in gray was reaching out as if to take him by the collar, when presto! one in blue, pausing in his hot haste for scarcely one second placed the muzzle of his gun hardly a foot from the Confederate's head, fired, blowing the head to fragments, and without a word was gone. Sturgeon, like a good soldier, picked up his gun and ran like a deer. Farther back Colonel Thomas had chosen a point where he was rallying the men and making some progress toward a line; still further a skirmish line was stretched across the country to stop and collect those who were still able for duty. Challenged here, I pointed to the blood in my shoe and running down my sleeve, and passed on; passed on with greater grief and despair weighing me down than I had ever before in my life felt. Our campaign, as I have said, had been a great success. The Shenandoah Valley, the great artery of supply, the granary of the rebellion, had the night before seemed firmly and

forever in our grasp, and now before the next sunrise, I had seen it taken away from us with the fierce ruthlessness of a hurricane. There was no question about it in my mind. Harper's Ferry was the only point where the shattered army could stand. I had seen the collapse of the Eighth Corps. I had seen our whole left swept away, our camps captured, our artillery taken, our whole army forced out of its works, forced to change its line from front to left, forced far back from its proper position, — sullenly on the defensive, dangerous, but clearly out-matched. The enemy was pressing his victorious columns forward. It would be impossible to withstand him. I pictured the defense we would make of the heights of Harper's Ferry, of the weary months, perhaps years, it would take to retrieve what we had lost, and my heart beat with great throbs of grief as I dragged myself painfully to the rear. General Sheridan I well knew, was absent.

"Where, where was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men."

Unreasonably I attributed the whole disaster to General Sheridan's absence. Had he been there it could never have happened, and thereby I did injustice to the gallant Wright in command.

Pressing back to get out of danger I threw myself exhausted upon the ground a short distance south of Newtown. The country was full of men, all, it seemed to me, going to the rear; wounded men by themselves; wounded men helped by others; wounded men being carried; men strong and unhurt. Their faces were sullen, despairing, and they were turned to the north. Many halted and rested; some went to sleep, for the exhaustion of a week had been crowded into two hours. Our brigade in its struggle beyond the pike had lost more than one-third of its numbers, and the 8th Vermont, holding the left and most exposed position, had lost more than two-thirds of all the men engaged, and of the sixteen officers who gathered about our camp-fire the evening before, thirteen had been killed and

wounded on this horrible hill of sacrifice. On this spot the regiment has placed a granite boulder from the green hills of Vermont, and on it is cut an inscription telling the story of this, its bloodiest battle. The colors for which both sides fought so fiercely, were torn with shot and wet with the blood of the brave fellows who had attested their devotion with their lives, but in the end they were ours, and in the Capitol at Montpelier they are mute but eloquent witnesses of the great events through which they passed. They bear the record of many battles, but, to those who were there, none bring back the past with quite such a throb and thrill as the inscription "Cedar Creek, Va., October 19, 1864."

The sacrifice had been a terrible one, but not in vain. While we struggled in the timber, the two corps comprising the right and center of our army had been rapidly withdrawn, and a new position taken much in rear of the original line and facing its left, ready to meet the further onslaught of the enemy. General Emory, commanding the Nineteenth Corps, says, "When I sent the heroic Colonel Thomas across the pike at Cedar Creek to support the Eighth Corps under General Crook, I was immediately occupied in defending my own headquarters and in changing the front of battle of the Nineteenth Corps, which was assailed in the rear through the total collapse of the Eighth Corps. But I well knew the gallantry of the Eighth Vermont and of the officers who commanded it, and I felt safe in doing what seemed the only thing that could have been done under the terrible circumstances surrounding us."

The morning wore away. The enemy brought forward his men and supplies, his guns and ammunition. He plundered the captured camps. He looked confidently forward to the time when all would be in readiness, and he would complete the work of the morning by a still more crushing blow. He had a right to think so. But "Man proposes and God disposes," and as the Union commanders made their dispositions for the shock which was impending, a new element, which neither side expected,

was about to enter upon the battle-field. Newtown and vicinity was crowded with thousands of our men. The hospital had been established there, and thither the wounded in an unending stream went or were carried. The men from Crook's corps who had been in the morning surprise, were there in great numbers. The stragglers, the hangers-on were there or still further to the rear. The little village was full to overflowing, as were the fields near at hand. It was a moody and serious crowd. There was nothing cheerful in the situation, and every mind was full of foreboding. But what has suddenly caused this commotion? What spirit prompts the men to rush together? Does some new danger threaten? Has the enemy another surprise for us? No, for the men are cheering, — the cheer grows to a mighty shout, and a swarm of men shoulder their muskets and turn their faces towards the battle-field, and then mine eyes beheld that beau ideal of a soldier, that prince of fighters, the very incarnation of war, General Philip A. Sheridan.

"With foam and with dust the black charger was gray.
By the flash of his eye and his red nostrils' play
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day."

Accompanied by two officers, as I now remember, he rode as rode he who brought the good news from Ghent to Aix. In a minute there were groups of men facing south with shouldered arms and intense enthusiasm shown in their faces. — "Where are you going?" — "Going to have another lick at them, — Phil Sheridan has come!" I have heard men carp at Sheridan's ride as being of no such consequence as is generally attributed to it, but they speak without knowledge. Never since the world was created was such a crushing defeat turned into such a splendid victory as at Cedar Creek, and never was a general received on the battle-field with such expressions of delight and confidence. And in saying this I in no way detract from the splendid name and fame of Wright, of Emory, or of Crook. I shall tell you no more of Cedar Creek, for I saw no more.

In the afternoon when the struggle raged at its height, the anxiety of those at the hospital was most intense as they listened to the crash and roar of the battle, and remembered how badly the army had been crippled in the morning. No one dared hope for anything better than a stand-off fight. If the enemy could be held back, nothing more was possible.

But about four o'clock in the afternoon a Dutch surgeon of a Pennsylvania regiment rode into Newtown with his horse covered with foam, and in a state of excitement beyond expression. He swore in Dutch and English alternately and then in both together that the enemy was in retreat in great confusion, and our troops in hot pursuit. Newtown was full of hundreds of the wounded, the dying and the dead. The ghastly scenes of a field hospital after a great battle were present in all their horror. The surgeons were covered with blood, the operating tables were loaded. The great pile of legs and arms was constantly growing higher, and above the horror of the situation there rose constantly in the mind of every one: "What shall we do when our army is forced back? What will become of these desperately wounded men? What will become of me?" So when the Dutch surgeon brought back his exciting message it was entirely beyond credence, and the tension was tremendous. But news followed tidings in quick succession. "Emory has completely repulsed a determined attack on the right." "The whole line has advanced, and is driving everything before it." "We shall win the battle yet. We have recaptured our artillery." "We have captured whole batteries of the enemy's guns. We have taken several battle-flags. We have retaken our camps. We have possession of Cedar Creek bridge, and everything on wheels on the north side is ours. The enemy are in great confusion, and the cavalry are in hot pursuit south of Cedar Creek."

"We have not lost a great battle; we have gained a mighty victory. The Shenandoah Valley, beautiful and fertile heritage, has not been wrested away from us, but free men shall dwell there forever. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION

BY

BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. B. R. SPRAGUE, U.S.V.

IN the early autumn of 1861, Ambrose Everett Burnside, who had just received from the President his commission as a Brigadier General, was by General McClellan placed in charge of new troops arriving in Washington. He was to look after their discipline and drill, preparatory to their assignment among the older divisions of the army then organizing under the name of the "Army of the Potomac."

Burnside was graduated at West Point in 1847, and among his fellow students were McClellan, Hancock, Foster, Reno, Parke, Gibbon, Griffin, Benet, De Russy and Wilcox of the Union Army; Stonewall Jackson, Buckner, Bee, Pickett, Heth, and others who espoused the Confederate cause. He was in civil life at the outbreak of the war, having resigned his commission in the United States Army in 1852.

He was made Colonel of the 1st Regiment, Rhode Island Militia, April 16, 1861, and with his regiment left for the seat of war April 20th. He commanded a brigade at the first Bull Run and was distinguished for his gallantry, generalship, and skill in that most disastrous battle.

In September of '61, General Burnside suggested to General McClellan the formation of a Coast Division of from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand men, mainly from states bordering on the northern sea coast, many of whom would be familiar with the coasting trade, to fit out a fleet of light draught steamers, sailing vessels, and barges, sufficient to transport the troops

and supplies, to take and hold possession of the inland waters of the Atlantic coast.

This plan was submitted by General McClellan to the Secretary of War and President Lincoln, by whom it was approved; and General Burnside was ordered to New York to fit out a fleet, and on the 23d of October orders were issued establishing his headquarters for the concentration of troops at Annapolis, Maryland, where they arrived from time to time, and encamped on beautiful grounds just outside the town.

The division was organized into three brigades which were placed in command of Generals John G. Foster, Jesse L. Reno, and John G. Parke, three of General Burnside's most trusted friends, who had been cadets with him at West Point, and who, at his request, had been detailed from their commands in the regular army for this service. General Foster, then captain of Topographical Engineers, was with Major Anderson when Fort Sumter was bombarded and surrendered.

The First Brigade, commanded by General Foster, was made up of the 23d, 24th, 25th, and 27th Massachusetts, and the 10th Connecticut.

The Second Brigade consisted of the 21st Massachusetts, 51st New York, 51st Pennsylvania, and 9th New Jersey, and was commanded by General Reno.

The 4th and 5th Rhode Island, the 8th Connecticut, and the 9th New York, composed the Third Brigade, and was commanded by General Parke.

Under these experienced officers camp life was no holiday service and the progress in discipline and drill was very rapid. The days were filled up with company, battalion, and brigade drills. The men were instructed in the bayonet exercise and ambulance drill, and I think it is safe to say that no body of troops ever entered the field better prepared to render a good account of themselves than Burnside's men of the Coast Division.

Affairs did not progress so smoothly at New York. Light

draught vessels only, could be of service, and almost everything of that sort had been previously called into the government employ; but on the 12th of December, General Burnside reported to General McClellan, that a sufficient amount of transportation and armament had been secured for the division. It was indeed a motley fleet. North River barges and propellers had been strengthened from deck to keelson by heavy oak planks, and water-tight compartments were built in them. They were so arranged that parapets of sand bags or of bales of hay could be built upon their decks, and each one carried from four to six guns. Sailing vessels from the coasting trade had been fitted up in like manner. Several large passenger steamers which were guaranteed to draw less than eight feet of water, together with tug and ferry boats, served to make up the fleet to transport fifteen thousand troops with baggage, camp equipment, rations, etc.

Light draught sailing vessels on which were stored building materials for bridges, rafts, intrenching implements, quartermaster's stores, tools, extra ordnance stores, etc., were also added to the fleet, and, with some coal and water vessels chartered at Baltimore, were ordered to rendezvous at Fortress Monroe.

The transports were ordered to Annapolis Harbor, at which point, after mortifying and vexatious delays, they all arrived by the 4th of January, 1862; and on this day, orders were issued for embarkation, which were received throughout the camp with enthusiastic cheers.

On the 5th of January, the troops began to embark. On that night two or three inches of snow fell, which gave to the camp and surrounding country on the morning of the 6th, a picturesque appearance. Regiment after regiment left the cheerless camp, and with bands playing and colors flying, marched to the point of embarkation. The lines of troops with dark uniforms and glittering bayonets contrasted strangely with the snow-white fields, as they passed through the quaint old town of Annapolis, the inhabitants of which were in the main

quite disloyal. No cheers or friendly voices such as they had heard while en route from their homes, encouraged them now.

The order "to break camp" had been obeyed with alacrity, and more troops moved into the Academy grounds than could be embarked, so that large numbers remained there for the night. "This bivouac," said General Burnside, "was one of the most inspiring and beautiful that I saw during the war."

The last regiment was afloat on the 8th. On the morning of the 9th, the fleet sailed away; the bands played "Dixie" and the soldiers cheered.

By the night of the 10th, all the vessels of the fleet, more than eighty in number, had concentrated at Fortress Monroe. Only General Burnside, the brigade commanders, and two or three staff officers knew the destination of the fleet. Sealed orders were given to the commander of each vessel to be opened at sea.

Military and naval officers of high rank were doubtful of the success of the expedition, and so expressed themselves to General McClellan and to the President; and the latter was warned that the vessels were unfit for sea, and a total failure would result.

At times in the past, the movements of our forces had become known to the enemy in advance, but in the case of this expedition, the secret had been well kept. President Lincoln was importuned by a public man, who almost demanded to be informed where we were going. Finally, the President said to him, "Now, I will tell you in great confidence where they are going, if you will promise not to speak of it to any one." The promise was given and Mr. Lincoln said, "Well, now, my friend, the expedition is going to sea."

On the night of the 12th of January, the fleet moved away at a given signal. After passing out of the Chesapeake, it was made known to us that the destination of the fleet was Hatteras Inlet.

General Burnside's headquarters were on a large steamer,

the *George Peabody*; but, for this voyage, he took the smallest vessel in the fleet, a little propeller called the *Pickett*. He did this, as he tells us, "because of the great criticism which had been made as to the unseaworthiness of the vessels of the fleet, and because of my desire to show the men my faith in their adaptability to the service. Their weaknesses were known to me, but they were the best that could be procured, and it was necessary that the service should be performed, even at the risk of losing lives by shipwreck."

The weather was threatening, but I did not foresee the storms by which we were overtaken. At that time, we had no weather signal reports, but the sailing would not have been delayed in any event, because the orders to proceed to our work were imperative.

My own regiment, the 25th Massachusetts, except two companies on the *Zouave*, was on board the steamer *New York*, which had in tow a barge, the *Rocket*. We left Hampton Roads at noon on Sunday, the 12th, and at noon on Monday, the 13th, our anchor kissed the drifting sands of Hatteras Inlet, the wind being northeast, and blowing a gale.

Most of the fleet arrived inside the bar during the afternoon. The propeller *City of New York*, laden with supplies and ordnance stores, went to pieces on the bar. Her officers and crew clung to the rigging and were rescued by surf boats.

This steamer *City of New York* found its way into the newspapers as the steamer *New York*, on which my regiment embarked; and the loss of the latter with all on board being reported, I had the pleasure, not often accorded to mortals, of reading my own obituary in a New York journal.

Vessels of too heavy draught to pass over the bar had anchored outside. In the attempt to reach one of these in a surf boat Colonel Allen and the Surgeon of the 9th New Jersey were lost in the breakers. The ship *Pocahontas*, with over one hundred horses, was a total loss. The gunboat *Zouave*, on which were two companies, was sunk in the Inlet after she had

crossed the bar, and proved a total loss, but the men were saved.

From the 14th to the 26th, we had terrific weather ; signals of distress, the flag union down, were displayed from numerous vessels, which were at times in collision ; and it required the exercise of the utmost skill of the commanders of vessels to prevent general disaster. Some of the staterooms on the deck of our transport were swept away, and "Cat Head Drills," as we called them, became necessary ; when all on board, with pike and pole, sought to ward off the uncontrollable craft that threatened our destruction. The lights were ordered out on the 15th.

Under favorable circumstances, we should have reached Roanoke Island in five days after leaving Fortress Monroe, but the stormy weather and other mischances lengthened the duration of the voyage to twenty-five days. The salt pork cooked in Baltimore was not appetizing in the rough sea ; and the entire fleet was many days on short rations of ropy water, barreled in Baltimore two months before, and passing through its first stage of fermentation.

There was "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink," and flags of distress were hoisted on many vessels, in consequence. Says General Burnside, "On one of these dreary days, I gave up all hope and walked to the bow of the vessel that I might be alone. Soon after, a small black cloud appeared in the angry, gray sky, just above the horizon, and very soon spread so as to cover the entire canopy, and a copious fall of rain came to our relief. Signals were given to 'spread sails' to catch the water, and in a short time, abundance was secured for all. I was at once cheered up, but very much ashamed of the distrust which I had allowed to get the mastery of me."

Efforts to pass the fleet from the inlet over the swash to Pamlico Sound were unsuccessful, for the reason that only six feet of water could be found in the tortuous channel ; and, as most of our vessels drew more than six feet, it became neces-

sary to deepen it. By a tedious process this was accomplished, and on the 27th, we were fairly over the swash, and with anchors "hove short," we waited a signal which, on the 5th of February, put the fleet of seventy-five vessels in regular order up the Pamlico, toward the scene of our new struggle.

Orders were given for the advance on Roanoke Island, with detailed instructions for the landing of troops and the mode of attack.

The gunboats under Commodore Goldsborough were in advance and on the flank. The fleet presented an imposing appearance as it moved up the sound. The day was beautiful. At sundown, we anchored about ten miles from Roanoke Island. Our gunboats were out in advance to protect the transports from the enemy's fleet under Commodore Lynch, known to be in the vicinity.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, we moved forward, but a gale sprung up, and our progress was slow to the entrance of Croatan Sound, where we anchored for the night, all lights carefully concealed.

On the morning of the 7th, the gunboats passed into Croatan Sound, followed by the transports. The Confederate fleet was seen close in shore under the batteries of the island. A signal gun from one of the forts, announced our approach.

Roanoke Island is about twelve miles long and from two to three miles wide. Between it and the mainland is Croatan Sound, which connects Pamlico Sound on the south and Albemarle on the north. East of Roanoke Island is Roanoke Sound, and Bodies Island lies between Roanoke Sound and the broad Atlantic.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 7th, one of the naval vessels opened fire, which was replied to by the Confederates, and by half past ten the firing became rapid and general.

The enemy had driven a line of piles across the channel to obstruct the progress of our gunboats, leaving a narrow passage for a possible retreat of which in due time they availed them-

selves. The strongest of their boats, the *Curlew*, was soon sunk by a 100 pound shot. Then our guns got the range of their batteries, and by skill and rapid firing, almost silenced them. The bombardment continued with spirit during the day.

The military defenses of Roanoke Island consisted of three forts on the west side of the island, mounting twenty-five 32-pounder cannon; and on the east side of the island was a battery of two 32-pounders. In the center of the island was a redoubt about eighty feet long, with embrasures for three cannon; on the right of the redoubt was a swamp; on the left, a marsh, — the redoubt extending between them, and facing to the south. The only approach from this direction was by a narrow corduroy road. All these defenses were north of the center of the island. The Confederate force upon the island was about four thousand men. General Henry A. Wise, the commander, was at Nag's Head on Bodies Island, reported sick; and in his absence, Colonel Shaw of the 8th North Carolina assumed command of the Confederate troops.

The approach of our fleet of transports was discovered on February 6th by the pickets on the south end of the island, and orders were issued for the disposition of troops to meet and repel our attack. Artillery, supported by a large force of infantry, was sent to Pugh's and Ashby's landings, with instruction to fight us at the water's edge should we attempt to land.

A little after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, while the forts and the naval fleet were exchanging shot and shell, General Foster embarked five hundred men of the 25th Massachusetts on the *Pilot Boy*, towing all the small boats from the vessels of his brigade, loaded with detachments from the regiments composing it, in all fourteen hundred men, and headed for a landing-place under cover of the fire of the *Delaware* and *Pickett*, whose bursting shell accelerated the retreat of an ambuscaded force of the enemy.

The boats grounded in the shallow water, the men sprang in, and waded to the shore. The first detachments of the other

brigades quickly followed, and in less than twenty minutes four thousand troops were passing over the marshes at a double-quick, and formed in order on the hard ground. In his official report, General Burnside says, "I never witnessed a more beautiful sight than that presented by the approach of these vessels to the shore, and the landing and the forming of the troops." Before midnight, all who were to participate in the engagement were ashore, except the men of the 24th Massachusetts, which was on board a transport aground in the sound. Our bivouac was cold and dreary, without shelter, with clothing wet at the landing, and in the marshes. A drizzly rain through the night, continuing through the following morning, added to our discomfort.

I shared my blanket in the early morning hours on a pile of unshelled corn with a gallant soldier, Colonel Charles L. Russell, of the 10th Connecticut, who died on the battlefield before noon.

The forward movement was made soon after daybreak. From the wounding of our pickets we knew that the enemy was not far away.

We marched by the flank, Foster's brigade in the advance, the 25th Massachusetts leading. While fording a creek within a half-mile of our bivouac, and flanked by a swamp and thicket, we received a salute of musketry from the concealed enemy, whose shots happily passed over our heads.

Two companies (A, Captain Pickett, and E, Captain O'Neil) were advanced under my direction as skirmishers, and for a mile we pressed the enemy's pickets rapidly back to their main body, which held a strong position. Here we awaited the arrival of the column. From this point a corduroy road, which bore sharply to the left, was swept by the enemy's guns its full length. It was bordered on either side by almost impenetrable swamps through which no troops could successfully charge the battery in front. There was a clearing about three hundred and fifty yards long by two hundred yards wide, affording full sweep to their guns.

Upon the arrival of our brigade, General Foster directed me to form the right wing of the 25th Massachusetts across the opening and commence the attack.

Six Dahlgren howitzers placed on our left, in the opening, were our only artillery. The enemy behind the redoubt responded briskly with musketry and artillery in embrasures.

There would have been little left of the force in front of the enemy's battery, but for the too great elevation of their guns, the shot from which passed over our heads and cut the forest trees just in the rear of our line.

The rest of our brigade was formed to the right and left of our position. Hospitals were established and stretchers bore the wounded from the field, the members of the regimental band, who had been drilled for the purpose, serving as an ambulance corps.

General Reno's brigade proceeded to penetrate the swamp and woods, to turn the enemy's right. General Parke's brigade pushed forward to turn, if possible, their left. Their movements were necessarily slow, owing to the depth of water, the dense underbrush, the briars and vines intertwined in a most fantastic network. Meanwhile the engagement waxed warm in front, where no forward movement could be made, and it was only possible to draw and return the enemy's fire. Our Dahlgrens, with but ten rounds of ammunition left, ceased firing, reserving these for an emergency.

General Reno, meanwhile, with the 21st Massachusetts, 51st New York, 9th New Jersey, and 51st Pennsylvania, was hotly engaged but kept moving to the left, and after three hours succeeded in turning the enemy's right, when he ordered a charge which was most gallantly executed. The regimental flag of the 21st Massachusetts was the first to float over the enemy's works, closely followed by the national flag of the 51st New York.

Just previous to this charge the 9th New York charged up the corduroy road upon the batteries in front, but quickly fell

back upon the 25th Massachusetts, which regiment held the ground till order was restored and a panic averted.

No troops could approach from the front while the enemy occupied the battery, for every inch of the road was covered by its guns ; but the enemy, seeing the success of the attack on their flank, fled in great confusion, leaving their dead and wounded in the battery, before a man from our forces had reached their works.

Passing a house where Captain O. Jennings Wise lay dying from his wounds, we rapidly followed the retreating Confederates to their camp at the north end of the island, where they surrendered unconditionally to General Foster. The 24th Massachusetts having come up, took the advance in the pursuit and was present at the surrender.

In this action our loss was forty-two killed and two hundred and nine wounded. The Confederate loss, as reported, was twenty-three killed, fifty-eight wounded, and sixty-two missing.

By this victory we gained possession of the island, of five forts mounting forty-two guns, quarters for four thousand troops, three thousand stand of arms and of two thousand five hundred and twenty-seven prisoners, including one hundred and fifty-nine officers.

In his official report to the Adjutant General of the Army, General Burnside said :

“When it is remembered that for one month our officers and men had been confined on crowded ships during the prevalence of severe storms, some of them having to be removed from stranded vessels thumping for days on sand-banks, and under constant apprehension of collision, then landing without blankets or tents on a marshy shore — wading knee-deep in mud and water to a permanent landing ; exposed all night to a cold rain, then fighting for four hours — pursuing the enemy some eight miles, bivouacking in the rain, — many of them without tents or covering for two or three nights — it seems wonder-

ful that not one murmur or complaint has been heard from them. They have endured all these hardships with the utmost fortitude and have exhibited on the battle-field a coolness, courage and perseverance worthy of veteran soldiers."

The occupation of the enemy's camp, the custody of the prisoners, the burial of the dead, the sufferings and heroism of the wounded linger in our memories to-day, after a lapse of thirty-six years, with all the vividness of first impressions.

The battle of Roanoke Island was followed by the occupation of Elizabeth City, Edenton and Plymouth.

Within ten days of their capture the prisoners were paroled and sent away.

On the 26th of February orders were issued to embark for Newbern, a city on the Neuse River, toward the south of the inland sea. Following the course of this navigable river is a railroad, which runs from Morehead City, near the Atlantic, through Newbern to Goldsboro' and Raleigh.

On the 12th of March the entire command was anchored off Slocum's Creek, about fifteen miles from Newbern. On the morning of the 13th the landing was made by the troops from small boats, all springing into the water as the bow of each grounded; the men formed in companies in the woods on the shore.

By one o'clock the troops were on the march toward Newbern. No ammunition or supplies could be taken along except what the men carried themselves. No artillery was taken except the small howitzers, and these were hauled by the troops with drag-ropes, with the utmost difficulty. The rain was falling, the ground was spongy, the mud deep, and the roads almost impassable. General Burnside said this was one of the most disagreeable and difficult marches he witnessed during the war.

Passing lines of abandoned field-works, we felt the enemy's pickets just before dark, about four miles from Newbern. We filed into the woods to the right and left of the road in

close column, and a most dreary bivouac followed that night, no fires permitted.

By direction of General Foster, I took ten picked officers and men, armed with muskets, and made a reconnoissance on our right and front to the Neuse River, near to the line of works behind which the enemy securely waited for the morning.

Returning to our bivouac before midnight, I lay on the wet ground by the side of a comrade, a part of whose blanket I appropriated without his knowledge, for he was sleeping soundly.

At an early hour of the morning of the 14th we moved on the enemy's works, in a fog so dense that it was impossible to see the intrenchments and other defenses close by, across our pathway to Newbern; the first notice served upon us that we were trespassing on forbidden ground was a cannon shot that ricocheted past us as we moved by the flank to our place on the right, in the line of battle; our regiment and brigade having the advance as at Roanoke Island. General Reno's brigade moved to the left, General Parke's forming a central column, so that he could readily support either of the others.

The military defenses at this point, were a strong line of works, at right angles with the river, some two miles in length, and terminating at the land end in impenetrable swamp. On the river bank was Fort Thompson, a hexagonal, covered work, the guns in its bastions enfilading the entire front of this line — along which were strong breastworks of wood and earth, protected by abattis, and a succession of thirteen small redans, along the ridges of ravines, where the enemy's infantry could get an enfilading fire on our approach to their line.

Their artillery consisted of forty-six guns of large caliber, and eighteen field-pieces. The Confederate troops were under command of General Lawrence O'Brien Branch and consisted of eight regiments of infantry, and several light batteries and independent companies.

In front of their works the field was clear for about three hundred and fifty yards to the woods, except by fallen trees, felled to stay our passage over the ground.

Our forces having formed line of battle along the edge of the wood, the fighting commenced along the whole line, at 7.30, the artillery and infantry behind the breastworks pouring forth a destructive fire, which was returned by our advancing regiments.

The Confederates fought from behind their parapets, suffering little loss compared with ours.

Several desperate but unsuccessful charges were made by our troops, but the left center was finally carried by the 4th Rhode Island. The firing continued for more than two hours, without result. Our howitzers kept up the unequal fight with difficulty. There was enough iron and lead passed over our heads, cutting off branches and perforating the trunks of the trees, to have annihilated our command with guns at the right elevation.

At last a charge of General Foster's brigade on the right of the line carried the works of the right center and we were over the breastworks with the enemy disappearing in the woods before us. Our left was still fighting the enemy's right, and bullets, for a time, were flying about from our own forces outside the works on our left.

When the 4th Rhode Island broke the enemy's line, near the left center, it was followed by the whole of Parke's brigade. The enemy now fled in disorder, leaving two hundred prisoners and sixty-four cannon — eighteen of which were field-pieces.

This brilliant and decisive success cost us ninety-one killed and four hundred and sixty-six wounded.

The enemy passed through Newbern, burning the long covered bridge over the Trent River behind them, and setting fire to the town in many places. Rapidly pursuing, we reached the bank of the Trent near the burning bridge, and some of our naval boats having passed the blockade of sunken vessels and torpedoes in the Neuse, near the battle-ground, had worked their way up to the city and aided in the transportation of the troops across.

It was my fortune to lead the right wing of the 25th Massachusetts, the first troops to enter the city, and take possession of large depots of stores left by the enemy.

In addition to the burning buildings, tar, pitch, rosin and turpentine were burning on the wharves, and a dense, black smoke hung over the city like a pall. As I looked upon it I could think of nothing but Sodom and Gomorrah.

Heavy details of troops were set to extinguishing the fires, and before night the flames were stayed.

Having occupied the city, buried the dead and made provision for the care of the wounded, both Union and Confederate, General Burnside issued the following orders :

“HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

NEWBERN, Mar. 16, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. II.

The General congratulates his troops on their gallant and hard-won victory of the 4th.

Their courage, their patience, their endurance of fatigue, exposure and toil cannot be too highly praised.

After a tedious march, dragging their howitzers by hand through swamps and thickets ; after a sleepless night passed in a drenching rain, they met the enemy in his chosen position, found him protected by strong earthworks, mounting many and heavy guns, and although in an open field themselves, they conquered.

With such soldiers advance is victory.”

The investment and reduction of Fort Macon became a military necessity. This fort commanded the Beaufort Inlet, through which a contraband trade was carried on with England. It was washed on three sides by the sea, and was only to be approached by the narrow strip of land, the northern extremity of which it occupied. It was a work of masonry, surrounded by a ditch, and a glacis having casemated works, and guns *en barbette*. It was occupied by Confederate troops commanded by Colonel White — five companies — five hundred men.

General Parke was entrusted with the siege of the fort, and crossing Bogue Sound erected his batteries of 8- and 10-inch mortars and 10-pounder Parrots on the sand-strip south of it. Two weeks were consumed in this work.

Anxious to possess the fort without bloodshed, General Burnside met Colonel White the Confederate commander under a flag of truce, on the beach, and offered him the privilege of surrendering with his men on their parole of honor, and agreed to permit them to return to their homes with their personal effects. Colonel White declined to surrender the fort without resistance.

Temporarily disabled and on crutches, I was detailed as bearer of dispatches from Newbern to General Burnside. I was transported on a hand-car, propelled by negroes in the nighttime, over thirty-five miles of rail, only about five miles of which were within our line.

It was a weird ride, never to be forgotten; the blackness of the pit pervaded the woods and swamps of the almost uninhabited territory through which we passed, with here and there a pine tree burning, only serving to make the darkness more visible. The stillness was only broken by the wheels of our car and the hoot owl whose meditations we disturbed. We arrived safely at Morehead City and crossed the water to Beaufort the day before the bombardment.

From my quarters I watched the progress of the fight. At six o'clock on the morning of the 25th of March, our batteries opened fire and twenty minutes later the fort returned a sharp and well-sustained fire from twenty-one guns, the shot striking short, or passing over our batteries, throwing up clouds of sand, doing little damage to our forces. About 9 o'clock our gun-boats began the attack on the water-side, and sent a storm of projectiles into the fort.

This continued for about two hours, when a rough sea made it impossible to continue the attack to any purpose and the gun-boats retired, leaving the batteries on terra firma to fight it out. The firing continued without interruption till 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when a white flag was displayed on the parapet.

I could see the passage through the air of every shell from our mortars, and as they exploded over the fort or fell within

it, our Parrott shot and shell sent into the air, to the height of the flag-staff, great clouds of dirt. Of the eleven hundred and fifty shots from our three batteries, five hundred took effect within the work, not counting the shells that exploded over the fort.

The fire of the Parrott guns was most destructive, these three pieces disabling nineteen of the enemy's guns. Our batteries were placed and the fire directed by Lieutenant Flagler, now General Flagler, Chief of Ordnance, U.S.A.

The garrison of the fort, consisting of about five hundred men, was so well protected that its loss was only eight killed and twenty-four wounded.

On the morning of the 26th I boarded the *Alice Price* by invitation of General Burnside and with him was present at the surrender of the fort. The garrison marched out, stacked their guns, and we went in with the 5th Rhode Island as a temporary garrison. "Old Glory" went up on the flag-staff, while the bugle of Joe Green rang out the "Star Spangled Banner." The fort bore witness of the frightful effects of the iron storm.

The capture of Fort Macon gave us the best inlet to the inland sea, and completed the land blockade of all that part of the coast.

These victories of General Burnside in North Carolina which gave us three thousand six hundred prisoners, one hundred and seventy-nine cannon, a large quantity of small arms and ammunition, were deeply humiliating to the Confederates, and the cause of great rejoicing at the North, which had been distressed by the repulses of our armies oftener than cheered by victory. The defeat at Big Bethel, the rout at Bull Run, the disastrous battle at Ball's Bluff, had cast their shadows over the land.

Able officers and seamen had not believed in the success of the Burnside Expedition, and the very winds and waves foreshadowed the destruction of our unseaworthy fleet; but when

the news of the victories at Roanoke Island, Newbern and Fort Macon came, there went up a great shout of triumph.

In the language of its commander :

“The Burnside Expedition has passed into history. Its record we can be proud of. No body of troops had more difficulties to overcome in the same space of time. Its perils were both by land and water. Defeat never befell it. No gun was ever lost by it. Its experience was a succession of honorable victories.”

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS OF ARMY LIFE

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS OF ARMY LIFE

BY

¹ CAPTAIN JOHN G. B. ADAMS, U.S.V.

MANY excellent papers have been read before this Commandery telling the stories of battles and campaigns. As my position during the four years of war was that of an enlisted man and subordinate officer, and as such had little opportunity to know what was done except by my company and regiment, it would be impossible for me to describe in a way that would interest the companions, any of the many battles in which I was engaged; therefore, I will digress and tell of the officers and men of the "Old 19th," who, by their ready wit and genial nature, made our army life pass pleasantly and kept many from the hospital and the grave; who also, by their bravery, contributed to make the record of the volunteer soldier of the United States the grandest of any on earth.

The old 19th was a peculiar regiment. We had as strict discipline as any in the service, but the hand that guided was always fatherly and kind, and the fraternal feeling between officers and men was the strongest possible. We were frequently complimented in general orders for our fine appearance on inspection, and for not straggling on the march. Punishments were few, and when not on duty, all kinds of sports were indulged in, which were enjoyed by the officers as much as the men, and at times shared with them. Yet, at the command "Attention," every man assumed his proper position, and the discipline was perfect.

The honor of the regiment was ever in the minds of all. We believed we were the best in the army, and in camp, on the

¹ Died in his office at the State House, Boston, October 19, 1900.

march or in battle did our best to make good our claim. We were a singing regiment, and it was easy to tell where the 19th was located by their songs. When the march was the hardest, the boys sang the most. I remember the night we left Yorktown, the rain fell in torrents, mud was ankle deep, we were on the road all night and only made three miles. When the storm was the worst the boys of Company A started a song. It was taken up by other companies in the regiment, then by other regiments in the brigade, and soon the entire army was singing. We forgot our misery, the sick braced up, the growler ceased to growl, and morning found us a happy army in spite of the unpleasant conditions that surrounded us.

It was my good fortune to enlist April 19th, 1861, in Company A, 1st Battalion of Rifles. The old battalion was commanded by Major Ben: Perley Poore, and was called "The Savages." Our uniform was dark green, trimmed with light green, and I was the greenest thing in the whole outfit. We were armed with Windsor rifles, with sabre bayonets; our drill, as I remember it, was running around the old Town Hall in West Newbury, yelling like devils, and firing at an imaginary foe. We drilled in these tactics some three months, and were then ordered to Lynnfield, forming a part of the 19th Massachusetts Infantry, and when placed under an experienced drill-master, found that it would have been better not to have drilled at all. Before being mustered into the service of the United States, we elected the members of the company, and were, therefore, picked men. One day while in camp at Lynnfield, an Irishman came into the company street. He looked the company over carefully, then went to the captain's tent. Taking off his hat, he said: "Captain, I am an Irishman, born in the old country, but an adopted citizen of the United States. The prosperity of this country is my prosperity, its life is in danger and I feel that I ought to enlist to save it. Will you take me in your company?" After dress parade, his name was proposed and he was elected. We soon found we had made no mistake.

Mike was a true son of Erin, and was at once a favorite with the men. One night at Camp Benton, Mike was on guard. It had rained hard and he was wet to the skin. His post was at Headquarters, in front of the colonel's tent. In the morning Colonel Hincks came out. Mike saw him and said: "Pardon me, Colonel, but I would like to speak a word with you." "What is it?" said the colonel. "Well," said Mike, "I wish you believed as you did before the war." "Don't I?" said the colonel. "I think not," said Mike. "You used to run a paper, and your motto was 'Put none but Americans on guard;' and here I am, an Irishman, wet to the skin, while the Americans are sleeping in their tents." Colonel Hincks had, before the war, edited a "Know-nothing" paper, and the motto was, "Put none but Americans on guard."

Mike went along with the regiment, and shared its hardships; was with us on the Peninsula, and when my brother was mortally wounded at Antietam, stayed with him until he died, saw him buried and his grave marked, then reported to me at Harper's Ferry. He was wounded in the arm at Gettysburg, and while I lay in the field hospital was my faithful attendant, and hired a team to draw me off the field, against the doctor's orders. He re-enlisted, and at the battle of Cold Harbor was color corporal. The color sergeant fell in that fight, and Mike picked up the colors. "Carry those colors," said Major Dunn, who was then in command of the regiment. "Not as a corporal," said Mike. "Too many corporals have been killed carrying colors." "I make you a sergeant to date from this moment," said Major Dunn. "That is business, and means seventeen dollars a month," replied Mike. "I will carry them," and he did until captured.

On the 22d of June, 1864, we advanced through the woods at Petersburg. Our regiment numbered less than one hundred and fifty men, and we were in single line to cover our front. I was in command of the color company, and as we had no use for the colors in line, I had a pit dug for Mike and the other

sergeant, a little in the rear. About four in the afternoon, the rebels flanked us on the left and came in our rear, and before we knew it we were captured. I had forgotten the colors for a time, but soon saw a mounted rebel officer dragging two flags behind him, and trotting in his rear, I saw Mike. "Why in hell, didn't you save the colors?" said I. "I will tell you," said Mike. "I was in the pit you dug for me when a big rebel sergeant came over, and swinging his musket, said, 'You damned Yankee, give me that flag.' I said, 'It is twenty years since I came to this country, and you are the first man that ever called me a Yankee. You can take the flag for the compliment.'"

That night Mike and I held a consultation. We had been through the hospital together, and I asked him what he thought our new life would be. "Like dogs," he said, "nothing to do and nothing to eat." I saw no more of him as the officers and men were separated. When I saw the other men, who had been through Andersonville, at Raleigh, North Carolina, they informed me that Mike had died and was buried at Andersonville. I came home, saw his wife and told her the sad story, made application for his final pay, and returned to Annapolis, Maryland. One day, about the middle of May, I was standing on the street when some fifty prisoners passed. They were the last lot from the prison, and the hardest looking of any. Out of a bunch of rags came a voice, "How are you, Cap?" and looking I saw old Mike. I said, "This can't be you, Mike, you are dead." "Mighty near it," said he. "I fooled them at Andersonville, and got to Blackshire, Florida. About a month ago, they turned us loose, and told us to make our way as best we could to our lines, and here I am." He came home, settled in Lynn, and when I was Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army, carried the national colors at the head of the procession, at Pittsburg. He is now sixty-eight years old, full of good-nature as ever, and as patriotic an American citizen as can be found on earth.

Another man who joined the company at Lynnfield was Benjamin F. Falls. He had been a sailor and said that having sailed under the old flag for years, he would like a job to follow it on land. He was a grand old man, and was soon called "Uncle Ben." He brought his palm needle and thread with him, and was in constant demand as a tent mender. Colonel Hincks had known Uncle Ben in Lynn, and would often send for him to repair his tent. Ben would send the orderly back to know if it was a wet job or a dry one. If wet, he would take Mike with him to hold the tent, and they would return from their work in a happy condition.

Our company was made up of young men from the country, and was sometimes called "Merritt's Sabbath School children," on account of their goodness, but at Harper's Ferry, as is often the case, these good men fell. Captain Merritt as provost marshal, captured six barrels and a ten gallon keg of whiskey. The keg was lost in transit and could not be accounted for. We were quartered in a deserted house, and the captain came to inform me (I being at the time first sergeant) that we were to march to Bolivar Heights to join the regiment. He soon saw that the missing keg must have been found, for the men were in every stage of intoxication, from the moderate drinker to the gutter drunkard. As we were going through the rooms, we met Uncle Ben perfectly sober. The captain, feeling sad that the company had gone wrong, said, — "Ben, I am sorry." Ben said, — "It is not my fault, Captain. I have been on guard and have not found the stuff, but as soon as I do, will catch up and be just as drunk as the best of them." At the battle of White Oak Swamp, a shot struck Ben's musket as he was going into the fight at right shoulder shift. It took the lock off, and all thought Ben severely wounded. In a few minutes, we were again moving forward and up came Ben with another gun. "Wasn't you wounded, Ben?" said the captain. "No, only winged, I am all right now."

After the battle of Antietam, Ben had done such good ser-

vice that Captain Boyd, who had been promoted, detailed him as cook. The reason he gave me was that he wanted him to live to tell the story of the war, after he returned home.

On December 11, 1862, we left camp and marched to the banks of the Rappahannock, and when it was impossible for the engineers to lay the pontoon bridge, our regiment and the 7th Michigan volunteered to cross the river in boats, which we did under a galling fire. In the streets of Fredericksburg we fought, losing many men. At dark we were in line in a street, when Ben and the other cook came over with two kettles of coffee, carried on poles. Going in front of Captain Boyd the former said, — "If there is nothing for Ben Falls to do but this kind of work, send me home. I have brought these kettles over the river, but I will never carry them back, and I want a musket. It will look nice, when I write to the old lady at home, that the regiment crossed the river and fought bravely in the streets, and I carried the kettles. Either a discharge or a musket, and I want a musket." Captain Boyd gave him a musket and he went on with it. As we charged Marie's Heights, I heard him say to the captain, — "Here goes for a corporal's berth or a wooden leg." He got the corporal's berth. At Gettysburg, just in front of the copse of trees, and at the point where Pickett's charge was broken, stood Uncle Ben, with the old 19th. With others, he rushed into the rebel lines and four stands of colors were captured. Ben came in with the rebel flag over his shoulder. The colonel said, "Uncle Ben, I must have that flag to send to Washington." "Oh," said Ben, "there are lots of them over the wall. Go and get one, I did." He was given a Medal of Honor by Congress and promoted First Sergeant, but as he could not use a pen very well, he went to the captain and said, — "I want to turn over these tools to Giles Johnson. I can make a soup or mend a tent, but when it comes to writing down four men here and four men ain't, it's more than I can stand." His request was granted and he was made color sergeant of the regiment.

I was severely wounded at Gettysburg, and did not return to the regiment until December, 1863. Soon after I arrived, Colonel Devereux, who was in command of a Pennsylvania brigade, sent for me, and said he had just received a letter from Governor Andrew, stating that if the men would enlist for three years more, or until the end of the war, they would receive thirty days' furlough and come home. He asked me what I thought of it. I said, "It is hard to tell what they would do." He asked me if I would not talk to my old company and I said I would. I went to the company street. It was a cold, rainy day. The camp was on a side hill at Stevensburg, Virginia. The men were quartered in shelter tents; the mud in the company streets was ankle deep. I asked the first sergeant to "fall in" the company. Thirteen men fell in,—all that were on duty of the ninety-eight men who left Massachusetts in 1861. I told my story, that I had just come from home, that it was impossible to get men to join fighting regiments, and then asked them if they would re-enlist. For a moment they were silent, then Uncle Ben spoke, saying, "If new men will not do the job, old men must, and as long as Uncle Sam wants a man, here is Ben Falls." I then said, "What do you think of it, Mike?" "Well," said Mike, "it is three years since I saw the wife and children, but I will not desert the flag and will stay." Men from the other companies had gathered around, and I asked Ed. Fletcher, of Company C, what he thought of it. "Well," said Fletcher, "they use a man here just as they do a turkey at a shooting match. If they do not kill it in the daytime, they raffle it off in the evening. So, if they don't kill us in three years, they want us to stay three more; but I will stay."

Another was Michael O'Leary, of Company F. Mike threw his hat on the ground, and said,— "By the worth of that hat, I will never take another oath until I can see Mary Ann without the stars and stripes waving above me." When all had expressed their views, I gave the order,— "All who will enlist for three years more, or until the close of the war, step two paces to the

front ;" and every man moved forward. It was the grandest exhibition of patriotism that I ever witnessed. The regiment came home in February, and when they returned, Uncle Ben was left on recruiting service, but he was not contented, and soon joined us. At the battle of the Wilderness, he was wounded in the leg and went to the rear. In two days he was back again. I asked him why he came back. He said, — "I was afraid some darn fool would get the colors, and lose them." On the tenth of May, at Laurel Hill, in charging the works of the enemy, Ben fell at my feet, the old flag firmly grasped in his hands. Looking up into my face, he said, — "Your old Uncle has got his quietus this time." He was carried to the rear and died that night. No braver soldier, or truer patriot ever lived than Benjamin F. Falls.

The other three men, who captured colors at Gettysburg, were Sergeant Joseph H. DeCastro, John Robinson and Benjamin H. Jellison. DeCastro was a little French boy, living in Boston when he joined the regiment, and by good conduct had won his promotion. He died a few years since in New York. John Robinson was an Irishman, born in Boston ; was captured, and starved for ten months in Andersonville, and died in Boston a few years after the war. Benjamin H. Jellison was a boy from Byfield, Massachusetts. Enlisted when he was less than fifteen years of age, won his way step by step until he was mustered out as lieutenant. He is now employed as Senate messenger at the State House.

Another brave man of old Company A was Charles Boynton, of Groveland. He was forty-five when he enlisted, and a peculiar man in many respects. On drill he would do as he pleased, and his ideas of the manual have since been adopted by the army. We were drilled to stand, with the little finger on the head of the ramrod after loading. Captain Merritt would say, — "Put your little finger on the head of the ramrod, Boynton." "I won't do it," was the reply. "Why not?" said the captain. "Because it is all nonsense. Do you suppose I

would stand on the battle-field, after my gun was loaded, like a darn fool, with my little finger on the head of my ramrod, waiting to be shot? No, sir, I propose to drill just as I intend to fight." Another time, at the command of right shoulder shift, Boynton slid his gun over his shoulder. "Make three distinct motions, Boynton," said the captain. "Didn't I get my gun on my shoulder before the rest?" replied Boynton. Captain Merritt was discouraged, and ordered me to take him to the guard house. I had known Boynton all my life and was sure he would never back down from his position. He had come to fight, not to drill, and wanted to begin in the morning and fight all day, and every day until the job was done, then go home. I persuaded the captain to let me put him in the pioneer corps. When we began the seven days' battle upon the Peninsula, Boynton was ever in the front rank. At Glendale he marched right up to the enemy's lines, loading and firing without putting his little finger on the head of the ramrod, and fell, at the extreme front, shot through the body.

Another good soul was Moses Shackley. Mose took fares on the old South Danvers omnibus, before the war. When the Salem Zouaves marched away in April, 1861, he jumped off the bus, rushed into the armory, took a musket with a broken bayonet, and marched away, telling the driver to bid his father good-bye for he was going to war. As soon as he returned from the three months' service, he re-enlisted as wagoner in the 19th, was afterwards admitted to the ranks, and promoted through the various grades to second lieutenant. He was conspicuous for his gallantry in every battle. July third, at Gettysburg, he worked nearly all the afternoon on a battery that had lost a large number of its men. He would take a bucket and go for water to cool the guns, under the terrible fire of the enemy, and seemed to have a charmed life as he escaped without a wound. When promotions were made, Mose was jumped and he became demoralized; was court martialed and dismissed from the service. His statement to the court was this:—"They say I

make too free with my men. Every one of them is as good as I am and they are fighting for less money, but my company papers are as correct as any, and when I am in a fight, my name is Shackley." The citizens of South Danvers had presented him with a sword. The night he arrived home they were holding a war meeting in the Town Hall. Mose went in with his sword. He said, — "I have brought back this sword. I suppose I have disgraced it. I find they can get officers enough, but are short of privates. To-morrow morning I start again as a private in the 59th Massachusetts." He marched away with that regiment, was promoted first sergeant, and fell at Spottsylvania. His last words were, — "Tell father that I passed in my ticket like a man." The officers of the 19th had his dismissal revoked and an honorable discharge given him.

One of the bravest officers of the regiment was Captain Andrew J. Mahoney. He was a typical Irishman and made lots of fun for the officers and men. His company was recruited at large, and at Lynnfield every morning before reveillé, you could hear him out with his recruits, and his first sergeant McNamara, drilling. We would be roused from our slumbers by the cry, — "Left! Left! McNamara, tread on that man's heel." On battalion drill was when we had the most fun. His was the ninth company, and as we deployed column he would never give the command "By the left flank," but would continue on until Colonel Hincks would sing out, — "Captain Mahoney, where in hell are you going with that ninth company?" "I don't know, sir, do you?" would be the answer.

One night at Camp Benton, Captain Merritt was officer of the day. A terrible thunder storm came up, and as the captain was making his way to the guard tent, by a flash of lightning he saw two men on the ground. Rushing up to them he said: — "What is this?" And to his surprise found that one of the men was Captain Mahoney, the other his company cook. The captain explained the situation; the cook had said in the afternoon that he could whip the captain if it was not for his

shoulder straps, and the captain had taken them off that night and given him a chance to try it.

At Yorktown, the regiment was ordered out on a reconnoissance. We were ordered to move with caution, to discover the position of the enemy, but under no circumstances bring on an engagement. We advanced through the woods, and at the left of the line struck a strong fortification. The rebel pickets saw us and fired. Captain Mahoney returned the fire and ordered a charge, but was recalled before making it. When asked by the colonel why he disobeyed orders, he said he did not propose to have any one fire on Company A and not fire back. He was constantly making what are called "Irish bulls." I remember several. Once we halted for the night. The captain addressed his men. "Men, we are to bivouac here for the night; not a man to leave the ranks; all that want water go and get it." Another was at Gettysburg. The regiment was supporting a battery, and the captain commanding came to our regiment for volunteers, as nearly all his men had been killed or wounded. Captain Mahoney stepped in front of the company and said, — "Volunteers wanted to man the battery. No detail, every man go of his own free will and accord. ——— you, John Dougherty and McGiveron, get up here and man those guns."

At the charge on Marie's Heights, at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, the captain was severely wounded, and after going through the hospital was given leave of absence. The regiment was in command of Captain Plimpton, junior to Captain Mahoney, and before his wound was healed, or his leave had expired, Captain Mahoney rejoined the regiment. He brought with him two dozen bottles of Scotch whiskey, and the night of his arrival the officers called to pay their respects. The captain opened the refreshments, and the conversation turned on the condition of the regiment. We assured him he was welcomed back, that the regiment was losing ground, and desired him to restore it to its former position. He said he expected as much, and asked what, in our opinion, they were the

most deficient in. We said the charge. We expected an active campaign, and thought we should be often ordered to charge and ought to be drilled in it. He said we would so drill tomorrow. We bid him good-night, and retired, expecting lots of fun the next day. The captain was no horseman, and the only horse available for him was an old mare, owned by the adjutant, and called "Palmer wood box." The line was formed and the captain marched in the front. Lieutenant Eph. Hall commanded the left company, while I had the right. A large number of negroes, attracted by the music, had collected in our front. The order was given, — "Forward, double quick, charge!" The old mare switched her tail, balked and kicked, and prevented the centre of the regiment from advancing, but Eph. and I charged on the negroes and drove them through the town. We could hear the captain shout, — "Halt, Lieutenant Adams! Halt, Lieutenant Hall!" but no halt. With our two companies we came marching back. "Why didn't you halt, Lieutenant Adams?" "Didn't hear you, sir." "Why didn't you halt, Lieutenant Hall?" "Didn't hear you, sir." "D—— lie!" Hall was lieutenant in the captain's company, so he was harder on him than on me. He ordered Hall in arrest and the parade was dismissed. That night we again called on the captain to secure Lieutenant Hall's release. After a little parley, and some refreshments, he forgave Eph. and harmony was restored. The old captain was so severely wounded that he could not remain with us, and after the battle of Gettysburg was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and died suddenly, soon after the war, at the American House, in this city.

Another good comrade was our late companion Billy Maginnis. He enlisted as sergeant in Company K. At first the company was called "The Boston Tiger Fire Zouaves," and in the uniform of the company Billy was a striking character. At Camp Benton, Maryland, we were constantly being visited by masters, who had lost slaves, and it was expected that we should assist them in their search. One day a man came to

the colonel with a story that his slave boy had run away, and he believed was in our camp. Colonel Hincks sent for Sergeant Maginnis and ordered him to assist the man in finding his slave. By the twinkle in the eye of the colonel, Maginnis understood the situation. After going through the camp, they went into the woods, Maginnis cut a switch and began to use it on the old man. "Do you think we come out here to help you to hunt niggers, say?" remarked Bill. After dressing him down, they returned. The man, with tears in his eyes, reported that Maginnis had whipped him. The colonel said, "Is that true, Sergeant?" "Sir," said Maginnis, "do you think I would be seen doing such a thing?" "No," said the colonel, and turning to the man said, "Get out of this camp and never come into it again." No man was quicker to catch a point than Maginnis. The 19th Maine was in our division, and like all New England men had an eye to business. When not on duty, they would peddle through other camps. One day, at Falmouth, a man came into our camp, selling pies. "What do you ask for your pies?" said Maginnis. "Twenty-five cents," said the man. "I won't give it. Your colonel was just over here, selling them for twenty cents." Maginnis was one of the bravest men in the regiment, and was promoted second lieutenant, and afterwards first lieutenant. He was three times wounded during the war, and at the battle of Gettysburg particularly distinguished himself. When the regiment was captured June 22, 1864, he was one of the officers taken, and there I had an opportunity to see the noble qualities of the man. He would share his last ration with a comrade, and was always good-natured. From the effects of his confinement he lost his hair and was nearly blind. His clothing was worn out, and when at Columbia, the Sanitary Commission got a few articles through the blockade, Billy drew a dressing gown. This made a full uniform for him, and he would walk through the camp with no other clothing. One day, he was on the right of a line of fourteen hundred men, as we were being counted, and he turned a hand

spring down to the left. The effect can be better imagined than described. After this he was known to all the officers, and was a general favorite. He was an old Fort Hill boy ; his chances for education were limited, but he gave to the country the best talent he had, and the boys of the old 19th will ever honor his memory.

Company A had in its ranks men of every trade and profession, not excepting the clergy. Our minister might have been a good soldier of the Army of the Lord, but was not a success in the Army of the Potomac. In the first battle he skedaddled, and when he came up, the captain said, — "Levi, you have been telling us how to die, but you don't appear to be anxious to camp on the shining shore yourself." "That isn't it," said Levi. "It always made me nervous to hear a gun fired, and I could not stand the noise." He did not report after the seven days' battle, and when next heard from was with the advance army in Canada.

We always had our poets. Tom Winthrop, who had enlisted as a private, and was promoted quartermaster, was one of the best. On every important occasion Tom would grace it with a poem. I remember one, written and read at one of our camp fires at Falmouth. We were talking of the boys who had gone on, and Tom read this tribute to —

OUR FALLEN BRAVES.

1

Not in the quiet churchyard, where their fathers' bones repose,
With loving hands to mark the spot with willow and with rose ;
Not in the quiet nooks and dells of the old homestead place,
Amid dear scenes of boyhood days, that time can ne'er efface.
But in strange lands we laid them down, in rough-dug soldiers' graves,
And far from home and kindred ones, they sleep, our fallen brave.

2

No mother's wail of sorrow o'er the new sod, fresh and green,
Where sleeps the boy she nursed and loved, and fondled when a wean ;
No blue-eyed maiden, golden hair, to drop the bitter tear,
Or mark the spot with loving hands, where sleep the forms so dear.
But comrades knew their honest worth, the sacrifice they gave,
And they have marked with thoughtful care, where sleeps each fallen brave.

3

We left our heroes at Fair Oaks, we dug their honored graves
Beside the Chickahominy, with its dull, dreary waves.
Not alone they fell in battle, not alone by steel and lead,
The fell malaria swept them off, as fruits fall, ripe and red.
And where the southern laurel blooms and oleander waves
In swamp lands, dank and deadly, they sleep, our fallen braves.

4

And Oh ! it was a fearful lot we buried at Glendale.
Our ranks were thinned like standing corn before the sweeping gale,
And thick their honored graves are strewn, through corn fields, one by one.
They mark the spot where Antietam was bravely fought and won.
And where the fight raged fiercest, by the Rappahannock's waves,
There's many a yellow mound to tell where sleep our fallen braves.

5

Oh ! hearts that knew no shrinking, Oh ! strong hands tried and true,
You paled to see your country's stars turn from their azured blue.
And burned your hearts with patriot fire, that nerved your arm to right,
Ye were foremost when the call came, ye were foremost in the fight.
And well ye fought, and brave ye died, ye were no hireling slaves :
May earth its richest tribute bring to all our fallen braves.

6

What though no marble monument, no towering shaft of stones
Is reared above the sacred soil, where rest their honored bones ;
What though no graven tablet shall, through all the coming time,
Tell to the world heroic deeds of sacrifice sublime :
But we who know how willingly their noble lives they gave,
Will treasure in our hearts the worth of every fallen brave.

The shadows of our army life were many. We left our boys all along the lines as we advanced and retreated, yet each month and year found us drawing closer together, loving each other more. The devotion of the officers and men to each other was beyond expression. When Colonel Hincks fell, wounded at White Oak Swamp, the men carried him all night on a stretcher, to prevent his falling into the hands of the enemy. They also carried Captain Devereux, who was wounded, and the dead body of our gallant Major Howe.

Six out of the eight men, who composed the first two fours in old Company A, were killed in battle, and among the many

who fell was my brother, who had marched away with me in 1861, and now sleeps in the National Cemetery at Antietam. We were constantly in the midst of death. We started on the campaign in the Wilderness, in the spring of 1864, with ten line officers and three hundred and fifty men. When captured, June 22, 1864, we numbered four line officers and about one hundred and forty men, including many recruits who had joined us at Cold Harbor. On that campaign I shared my blanket with three different officers, — Lieutenant Ferris, Captain Mumford and Lieutenant Thompson. Ferris was killed at Spottsylvania May 12th, Mumford at Tolopotamie May 31st, and Thompson at Cold Harbor June 3d. Of the thirty-seven commissioned officers who left Massachusetts with the regiment in 1861, only one returned, and that was Colonel Edmund Rice, who went out as captain and came home colonel commanding the regiment.

How proud I was when meeting the remnant of the regiment that had been captured at Raleigh, North Carolina, as we were going to be exchanged, and hearing the story of their sufferings at Andersonville. They dragged themselves up to where we stood, some supported by sticks, others by stronger comrades. They told us of the brave boys who had starved to death, but their faces beamed and their eyes glistened as they said, — "Not one took the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy."

I have been equally proud of the men since the war, as, broken and disabled, they have manfully fought the battle of life. A few years ago a comrade of old Company A came into my office; he has since died. From a bullet wound received at Antietam, he had suffered with paralysis. I remember him as the handsomest boy in the old company, and the tears came to my eyes. I said, — "Everett, this war cost you something." In his broken way he said, — "Don't complain; worth all it cost."

Only a few weeks ago a one-armed comrade came in. He had held for years a position of trust and responsibility in my city. I said, — "Billy, you have always done well," "Yes,"

he said, "have done my best. I have always remembered that I represented the old 19th, in peace as I did in war, and must not disgrace them."

The shadows were not confined to the boys in the field. In every home they left behind, was the mother, wife or sister who watched and waited for their return. How eagerly they scanned the papers to see if the name of their loved one was among the list of killed, and how fervently they thanked God if it was not found.

The memory of the dead, and the companionship of the living, of the old regiment, is the greatest blessing God ever gave me. No doubt others feel the same toward their comrades, and that is why the record of the men, who fought on land and sea, has been in peace equal to what it was in war. They have stood by and for each other, ready to lift up, never to pull down any worthy comrade. We have realized that by our services and the badge we wear, we are marked men and must be true to ourselves and the land we saved. We believe and rejoice in the fact that our example and teachings have been such that the boys of '98 were just as true and just as loyal as were the boys of '61, and that the flag we loved so well and followed so long, is to-day honored and respected by our former foes, and that as a united nation we stand second to none on earth.

THE REOCCUPATION OF JACKSONVILLE
IN 1863

THE REOCCUPATION OF JACKSONVILLE IN 1863

BY

COLONEL THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON U.S.C.T.

THERE appeared in various New York newspapers, early in 1863, a report that there was in Florida "a great volcano, about bursting, whose lava will burn, flow and destroy;" and this was further defined as being "the sudden appearance in arms of no less than five thousand negroes," "a liberating host," "not the phantom, but the reality of servile insurrection." The fact which lay behind these preposterous exaggerations was simply an expedition up the St. John's River of two black regiments under my command, with the aid of some small gunboats. We were expected to retake Jacksonville, which had been evacuated in October, 1862, under Major General Hunter's orders, on the avowed ground that it would take a garrison of five thousand men to hold it. Inasmuch as my whole force was less than a thousand, it might have seemed unduly risky to proceed on this enterprise; but the theory was that there was now but a small Confederate force in Florida, although this theory overlooked the fact, afterwards demonstrated by the defeat at Olustee, that Jacksonville was on the main land and easily accessible by rail from the whole department of the South.

On the other hand the temptation to get to Jacksonville was very strong; it meant a foothold in the interior and an unlimited recruiting of colored troops. It meant also the establishment of the United States Tax Commissioners on the main land of Florida, and perhaps the ultimate bringing back of that State into the Union. To me personally these objects were quite

secondary ; what I desired was to occupy Jacksonville, then to be replaced by white troops there and go farther up the river to Magnolia, where there were large unoccupied buildings, just suited for a recruiting station. The finest men I had were Florida negroes ; they knew every inch of the St. John's River ; and I had not the smallest doubt that if we could once get to Magnolia or even to Jacksonville, we could recruit another regiment from the river's upper banks. For this purpose we carried arms and uniforms for twice our number and a month's rations ; and it was these last facts, no doubt, which led to the newspaper tales.

My orders were, without detailed instruction, to "occupy Jacksonville, Florida, and intrench there ; to carry the proclamation of freedom to the enslaved ; to call all loyal men into the service of the United States ; to occupy as much of the state of Florida as possible with the forces under your (my) command ; and to neglect no means consistent with the usages of civilized warfare to weaken, harass and annoy those who are in rebellion against the government of the United States." These orders from General Saxton, Military Governor of the Department, dated March 5th, 1863, were backed by a letter from Admiral Dupont to the commanders of blockading vessels, authorizing them to give their aid.

For the second time—inasmuch as I had previously gone on a similar expedition up the St. Mary's River—I found myself a naval as well as a military commander in a small way. There had seldom been a period in my life when I had not been master of so much as a dory or a catboat ; but it was quite a step from these to the control of the two large transports *Boston* and *General Burnside*, besides what was called an "army gunboat," this being the Boston ferry boat *John Adams*, heavily barricaded and armed with a few Parrott guns. Leaving Beaufort, South Carolina, March 7th, 1863, and touching at Fernandina on the way, we reached the difficult bar of the St. John's River and got safely across March 10th. The water was glassy and

tenanted by great indolent pelicans alone. The lighthouse of Pilottown was dismantled—this being at all points one of the most cruel and dreary features of our southern coast during the war; blankness and darkness where light and human guidance had been. We had heard rumors of torpedoes on the river, but disregarded them with the confidence of ignorance and passed safely by spots where steamboats were blown up and destroyed only a few months later. A letter from Admiral Dupont brought ready coöperation from Commander Duncan of the *Norwich* and Lieutenant Watson of the *Uncas* and they made ready to steam up the river for our escort. Unluckily the *Norwich* went aground far below the town and her commander at first declined to let the *Uncas*—a small steamer of less than two hundred tons—proceed with us; but he finally yielded. We had also the *John Adams*; and fortunately the *Burnside*, a black propeller, had much the look of a gunboat and was always classed as one by the Confederates, as the Official Records show. General Finegan, the Confederate commander of the district of East Florida, speaks in his report of our “five boats with guns of long range.”

We got under way at 2 A.M., having chosen a night when there was a moon which set early, so that we should at first have its aid and yet part with it before coming near Jacksonville. It was necessary that the enterprise should be a surprise, as the Confederates were said to have planned to burn the town, in case of another attack, and, indeed, had previously burned a part of it. Strict quiet was enjoined on board all the vessels; but the night was perfectly still and every sound seemed magnified. My aim was to arrive at daybreak, but the accident to the *Norwich* delayed us, and it was eight before we came in sight of Jacksonville. When we rounded the point below the city and saw from afar the long streets, the brick warehouses, the white cottages and the rows of overshadowing lindens, it seemed in the men's phrase “too much good.” How much warning there had been, and what resistance might impend, we

could not guess, but there was every reason to believe that the surprise had succeeded. We drew momentarily nearer; the gunners were at their posts, the men in line; but not a rifle shot was heard, no bombshell rose in air. The *Uncas* rounded to, and dropped anchor in the stream; by previous agreement I steamed to an upper pier of the town, sending Colonel Montgomery of the 2d South Carolina Volunteers to a lower one; the boat howitzers with which we were provided were promptly run out upon the wharves and presently, under guard, as far as the corners of the principal streets; whatever of Confederate pickets were there stole silently away — as we afterwards learned — to their camp a little way inland; and the town was ours without a shot. All behind it was practically unknown forest for us; we held the terminus of a railway, but not the railway itself; we came as assailants, but might find ourselves presently besieged. No matter, the town was ours; and by surprise. General Finegan wrote to his War Department that “the enemy . . . had occupied the town with so much celerity and secrecy as to have surrounded it with his pickets before the people generally were aware of his presence.”

Jacksonville was again a post of the United States forces and the only one on the mainland in the Department of the South; all the rest being on islands only. We were there with a handful, to hold it until reinforcements should come. Everything outside the town was the enemy's country, an enemy which might, for all we knew, be powerful enough to drive us into the St. John's before morning. On the other hand they knew as little about us as we about them; we had the presence of the gunboats such as they were, and all that we had to do was to improvise defences and look as large as possible. The night following our arrival was the most anxious I ever spent; we were all tired out, but the companies were all under arms, at the different approaches to the town; and I sat much of the night on the doorsteps of my hastily selected quarters, half awake, half dozing, and roused occasionally by a stray rifle shot,

betokening some fancied alarm. All this time, I remember, the mocking birds sang like nightingales in the grove of linden trees around me — their notes seeming to trickle down through the sweet air from the blossoming boughs.

To my grief I had to order some of these beautiful trees felled for defences, until we could plan and build two hasty earthworks to command the chief entrances of the town; the one being built by my regiment and named Fort Montgomery and the other by Colonel Montgomery's men and named after me. We built also a look-out in a church steeple which overlooked the line of railroad, and we cleared away woods, and even some houses which were an obstruction in that direction. Until this was done, the Confederate skirmishers stole up every day to the edge of the town, and there was a daily skirmishing. On our side we magnified ourselves, omitted all regular dress parades, as showing our small numbers, but sometimes marched and countermarched a few companies in stage fashion, at some conspicuous point, until they looked like a large brigade; and at night garrisoned some exposed point, with a tent and a smouldering camp-fire, in default of actual troops. The steamers moved impressively up and down the river, from time to time; although the *John Adams*, the only armed vessel really under my authority, had presently to return to Fernandina for coal. Captain Duncan came up on the *Norwich* after it got off; and with him came that admirable officer, Captain (afterwards Admiral) Steadman, whose influence as a loyal Carolinian did much to promote amicable relations with the Floridians. Colonel Montgomery, always eager for motion, was sent on one or two trips further up the river, for foraging purposes, which he interpreted with formidable liberality. A loyal white woman who took refuge with us, reported that the Confederate scouts reported that there were "sixteen hundred negroes all over the woods and the town full of them besides."

Our devices were successful. We learned, years after, that General Finegan wrote March 14th, "From the best informa-

tion we can gather there may be four thousand negroes now in the place, with perhaps one company of white troops." As a matter of fact, our whole force never equalled a thousand, including company cooks and those on the sick-list. But it was an enormous gain for our purposes that these thousand men were black, and General Finegan justly added, "A few weeks will suffice to corrupt the entire slave population of East Florida."

On the other hand we knew too well that the Confederates could observe from the bluffs every steamer which passed up or down the river, while we could never tell how many our foes were, or where they were. There was railway communication all the way to Savannah, and every time we heard a steam whistle, it might mean an army on the way. Our greatest immediate solicitude was lest an attempt should be made by the Confederates to drive us out by stealing in, some windy night, and setting fire to the upper part of the town, which, being built of resinous pine, was dry and combustible to the last degree. Such a fire might easily sweep the steamboats also; and as the most valuable buildings left in the town belonged to Union men, the Confederates had everything to gain and nothing to lose by the burning. Left on shore far up in an enemy's country, with our means of transportation and our provisions gone we should have been in awkward condition, indeed. It is perhaps somewhat to the credit of our activity that with our small force we kept our opponents at a distance and made impossible a revenge that seemed so easy. But I well remember that I regulated my disrobing at night by the direction of the wind; if it blew from the river, we felt safe and could at least, like Suwarrow when he slept luxuriously, take off one spur. Less serious — perhaps because we underrated it — seemed the threat of the Confederate commander outside, to bombard the town. But at his formal request we sent out to him, quite willingly, many women and children, some of whom would have liked, quite as well, to stay. A locomotive battery,

with a 32 lb. rifled gun, had several times been run up within two miles of the town; and one night they actually shelled us. They had the range well and every shot fell near the post headquarters; they used the Blakely shells, whose motion through the air was very slow and visible, so that it was not difficult to avoid them. No serious injury was done, and the most formidable complaint was that of a citizen who said that a shell had passed through the thin wall of his bedroom and had carried away a mosquito netting as it went.

At any rate there was enough of anxiety to make me very willing one morning, to look down the river and see transports approaching with what could be only Union regiments; the expected white regiments probably, which were to relieve us and set us free to strike out for ourselves, further up the unknown river. Those who know the fascination of the broad St. John's, even in time of profound peace, can perhaps fancy the added charm lent to it by the association of war and adventure.

The troops proved to be large detachments of the 8th Maine, Colonel Rust, and the 6th Connecticut, Major Meeker; both regiments already familiar to us and more ready than most white soldiers to fraternize with the colored troops and mingle with them on guard and outpost duty, as soon as became necessary. Colonel Rust, as my senior officer, technically superseded me, but kindly announced his purpose to have his headquarters on shipboard and to interfere as little as possible with my command on shore. I had, in a day or two, the pleasure of commanding the first skirmish of the Civil War, so far as I know, where the two races were associated side by side on absolutely equal terms; a reconnoissance along the railroad, with detachments from the two white regiments and my own, covering a small railroad battery — a ten-pound Parrott gun on a hand-car — upon our side; and encountering the Confederate locomotive battery upon the other. Half a dozen men were killed and wounded upon our side, and we returned, having obtained valuable information and gone as far as Colonel Rust's

orders permitted, always with a line of black and white skirmishers stretched out like a checkerboard.

On Friday night, March 27th, I wrote home cheerfully "The *Burnside* has gone back to Beaufort for rations and the *John Adams* to Fernandina for coal; we expect both back by Sunday, and on Monday I hope to get the regiment off to a point further up — Magnolia, thirty-five miles, or Pilottown, seventy-five, — either of which would be a good post for us. General Hunter is expected every day, and it is strange he has not come." Unfortunately General David Hunter, then in command of the department, was one of the most impulsive as well as the most adventurous of men. The next day brought an official order recalling the whole expedition and evacuating Jacksonville once more. On March 29th we set sail down the river. The explanation given on our return was that, after all, we were a force too small even when reinforced, for the work we had to do. It is enough to say that when, in the following year General Seymour once more reoccupied Jacksonville, he took with him twenty thousand men instead of one thousand; and the formidable battle of Olustee found him with too few.

THE EXPLOSION AT CITY POINT

THE EXPLOSION AT CITY POINT

BY

CAPTAIN MORRIS SCHAFF, U.S.A.

IN April, 1863, just before the battle of Chancellorsville, I was ordered from Fort Monroe Arsenal to report to General Hooker, then in command of the Army of the Potomac, and from that time on, through the Gettysburg and Wilderness campaigns, I was at the Headquarters of the Army, or in charge of the ordnance dépôt till the siege of Petersburg had well begun. In this staff service I saw Hooker, Meade, Grant, Burnside, Sheridan, Warren, Hancock, and Sedgwick very often; the first three almost every day while they were in command; and all of them in action as well as off duty. At times, I heard their unconscious talk; and out of all these incidents, experiences, and observations, grew the impressions of them as soldiers and gentlemen which I now have.

Hooker was certainly the finest, most soldierly looking man of them all. Meade was without question one of the best, if not the best, commander the Army of the Potomac ever had. Of all of them he was the most scholarly, and had also the worst temper and the most blistering tongue. Grant was the only one of them all in whose presence the most obscure second lieutenant at Headquarters felt as much at ease as if among fellows of his own age. All the other commanders of the Army of the Potomac kept the atmosphere around them charged with the fussy electricity of military rank.

I carried orders, at one time and another, to and for them all while on the field, and have no question in my own mind

that Sheridan was the only all-around corps commander we had ;—and the impression is equally and firmly established in my mind that Burnside, although the most amiable of men, and a thorough gentleman, was by far the least endowed as a corps-commander. I had never seen him until the second day of the Wilderness, when I reported to him, — he was then at the head of the Ninth Corps, and was just coming on the field, — under orders to show his leading division the way to its position in the line of battle. In Grant's and in Meade's *Memoirs* there is abundant evidence to show their deep distrust of Burnside, and every young staff officer is apt to have his opinion of corps and division commanders colored by the prevailing opinion at his headquarters — which is sometimes right, and often wrong. But, right or wrong, I was always struck with his apparent indecision, and readily fell in with the rest of the staff in not being at all surprised that things went wrong on the morning he exploded the mine under the battery at Petersburg. On that occasion I had supplied all the powder, and waited for the explosion and witnessed it, with several of my friends of Meade's staff, from the parapet of a four and a half inch siege gun battery, where the whole of the fatal field sloped away before us in the sunshine.

That explosion took place on the 30th of July. On the 11th of August, a few weeks later, the Confederates blew up the ordnance dépôt under my charge at City Point, killing over two hundred, wounding many, and fearfully maiming others, besides destroying over \$2,000,000 of property.

It is not a matter of any historic interest or value whatever, that I was playing "Seven-up" at the moment of the explosion, yet sometimes the bare facts of an event are most vividly realized and longest remembered through the small details that give them a real human interest. However this may be, on the morning of the explosion Captain, now Colonel, Evans of the regulars, came to my office just as I was leaving it to go down to the wharf. The house I occupied, a small one-story, broad

halled, frame building, stood on the bluff on the farther side of a little common, perhaps one hundred and fifty yards back from the wharf. Behind it was a garden.

The day was very hot, and knowing that my friend of the regulars was as dry as the rest of them that came down from the lines, I wished to show him the customary and most acceptable hospitality. I went to my demijohn and much to my surprise found it was empty. Evans must have looked especially despondent, for I said, "Come over to Grant's Headquarters; I know where I can get some," having in mind my friend Captain Mason of the 6th Regulars, who commanded Grant's escort. It was only a step, perhaps a hundred yards. When we reached the tent there we found ten or a dozen of Meade's and Grant's staff around a pail two-thirds full of claret punch. Among the rest was Captain, later Admiral, John Clitz of the United States Navy, one of the blithest hearted and most gallant men who ever trod a deck. His ship lay out in the river.

We had no sooner got there than Clitz, with whom I had had a very exciting game the day before, challenged me, and with Billy Worth (now General Worth, who was most severely wounded at Santiago) for his partner, and Captain Hudson of Grant's staff for mine, we began the game on Captain Mason's bed. I can't be certain how the game would have come out, but I had just captured two tens with a queen, which in all probability would have made the game at least, when the explosion took place and a 12-lb. solid shot crashed across the bed into Mason's camp mess-chest. Of course there was a sudden stampede. As there was something falling or shells bursting at every instant, I looked up to see what was coming next. The sky looked as it does in the fall of heavy snow flakes. Just then a shell burst immediately over us. In an instant we were all running for dear life. Clitz was the oldest and had complained of rheumatism while we were playing, in fact he had asked me to get him some more claret punch, declaring that it hurt him

to walk ; yet in the flight he was ahead of us all. Suddenly a piece of the shell came down over my left shoulder. I could have stepped on the hole it made in the ground, but it brought me to my senses, and I at once turned and made my way to the wharf.

From the top of the bluff there lay before me a staggering scene, a mass of overthrown buildings, their timbers tangled into almost impenetrable heaps. In the water were wrecked and sunken barges, while out among the shipping — where were many vessels of all sizes and kinds — there was hurrying back and forth on the decks to weigh anchor, for all seemed to think that something more would happen. I at once went down to the ruined building, a large frame structure six hundred feet long, under the charge of my Sergeant, Harris, an old regular and one of the gentlest and most faithful and honest men I ever knew. I could hear the cries of some of the men, and soon heard Corporal Bradley call out, "For God's sake, Captain, come and help me out." He was pinned down under some heavy timbers with one of his legs crushed. It was amputated, and I saw him after the war at West Troy, New York. Later, I found Sergeant Harris lying on his back dead, with the smiling expression of a sleeping child. I had his body sent back to Watervliet Arsenal, and there his gallant clay is lying. I have met men and soldiers of high rank and proud birth, but I do not believe I ever met Sergeant Harris's superior in the qualities that go to make a soldier and a man.

While engaged in this work the cry was started, "There it goes again!" On looking up I saw that the fire which had started on the wharf had just reached a small pile of ammunition, perhaps ten or fifteen boxes. Knowing, or at least thinking, that I could get to it before it could do any harm, I rushed in and with my army hat beat it out. The amusing part of this was, that an officer, a regular too by the way, was at my side when the cry was started, and when I had put out the fire and looked up, he was tearing up the bluff along with hundreds

of others, all running as though they expected to be blown to atoms the next minute. All fear is ignorance ; I knew how the ammunition was packed ; if I hadn't I should in all probability have been with the rest of them, and possibly in the lead.

The boat or barge, on the deck of which the torpedo was placed, had on board some twenty or thirty thousand rounds of artillery ammunition and in the vicinity of seventy-five or one hundred thousand rounds of small-arms ammunition. Between it and the wharf was a canal boat filled with cavalry saddles and equipments turned in by Sheridan's cavalry a few days before on embarking for Washington, which was then threatened by General Early. The explosion sent those old cavalry saddles flying in every direction like so many big-winged bats. One of them struck and killed the lemonade man, the only authorized vender of pop-syrups and lemonade at the dépôts. He had been with us some time, and was doing a thriving business under a tent-fly, surrounded by mule drivers, white and black, soldiers, civilians, and swarms of flies, when the saddle dashed through the crowd and hit him in the stomach. These details of his death were told me by Captain Randall, now General Randall, who was near by and saw the old saddle going through the crowd.

Among the flower beds of the garden behind my office one of my clerks fell, with a large piece of his skull torn off by the fuse of a shell that had burst over him. It was the most singular wound I ever saw, in this, that the substance of the brain apparently was not touched, but stood in place, a firm, white convoluted mass. We carried him back into the office from which he had fled when the projectiles that were hurled in every direction began to enter it.

While on these minor incidents, I may include that of the dépôt barber, a negro of the large, greasy, good-natured looking type. He joined us at Brandy Station, with an old and very dirty Sibley tent for a shop and an old and very dirty red plush chair, which he had brought out from Alexandria or Washington. He did a fine business with the teamsters. On this

morning he had pitched his tent on the bluff near the tents of my colored employees, who, I'm inclined to think, kept him in rations and saw that he had transportation. We never saw anything of him or the chair after the explosion. I have sometimes wondered what was said and what became of that crowd and tent on the bluff. I imagine the barber was either shaving some one, in all probability a mule driver, who with eyes closed was in a blissful state of luxury, or he may have been cutting hair, or putting the last touches on to the lay of it with his brush, when he and his customer and "next" all went bowling out of, or remained wrapped up in, the old Sibley tent. That night, where it had stood lay twenty or thirty of my dead colored laborers in a row, for about dark a telegraph order came from Washington to report the names of all the dead. We gathered them together with the aid of a lantern, and then tried to check them off by the pay roll, but as we lifted one by one the coats or whatever covered their faces, to my surprise the foreman, a colored man by the name of Stephen from Baltimore, said, "I do not know him." The total number killed will never be known. Had the explosion occurred an hour earlier, just before the sailing of the Baltimore boat, when the wharf was crowded, the list of dead would have been of course much greater. There was a guard from some New York regiment detailed to keep all persons from going into the building or on board the boats. These were all killed. A musket was found standing upright in the road, buried to the second band, almost a half mile back from the wharf. I have always thought it must have been that of the sentinel on the deck of the barge, for it does not seem possible that any of the rifles in the storehouse could have attained a height such as this one must have reached to gain the necessary velocity to penetrate so deeply.

General Grant says somewhere in his *Memoirs* that "There are but few important events in the affairs of men brought about by their own choice." There were two striking incidents that morning differing widely in character, but both illustrating

this truth. One was that of a Confederate who had been kept a prisoner at Headquarters for six or seven months, condemned to the Dry Tortugas, and who had been pardoned that morning, but who had reached the wharf too late for the boat. He then wandered about the dépôt, and we can imagine how light his heart was as he looked across the river to the rolling fields of his well-loved Virginia, thinking how soon he would reach his home, and of the welcome at the door. Some one saw him near the barge just before the explosion, and the next day his body was found three miles below City Point, drifting down the river. The other instance was that of a soldier of the Fourth Regulars, who was on guard on the river bank at the time of the explosion. Some of his comrades seeing the air filled with missiles told him to run and hide, but he refused to leave his post and fortunately escaped injury. This same man had been tried by court-martial some months previous and was sentenced to forfeit all his pay and allowance except one dollar per month during the remainder of his enlistment. A few days after the explosion he received notice that the fine was remitted for gallant conduct. Here were two examples — both, in the language of General Grant, “important events” in the lives of these two men — two men looking forward into the future with almost common experiences; both had been tried; both had been sentenced; both found their sentences revoked on the same day — but one of them drifted off down the James, and the other took his place with his colors and marched on with the rest to victory.

At first, in fact for months, I heard it said very often, that the explosion was the fault of “one of Schaff’s —— niggers,” who had let a percussion shell fall in his careless handling, but the true cause was not known till after the war was over, when there was found among the Confederate archives a drawing of the torpedo and the official report of the Confederate soldier, Captain Maxwell, who with great daring penetrated our lines with it.

The following is an extract from his report :—

" I left Richmond on the 26th of July, 1864, to operate with what was known as the ' horological ' torpedo against the vessels of Federal forces navigating the James River. Mr. R. K. Dillard, since dead, was with me. He was well acquainted with the river, and would go anywhere I led, no matter what the danger might be. When we reached Isle of Wight county, on August 2, we heard that an immense supply of stores was being landed at City Point, and at once started for that place intending, if possible, to introduce our machine upon one of the vessels discharging their cargoes there.

" We reached City Point before daybreak on August 9, having travelled mostly by night, and crawled upon our knees to pass the picket lines. I had with me an ordinary candle box containing twelve pounds of gunpowder, procured at a country store. In the box was packed a small machine, my own invention, which was arranged by means of a lever to explode a cap at a time indicated by a dial.

" When we got within half a mile of City Point I told Dillard to remain behind while I went forward with my machine. I went out on the wharf cautiously, put my box down and took a seat on it, awaiting an opportune moment to get it aboard a vessel. There were two boats at the wharf loaded with ammunition and various stores for the Federal troops, while on the bank were buildings stored with supplies.

" I sat waiting until I saw the captain of the vessel nearest to me leave his boat. That was my opportunity. I picked up the box of powder and started for the boat. As I reached the edge of the wharf the sentry hailed me. He was a German and could not speak a word of English. He vociferated something at me in German, while I rejoined in broad Scotch. Finally by means of signs I induced him to let me approach the vessel. Just then a negro appeared at the side of the ship. I gave him the box and told him the captain said put it down below until he came. The man took it without question and carried it down while I went off a little distance.

" In an hour's time the explosion occurred. It was terrific. Its effect was communicated to the other vessel and also to the large building on the wharf, filled with stores, and all were destroyed utterly. I myself was terribly shocked by the explosion, but was not injured permanently. Dillard, my companion, was rendered deaf by the explosion, and never recovered from its effects.

" The scene, though terrific, was in some respects ludicrous. The air was filled with all sorts of munitions of war. Army saddles careered through the air as though playing leap-frog, while headless bodies, arms, legs, and heads of the unfortunate crew flew in fragments about in the smoke. The official report of the enemy was that fifty-eight men were killed and one hundred and twenty-six wounded, but I think that this estimate was too low. They also reported that property to the amount of four million dollars was destroyed.

" There is one thing only that I regret, and that is, according to the report of the enemy, a party of ladies was killed. Of course, we never intended anything of the kind, not being aware of their presence."

The torpedo was fired by clock-work. In view of its slight effect toward breaking or weakening Grant's hold on the already doomed Confederacy, it was nothing more than butchery, unjustifiable by the usages of civilized war, and severely repugnant to humanity.

It is needless to say, finally, that when I came to settle my accounts with the Ordnance Department for the millions of dollars' worth of stores I had received, what I could not find when I turned the dépôt over to my successor, I loaded on the barge or put into the storehouse, and let the explosion balance the books.

The following extract from a letter from Doctor R. B. Prescott, received after the foregoing was read before the Loyal Legion, is interesting in connection with it :

"It has always seemed almost miraculous that I was not among the victims. As it was I was knocked down by the concussion, and an officer with whom I had been conversing only a moment before was instantly killed, — torn all to pieces, in fact. In my mind's eye I have often seen that dreadful spectacle — that immense cone-shaped mass of flame and smoke rising seemingly hundreds of feet into the air, and filled with timbers, saddles, military stores of all kinds; and bodies of men and horses. It was a sight never to be forgotten. I might add, in conclusion, that I had the honor of capturing the official Confederate report of this transaction in Richmond and forwarding it to Washington with account of how it came into my possession."

STUART'S BRIGADE AT SHILOH

STUART'S BRIGADE AT SHILOH

BY

LIEUTENANT ELIJAH C. LAWRENCE, U.S.V.

WHEN General Sherman, with a division of raw troops, moved up the Tennessee River from Paducah and joined General Grant's army at Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, on March 16, 1862, he took position near "Shiloh Church" on the extreme right of the forces then in camp there, his right resting on Owl Creek, which furnished complete protection to the right flank of the army. In order to extend the line of the army to Lick Creek on the left, which should serve as protection for the left flank, his second brigade, known as Stuart's, composed of the 54th and 71st Ohio and the 55th Illinois, commanded by Colonel David Stuart of the 55th, accompanied by Stone's Battery, was detached and ordered to take position on the Hamburg road where the Purdy road crosses it, and guard Lick Creek Ford and approach by these roads. There in the fields of a small plantation, fully two miles from the rest of our division, we went into camp; and, although this was some little distance from the creek and ford, there was nevertheless an interval of over half a mile between our right and General Prentiss's left, — the left of the main line. This gap was never filled, though many additional troops arrived at the landing previous to the battle.

The permanent camp of the 55th Illinois, now at the extreme left of the entire army, was in a peach orchard. The tents were pitched between the rows of trees, which were beginning to blossom, and soon we dwelt in bowers of fragrance and beauty. An open field in front was utilized for drill

ground, and was kept in pretty constant use with company and regimental drills and dress parades. Our pickets were posted along a little branch of Lick Creek, in a deep ravine not more than five hundred yards in front of our camp, and small detachments were placed a short distance out on the roads. No effort was made to fortify at any point, and the very highest of the surrounding bluffs near by, directly in our front, were left for the enemy to occupy. After the sad experiences which soon followed, pick and spade were recognized as valuable implements of warfare.

Sunday morning, April 6th, 1862, was gloriously bright and beautiful. The peach trees skirting the streets of our camp were in full bloom. We had partaken of our breakfast at the usual time and prepared for inspection, when a messenger from General Prentiss came to Colonel Stuart's headquarters and announced that the enemy was approaching in force in his front. This was at seven forty-five A.M. Our brigade was soon in line along the road in rear of our camp. Our battery had been ordered away from us the day before. After standing for half an hour or so, a change was made to the left, where we were shaded by a few small trees and a thick growth of underbrush. Again, for no apparent reason, we were advanced some little distance to a ravine in front. This move, although of no importance in itself, the line being soon after moved back to about that of our second position, had a great influence on the work of that day, if not on the general result of the battle.

An officer, with a small detachment of cavalry, had been despatched by the Confederate commander, General Johnston, to find the extreme left flank of the Union line, and he arrived at the high bluff in our front just in time to see this movement. Thinking it an attempt to turn their right flank, he hastened back, and upon receiving his report General Johnston hurriedly called back Chalmers' and Jackson's Brigades of Withers' Division, who were advancing on Prentiss, and in person led them over to the bluff and ordered the charge upon us. Chalmers'

Brigade consisted of the 5th, 7th, 9th, and 10th Mississippi, the 52nd Tennessee, and Gage's Battery. Jackson's Brigade consisted of the 17th, 18th, and 19th Alabama, the 2nd Texas, and Girady's Battery, according to their official reports four thousand two hundred and forty-seven muskets besides the batteries.

These aimless spasmodic changes of position coupled with the realizing sense that should we be attacked it would naturally be by a strong force, worked the men up to a high nervous pitch so that it was a great relief to me when companies A and B of the 55th Illinois were ordered to deploy as skirmishers and find the enemy, and I was given command of B company's skirmish line. The captain and first lieutenant holding the second platoon in reserve, I deployed the first platoon, joining the line to the right, and we moved forward down the hill, through the ravine, across the creek and up the steep side of the high bluff, keeping good distance and well aligned, considering the trees and underbrush. Reaching the top of the bluff the line halted without orders.

I clambered on up to where one of my men stood behind a large tree with his musket resting on the ground, and there, in an open field, in full view, stood the Confederate host. Not a hundred yards away, and a little to the right, rested the left of a long line of infantry, at right angle with our line. The Confederate officers were riding up and down the line, talking to their men, who cheered vociferously; still nearer and a little to the left, one of their batteries was getting into position for action. Not fifty feet from where we stood sat an officer on a white horse, looking toward our camp through a large field glass. Then an order rang out, so loud, clear, and distinct that I seem to hear it ringing now: "Change front forward, on left company; By company, left half-wheel, march; Forward, march!" The half-wheel was well executed, and the march forward was started with quick step and perfect alignment. Thinking it wise not to wait to see that movement completed, I whispered: "Joe, can't you bring that man down from his horse?" Joe

raised his musket and cocked it, but it went off of itself, before he got it in position and the ball went high in the air. The officer threw himself upon the neck of his horse, which whirled like a flash and ran to the rear. But Joe's fire seemed to serve as a signal, and the whole line of skirmishers opened fire with such effect that I saw those beautiful company fronts broken, and those "Johnnies" huddled together like a flock of sheep. We were afterwards told that this regiment (the 52nd Tennessee) then broke and ran, and with the exception of two companies, took no further part in the battle.

But we had to tear ourselves away from this interesting scene, for the retreat was sounded and we were not slow to obey it. Perhaps our movement to the rear was accelerated by the booming of the cannon, which just then opened fire with shell upon our camp. Our retreat down that hill, for some distance, was a little more rapid, naturally, than the ascent. Soon showers of bullets were singing their merry songs in the tree-tops at such a reassuring distance above us that our men turned and began to fire back at the solid line then moving down the hill, firing volley after volley over our heads. Our skirmishers kept up a running fire, with all the rapidity possible with muzzle-loading muskets, falling back in line of, and firing from behind large trees, taking deliberate aim, and doing visible execution. This was kept up all the way back through the woods, until we reached the open field of our drill ground and camp, across which we ran without stopping to look back or fire, and rejoined our regiment, with the loss of only one man. As we entered the woods back of our camp, we saw the 71st Ohio making for the rear, on the run; its great colonel (250 lbs. avoirdupois) in the lead, with his horse at full gallop; and during that day nothing more was seen of them except the Adjutant and seventeen men, who joined B company and did excellent work. Four companies of the 54th Ohio had been sent off to the left and rear to look after some supposed cavalry which they did not find, nor did they find their way back

until night, and missed this glorious opportunity of being slaughtered.

Here I should make an explanation which will account for that and some other movements.

Colonel Stuart was a lawyer with brains and ability, but with neither military knowledge nor experience, and for the good of the regiment, as he honestly believed, he took for his lieutenant-colonel a Dane who professed to have had a military education and some practical experience in the Mexican war. It developed that his experience was in the engineering department. As the colonel allowed the lieutenant-colonel to drill the regiment he got no practice, and was practically dependent, at that time, upon the lieutenant-colonel in his efforts to manœuvre the brigade. The lieutenant-colonel seemed to have the idea that the main use of infantry was to repel the attacks of cavalry, and the greater part of his battalion drill had been devoted to the formation of the hollow square, and to facilitate this he had an "imported" movement which he practised upon all occasions. This he called "Column by file."

When our skirmishers returned to their places in line, Stuart's brigade had been reduced to six companies of the 54th Ohio, about three hundred men, and the 55th Illinois, with five hundred and twelve men, making a grand total of a little more than eight hundred with which to meet more than five times that number of muskets and two batteries. At this time our men were lying behind the fence on the east side of the Hamburg road, in a very good position, as the enemy would have to cross the open field in our front. On reaching this opening, however, they came to a halt, evidently loath to leave the shelter of the woods.

Soon we were called to attention, line formed and wheel by company ordered. This seemed too much for the men's overwrought nerves, and as the wheel was started the entire line broke and ran. And now Colonel Stuart showed heroic metal. His stentorian voice resounded through those woods as

he charged upon the leaders with horse and sword and commanded: "Halt! men, halt!" He called upon them in God's name to think of what they were doing. Finally they did think, and halted; and the panic was over. Had the colonel of the 71st Ohio been endowed with equal courage, he could undoubtedly have saved a fine regiment from disgrace. The 55th was never known to flinch again, under any circumstances, and later on were called Sherman's "pet lambs."

A new line was formed, some five hundred yards back, in the woods, when some one announced that the cavalry were coming. Then came the order: "Column by file; battalion, invarts face, forvarts march," and the color-guard moved forward, the two wings filing in behind, and when they had closed in upon each other we were halted and the hollow square was formed (with some difficulty, to be sure, among the trees and underbrush), and we charged bayonets to resist cavalry. After waiting a reasonable length of time for the cavalry which failed to materialize, the disgusted lieutenant-colonel dissolved the square, and a new line was formed on the brow of a hill, behind which was a deep ravine, and there we did not have long to wait for the deadly work to begin. It was nearly noon when we opened fire and checked the advance of the Confederate forces after they had crossed the open fields unmolested and entered the woods, and there we held them until a quarter past two.

Our position was a good one. The men would drop down the hill to load, and crawl up to the top to fire, in almost every case taking deliberate aim, with good effect. The Confederate batteries were planted on their right and on their left, partly enfilading our position, but their aim was so high they did us but slight damage. But the infantry poured such a shower of lead in upon us as to rapidly reduce our ranks to half the original number. Only the excitement of battle could sustain a man in the midst of such carnage. As man after man was shot down or mutilated, a feeling of perfect horror came over me at times, and I berated the powers which placed us in such a posi-

tion and left us alone to our fate. Can it be wondered at when forty-three out of sixty-four of my own company were killed or wounded in that short space of time? The official record shows the total loss of the 54th Ohio to have been one hundred and forty-four out of their three hundred, and that of the 55th Illinois two hundred and seventy out of five hundred and twelve (nearly all in this engagement of two hours and a half). The loss inflicted upon the two brigades making the assault upon us exceeded, in killed and wounded, the whole number of the force we had opposed to them.

Not until our cartridge-boxes were emptied, and we had even borrowed all from the wounded and dead, was the thought of retreat entertained; then, of course, there was nothing else to do, and at 2-15 P.M. the retreat was ordered. Just as we started in retreat a 56 calibre, conical ball passed through both my thighs, and I had to join the slow moving procession of the wounded in a weary and painful march to the river, just as the remnant of our little brigade moved out in good order from that valley of death.

The Confederates did not follow. They claimed that their ammunition was exhausted. Of course, they could have overwhelmed us at any time, with or without ammunition, had they determined to do so. The fact that our line was so short, our resistance so determined, and that we made no show of artillery, deceived them. The stampede and rally, followed by "Column by file," and the hollow square in the woods, as we were told by officers captured from these brigades the next day, were looked upon as Yankee tricks to draw them on to masked batteries, and that, repeatedly, the commanding officer, when urged to allow a charge upon us, replied: "No, you will get into a trap: no such little body of men could ever stand up and fight like that without something back of them." They never thought that that "something" was purely Northern pluck.

They remained there about two hours, and after receiving a fresh supply of ammunition and encouragement, moved on to

Prentiss's left and about nightfall captured him, with twenty-two hundred men.

It is interesting to quote the following extract from General Albert Sidney Johnston's orders, issued before the battle.

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.
Corinth, April 3, 1862.

In the approaching battle every effort should be made to turn the left flank of the enemy, so as to cut off his line of retreat to the Tennessee River, and throw him back on Owl Creek, where he will be obliged to surrender.

By command of GEN. A. S. JOHNSTON,
THOMAS JORDAN, *Adjutant General.*"

What the result would have been had these two brigades remained with the force which attacked Prentiss in the morning, cannot, of course, be conjectured, but I think it may be recorded as a fact, that by a resistance almost unparalleled, aided by a combination of favorable accidents, Stuart's Brigade saved the left on that day.

REMINISCENCES OF A PRISONER OF WAR

REMINISCENCES OF A PRISONER OF WAR

BY

BREVET LIEUTENANT COLONEL ISAAC FRANCIS GALLOUPE,
U. S. V.

ON the first of February, 1864, while stationed at Newbern, North Carolina, as Acting Brigade Surgeon, I was awakened at four o'clock in the morning by the sound of distant, heavy firing.

At that time and place, cannonading meant no boys' play. Upon inquiring at headquarters, I found that an outpost at Bacheller's Creek, twelve miles distant, defended by a regiment of infantry and a few pieces of artillery in a block-house, had been vigorously attacked, and that the commandant had sent word that he did not need assistance. I said to the general, "Where there was so much firing, somebody must get hurt," and asked, "If I had not better go out there;" he replied, "No, we may want you here." I went out and listened to the booming, which was now continuous, and feeling uneasy, mounted my horse and rode towards the point of attack.

Seeing a movement in the camp of the 17th Massachusetts (my regiment), and hearing that it was ordered to the front, I gave orders to the steward to load a wagon with hospital supplies, take two ambulances and a stretcher corps, and follow.

We soon arrived on the field, and after clearing some negro huts found there, for a hospital, the stretcher men started to search for the wounded. We were, however, too near, as the shells fell all around us. Just then, one of our batteries flew by in a direction away from the battle-field. I mounted my horse and galloped up to one of the officers, and asked him, "What is up?" He replied, "We are licked to Hell." Of course we

were not long in following him. Our forces were in full retreat, going slowly and in good order; artillery in the rear retarding the enemy by constant firing.

After retreating about eight miles, being then four miles from Newbern, I found that one of the wounded, Lieutenant H. A. Cheever, Adjutant of the 17th Massachusetts, was apparently dying, and, hoping that there would be time enough to attend to him, had him taken from the ambulance for that purpose. I found him in a state of collapse from a gunshot wound in the chest; after removing the ball, he rallied, and was replaced in the ambulance; the rest of the ambulance train had, in the meantime, passed on. No sooner had we made ready to start than we were, in a flash, surrounded by the Confederate cavalry, coming, as it were, from the clouds; horses panting, men with flushed and excited faces, pointing their carbines at our little hospital squad, calling out "Surrender." I held out my hands to show that we were unarmed, when they lowered their guns without firing. I have since wondered that some of them did not shoot while under such great excitement. No one saw them coming; the first we knew, we were surrounded. The sensation caused by our capture can be neither imagined nor described. A few moments before we were among hundreds and thousands of comrades, all working together; then suddenly, they had completely vanished, and we were in the midst of the enemy, cut off from all knowledge of and communication with the world, as effectually as if we had passed the river Jordan. This feeling of isolation from friends, home and "God's country" was deeply impressive. To add to the distress of this novel and unwelcome condition, we were completely at the mercy of the enemies of our country. Our retreating army continued artillery firing, and we were soon menaced with death from this source; fragments of shell were flying all about us. I got behind a log house for protection, but the flying splinters of wood were more dangerous than the shells, so I returned to the open field. I saw many rebels wounded, and two or three killed.

The shabby condition of the Confederates surprised me. No two were dressed alike. One fourth were dressed, in part, in captured U. S. clothing, and nearly all the remainder in butter-nut homespun, evidently cut by a woman tailor; they were without overcoats, and hundreds of them barefooted, and this in mid-winter. They seemed half starved, and at once commenced searching for food, quickly devouring my hospital supplies. A small-pox hospital, outside the lines, was raided, and all the food and clothing eagerly taken.

Their guns were rusty, and accoutrements shabby, but serviceable. I talked with many of them, and found them thoroughly sick of the war; the first word, in almost every case, being the question, "When do you think this war will end?" My reply was, "When you are completely beaten, and that will be soon."

I was soon ordered to "fall in" with other prisoners to be sent to the rear, but begged to be allowed to remain in charge of the wounded officer, before named, as he was suffering much from his wound; this I was allowed to do, a parole for myself and horse being given me in writing by General Walter Harrison, Inspector General on the staff of General Pickett, whom I now found was in command of this army. In a few minutes a staff officer mounted my horse, and when I remonstrated and showed my parole, he replied "The General wants the horse for the charge on your works to-morrow." General Harrison had a few words with him. The horse was a splendid animal, and had carried me through many tight places during the past year. I never saw him again.

At this time, I was interviewed by Dr. Hines and Dr. Lewis of the staff of General Pickett. The former was as courteous and respectful as any friend could be, but the latter was less so; he took a great fancy to my rubber coat, and offered me two of my hospital blankets for it. I declined, but the trade was, nevertheless, made. I had heretofore supposed that it took two to make a bargain, but I found that I had been mistaken.

He told me that he was connected by marriage with the Reverend Dr. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, but on account of the abolition sentiments of the latter, he had to be ignored.

General Pickett established his headquarters within one hundred feet of the negro hut where I was attending to my wounded men. So far as I could see, the rebel army remained quiet, but there was occasional firing from our forts, through the day. In the evening, one of General Pickett's staff informed me that their plan was to surprise and capture our gunboats, by an expedition down the Neuse River, and then charge on our works and take Newbern. While telling me this, brisk firing was heard, which he stated was from the attack on the gunboats, and that, in an hour, our whole fleet would be in their possession. As a matter of fact, the attack was really a failure; they did capture one boat, the *Underwriter*, but were obliged to get away with but a few prisoners, in their small boats, the firing from our forts being too much for them.

At this time another staff officer told me that General Pickett had sent for me. I found him lying on the ground, in common with the whole army, having retired for the night. He told me to lie down by his side, and immediately began to question me about the condition of our defences and forces. I answered all his questions with apparent simplicity, but I fear that the information was somewhat misleading. After remaining with him about an hour, I ventured to inform him that I had left a wounded man who was suffering much, and requested that I might return to him; to this, he readily assented.

The next day, I was surprised that no attack was made by the rebels. They remained, as far as I could see, quiet all day. At about 5 P.M., I was ordered to fall in with other prisoners, to be sent to the rear. The prisoners first taken had been hurried off immediately the day before. Out of one hundred and fifteen men of my regiment engaged, fifty-eight had been captured; of these, three only ever returned; the rest died at Andersonville. The rebels captured two fine, two-horse ambu-

lances, and it was provoking to see our wounded carted off in their wagons without springs. After about an hour spent in getting us together, we were started off, four abreast, the officers, of whom there were about a dozen, in front; there were nearly three hundred in all. The road was sandy, and wholly through woods. Occasionally we came to a house, where the column was halted, and an officer called out the women (there were no men), who inspected each prisoner. I did not learn the object of this until the next day, when I found that among the prisoners were some who had deserted from them, and enlisted in the Union army, and this way was taken to identify them. At about 9 o'clock we were turned into a field, by the side of the road, to bivouac for the night. I had two light blankets, but gave one to a Captain Bailey, who had none. I took off my boots for a pillow and tried to get some sleep, but did not succeed. The ground was cold and uneven, I had on thin flannel clothing, and a thin overcoat, without lining, and shivered all night. The guard made small fires on the ground, and I could see them passing their bare feet through the flames to warm them.

At two o'clock I began to hear troops passing to the rear; there were cavalry, artillery, pontoons, siege guns, and all the trappings of a large army; by this I knew that the attack on Newbern had been abandoned. Of course this was good news for us, as, in my opinion, an attack might have been successful, as a large part of our army at Newbern had recently been sent to reinforce the Army of the Potomac.

At 5 o'clock A.M., we were again started on the move, halting at each house as before. In the afternoon, one of the men, identified as a deserter, broke through the guard and rushed into the woods; the guard took deliberate aim, and fired, one after another, but the trees stopped the balls, and he was not shot. Some of the guard then gave chase, and, of course, he was soon overtaken by their bullets. After that, all the suspected men were brought to the front, and the guard strengthened. I

asked one of the rebel officers, "Why did this man take such a risk?" He replied, "Because he knew he would be hung to-morrow." Now and then, an exhausted prisoner would fall out; when that happened, he would be left in the woods with a soldier to guard him. How these men fared I never knew. I tried my best to keep up with the column, but could not. I gradually fell behind until I reached the rear guard, when I would start in double quick until I gained the front again, but in doing this I fell down many times. I had on heavy riding boots, the roads were sandy, and my feet sank three inches at each step.

At 5 o'clock P.M., we reached Kinston, having marched forty miles in twenty-four hours. Here we were met by a small crowd of men, whose object was to exchange their Confederate money for watches, or anything else that we would part with. They kept crossing in front of us, shouting "Has any gentleman got a gold watch to sell?" "Has any gentleman got a silver watch to sell?" "Has any gentleman got a knife to sell?" etc.

We were all turned into the court-house; the men into the body of the house, and the officers into a small gallery, filling it full; those in the rear were obliged to sit or lie down, as the ceiling was too low for them to stand. The house presented an animated scene; trading was going on at a great rate; our men selling everything that they could do without. The noise and confusion were very great; rest and sleep were out of the question. I crawled under a settee to avoid being stepped on, and pulled off my boots; the next morning my feet were so inflamed, blistered and swollen, that I could not put them on; and I never got them on again. That night, passed under the settee, was the most agonizing that I have ever endured.

The next morning, at 10 o'clock, a soldier appeared, with a greasy haversack full of corn meal, shouting, "Gentlemen, grub," and dealt out to each officer a pint of it. We hired him to cook it for us, and paid him sixteen dollars for his services.

He took it out of doors, mixed it with water, and baked it in tin plates over a fire on the ground. I could not eat it, but gave it to whoever would take it. This was the first time that food had been served out to us. This was Thursday morning; my last meal was on the previous Sunday night, and I do not remember that I had eaten anything in the meantime.

Soon after this, I was allowed to go to the hospital, and attend the wounded, whom I found in a barn, and storehouse; Union men and Confederates in the same room. The surgeon in charge, Dr. Holt, was more than kind to me; furnished me with food, obtained for me a pair of second-hand shoes, made of canvas (new ones there were none), large enough for my swollen feet, and did all he could for me, including making an application to General Pickett for my release, but in this, without success. He told me that he had receipted for me, and I could go where I pleased. As I wore a gray military overcoat and hat, like those worn by the rebels, I was not recognized as a Yankee and so mingled among them with freedom. The contrast between the condition of their army and ours astonished me. Their food, clothing and supplies were as meagre as they could be; they admitted that there was only one thing that they had enough of, and that was tobacco; that they could beat us in that and in nothing else.

Some of the ladies looked in upon us, at the hospital, partly from curiosity to see the Yankees, and partly to sympathize with their sick soldiers; they were dressed in faded calico, but were high-headed and haughty; they asked me many questions, but did not come within ten feet of me. In reply to a questioner, I told her that I came from the good old state of Massachusetts. "Ah," said she, "if it wasn't for Massachusetts, we should not be where we are now." I answered, "Very true."

On the next day, February 4th, I noticed that the whole army was getting into line, as if for a parade. I inquired of one of the officers what the reason of this was, and was told there was going to be a killing, and was asked if I would like to see it?

He said that some twenty to twenty-five prisoners had been tried, as deserters from their army, and were now to be hung, and that the whole army was to be paraded, to witness the execution. The preparations were visible, and the thoughts of the thing were more than enough for me.

At this time, I conversed with or rather listened to the conversation of a number of officers from Virginia, whose pomposity, egotism and ignorance of the character of the Northern people amazed me.

On the 7th of February, the wounded were sent to Goldsboro' by rail, and I went with them, but was not allowed to enter the hospital. By the kindness of Dr. Holt, I was provided with lodging in a private house; the next morning, breakfasted at a large hotel, the meal consisting of rice-coffee, in a cup without a saucer, and a piece of corn bread in a broken plate. Price five dollars.

In the afternoon, I was started for Richmond, in charge of an officer. The cars were overcrowded with soldiers, and people of all sorts, except negroes, and moved at the rate of ten miles an hour. I sat on the floor mixed up with soldiers in gray, and was taken for one of their number. It became known, however, that a Union surgeon was on board, and loud calls for him were made; one of the most boisterous of them sat next to me; we talked together, and shared the contents of our haversacks, but he did not find me out.

We arrived in Richmond the following morning. Here I found a city betokening civilization, and I said to myself, it could not be possible that here, in a city like this, prisoners could be treated with such cruelty as had been reported. But, alas and alack, I had to change my mind; I found that the sufferings of our men were far greater than had been told, and that language was inadequate to describe them.

My canvas shoes were now falling apart, and, by the courtesy of the officer in charge of me, I was allowed to visit the shoe stores and hotels, in search of a pair of slippers, but none could

be found. Being now exhausted, I requested to be turned over to the authorities and was immediately taken to the office of the Provost Marshal, General Winder, who sent me to Libby Prison. The walls of the prison office were hung with our handsome regimental flags, union down, the sight of which caused a feeling of exasperation to come over me that I could not control. Still it was a relief to be once more among Union men, even if it was in Libby Prison. I had become heartily disgusted with the everlasting butternut.

Being lame and sick, I was placed in what was called, by courtesy, the hospital, a room on the lower floor, containing about fifty sick and wounded officers. There were in all eleven hundred Union officers in the building. The prisoners seemed to be very calm, but the guard were in a state of great excitement. A large number were patrolling the building, examining the floors, ceilings, chimneys, stairs, etc., punching every spot with their muskets. It had just been discovered that one hundred and nine men had escaped through the famous tunnel, and they were in search of the place of egress. There was a flight of stairs leading to the next floor above, the opening to which had been floored over; a guard was placed here, with orders to shoot any man who should attempt to step on them.

It was also known that General Butler was at Deep Bottom, twelve miles off, and it was feared that he would pay Richmond a visit.

I took off my overcoat and sat down upon it. A prisoner stepped up and asked me my name, where I was captured, and a few more similar questions, and then moved on. Others did the same, and this questioning continued for about an hour; then they stood around in small groups, talking and sending side glances towards me. I thought nothing strange of this; I had never been in prison before, and supposed this to be their way of showing interest in a new comer. After about two hours had elapsed, one cried out "fresh fish;" others took up the cry, until all of them were shouting, at the top of their voices,

"fresh fish." I inquired of one of them, a lieutenant from Michigan, what the meaning of this was. He replied, "That means you," and added, "ye had a narrow escape, didn't ye? I made up my mind to kill ye" (and he meant it). He then explained that I had been taken for a rebel spy, sent in to get information as to the way to the tunnel. He became very friendly, and showed his friendship by presenting me with two potatoes, worth a dollar each. He seemed to think he had wronged me, and, as compensation, continued his kindness to me while I remained in Libby.

My shoes had now gone entirely to pieces, and my limbs were still so swollen that I could not get my boots on, seeing which, a prisoner loaned me a pair of overshoes made of buffalo hide, with the hair inside. This kind friend, I found, was W. O. McMackin, the lieutenant colonel of General Grant's regiment, the 21st Illinois; he left the state with the general (then colonel), was captured at Chickamauga, and had been a prisoner about a year. When I was released, I gave him my boots, and so we both made a good bargain, inasmuch as I could not wear the boots, and he was destitute of the article.

For several days following my entrance to Libby, we were pained to see many of the escaped prisoners returned, many sick or wounded, and all in an exhausted condition.

The diet of the prisoners has been often described. Finding myself losing strength for want of food, I gave one of the guard thirteen dollars with which to buy me something to eat. In two or three days, I received thirteen cookies, that looked and tasted like the New England article, which had been obtained from a confiscated box from the north. I placed them under my head at night, resolving to eat but one each day, and thus have something in reserve. During the night, rats made an attack on them, and, while trying to find a safer place for them, I concluded to allow myself to eat one; but, alas, the temptation was too great to be resisted; the whole thirteen disappeared, and I did not feel that I had eaten too much. In the morning,

I found that the rats had eaten away the shoulder of my coat, leaving a hole six inches in diameter, and that a considerable portion of the cape of my overcoat was gone.

At this time, boxes from home were not delivered to the prisoners (although six thousand were stored in a building near by), except a few to prisoners in hospital ; these were not delivered entire ; the contents of a box were tumbled into a dirty blanket ; butter, doughnuts, and many other things mixed promiscuously together. All cans were opened and contents spilled among the other articles. In this condition they were dumped upon the floor, and the owner's name called. At the same time, the men in charge of this much needed food, lived like fighting cocks, at least, so they said.

The keenness with which the prisoners eluded the rules of the prison, seemed almost superhuman. One rule was that there should be no communication between the different rooms of the building ; nevertheless, messages both written and verbal, were constantly passing to and fro. On waking from a nap one day, I found a note directed to me from Captain F. R. Josselyn of a Massachusetts regiment, who was a prisoner on the floor above. My friend, the Michigan lieutenant, could not tell me how it got there, but said that my answer would be forwarded at once, and it was, I never knew how. Frequently, the method of communication would be discovered and abolished, but in a few minutes a new route would be established.

Several of the men seemed to have plenty of flour, which they made into griddle cakes, and fried in a small stove in their possession. On being asked where they obtained it, they replied "the rebs furnish it." A lot of flour was stored under the building, and they somehow got at it in the night, even while the guard were watching them, and they kept up the practice several weeks before they were discovered.

On the arrival of a flag of truce boat at City Point, a vigorous shout of "boat up," "boat up," would be heard all over the building, and that before the prison officials were aware of the boat's arrival.

According to the cartel, I was entitled to be released by the first flag of truce. As this was not done, I wrote a note to the commissioner of exchange, Robert Ould, calling his attention to the omission, but without result.

At last, on the 27th of February, I was put on board the rebel flag of truce boat, with twelve others, civilians, from Castle Thunder, one of whom, a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, had been a prisoner for a year. Another was a woman who had been captured as a soldier in uniform.

The ever prominent food question induced me to ask the officer in charge of us for something to eat. His reply was, "You will be on board the *City of New York* in two hours, where you will get something a d——d sight better than we can give you." We were all put into the hold of the vessel, under guard, to prevent our seeing their defences on the river banks.

At last, our eyes and hearts were gladdened by the sight of our flag of truce boat, with the glorious stars and stripes floating at the mast-head.

Oh! How grand and beautiful was that sight! And what a thrilling and happy sensation we felt on stepping upon the deck under that flag!

AN INVOLUNTARY JOURNEY THROUGH
THE CONFEDERACY

AN INVOLUNTARY JOURNEY THROUGH THE CONFEDERACY

BY

CAPTAIN JOSEPH E. FISKE, U.S.V.

I WAS seated in front of my tent on the bank of the Roanoke just above the town of Plymouth, Sunday afternoon, April 17, 1864, reading Lever's "Charles O'Malley," when a messenger came up and announced that a little girl had come to the picket post from the house of a Union family outside our lines, with the news that a large body of Confederate troops was approaching. The pickets were soon driven in. Skirmishers were sent out and the last preparations made in and about our earthwork properly to receive our friends from the other side. Very soon they appeared on the hill where our target had been placed, tore it down, and fired upon us with so accurate an aim that the fifth shot carried away our flag-pole. The flag was replaced on a shorter staff, and the fight went on for three days. I do not intend to give the details of the contest, which consisted of the usual assaults and repulses, except for the singular part taken in the fight by a rebel iron-clad, the *Albemarle*, afterwards so gallantly destroyed by Cushing.

This boat had been a long time in process of construction up the river, and was greatly feared by the general in command at Plymouth, although General Butler, who was at the head of the department, scoffed at his fears.

Fort Gray, which I commanded, was an outpost a mile or more up the river, armed with a 100 lb. Parrott gun, an old naval 64 and a smooth bore 32. Down the river and about level

with its surface was a work with a 200 lb. gun, located there to meet the contingency of the appearance of the ram. In addition there were three gunboats with some smaller craft in the stream. The land force consisted of nearly seventeen hundred men, infantry and artillery.

A night of watching and a day of fighting in which during the early morning three separate assaults on our fort were repulsed, was followed by the darkness in which we expected the ram to make its appearance. One of the gunboats had been sent up the river above the fort, but had returned by another passage, leaving us no intelligence as to what might be expected in the way of an attack by water. At last, however, we discovered in an approaching vessel the ram itself. We fired without effect a solid 100 lb. Parrott, that hit her when she was not three hundred feet away. Down she came without making a single hostile demonstration, relentless as fate, utterly disregardless of anything we could do, while we in frantic rage fired our muskets and even pistols at her. So near was she that we could hear the orders given to the steersman in a repressed tone. She was the embodiment of fate, the very essence of nightmare. On she went, we listening eagerly for the report of the 200 lb. gun, but for some reason not yet explained, it was not fired. Soon we did hear some noise of a contest, but it was like that of the bull-dog and rabbit, — the crunching of bones, and all was over. Commander Husser had been shelling the forces besieging the town, using percussion shell, and when he stopped firing left the gun loaded. In his excitement, when the ram struck his gunboat he pulled the lanyard himself. The shell struck the iron sides of the *Albemarle*, exploded, and in the rebound he was killed. He had designed a plan which he hoped might prove effective, — that of binding two of his gunboats together, intending when rammed to hold the *Albemarle* fast between the two, and as his boats went down, to carry the ram with them. Whether the plan was a wise one or not was not settled by the event, as his second in command cut loose and

made his way down the river. Wise or unwise, however, it was the conception of a brave man. The command of the river was the key to the military situation, all the fortifications being practically taken in reverse. The town, and all posts connected with it, were surrendered, and our fort with the rest transferred to the Confederates.

With notice of surrender we had the opportunity, not afforded those captured on the field, to select for ourselves such equipment, clothing and supplies as we were able to carry away. I was very fortunate, or exercised extremely good judgment in my selection, as the event afterward proved, in securing a change of underclothing and two or three comfort-bags, of which many of the prisoners afterward availed themselves. Our treatment by our captors was courteous, and even polite. I gave a set of chessmen to a captain of a Virginia regiment, who thanked me as courteously as though they and all else of mine were not his by right of conquest.

The sensation of seeing the old flag after a long term of imprisonment has been often described. But it cannot be compared to that afforded by being put under some hostile flag. The humiliation, the distress, even the horror of the condition when first realized is past human power to describe.

By steamer, by foot, by rail, we were carried from place to place, with short rations, crowded cars, to our final destination. When we were drawn up preparatory to removal, I was examined only by the question: "You have no weapons concealed in your luggage, have you?" There was no search for money, no stripping of clothes, no inquiry for watches. In fact, during my stay in the Confederacy for ten months of weary waiting, there was no suggestion of theft by any one wearing the Confederate uniform.

An over-night encampment at Hamilton, N.C., brought to me some of my men who had not been finally sent away from us. They asked my advice about escaping. I did not favor the idea, and they went to their death in the Andersonville prison.

This is the saddest recollection which comes to me of my army life. At this place the people, by child messengers, supplied us with some of the delicacies which their humble homes could afford. They were of the more value to us as a token that we were not held in hatred and contempt.

With the usual experience of box cars, short rations, — a single hard-tack with worms in it for twenty-four hours, — we at last, on the 30th of April left the cars at Andersonville. Only the pen of a Poe could justly describe the place. Another land, another life, another air, another earth than that we had ever heard or dreamed of came into our life. The few paroled prisoners working about the station at which we alighted seemed of a different race, from a different world. With hushed voice and bated breath they told us of the horrors of the prison pen.

This pen was on a side hill surrounded by a stockade, and from the opposite hill we saw our two thousand enlisted men marching down the valley, up the slope, and into the dread enclosure. It seemed to us who expected to follow them that we could read over the entrance the words of Dante, "Who enters here leaves hope behind."

We were not destined to share the horrors of the place with them. Of one hundred and thirty of my men who entered this prison less than thirty returned to their homes. One of them, Bradley, who was an Irishman of Irishmen, became the prosecuting attorney in the celebrated case tried within the prison stockade by a court-martial, as a result of which six men were hung for theft and murder, committed on their fellow-prisoners.

The next morning was a most calm and beautiful day, a Sunday, and there, with the stockade, the seat of the horrible crime of the century, in full view, a service of praise was held, the voices of all blending in harmony with the lovely skies and the hopefulness of spring.

We were taken back to Macon, the old agricultural fair grounds, a stockade was built about us, and we were reinforced

by a thousand or more prisoners from Richmond. We had roofs supported by posts, and bunks built to sleep upon. Our rations here were scanty, meal and rice, and beans with just bacon enough to grease the skillet, our only cooking utensil.

It occurred to me when listening to Chaplain Humphrey's paper read before this Commandery that the experience and habits, the employments and pleasures of men in prison, were varied just as social employments and interests vary in any community.

At Macon, many men had tunnelling on the brain, and all their energies were devoted to it. They could almost be picked out by their pale faces, the result of their terrible work underground. The work was done in fear and danger, the men crawling like serpents, the foul air and nervous tension exhausting life and nerve. Others simply lived and suffered; these were the ones who died.

Some men gambled day and night, sometimes not stopping to sleep for twenty-four hours. Others played cribbage or chess. For a few there were classes in mathematics, in metaphysics, or in music even. Friendships were formed which were lasting. Misunderstanding among old friends developed into feuds and fights. A curious effect was observable; men in several instances who were friends came to blows, and yet could not afford to part company, and so when the tension of the nerves so strained by hard living and hope deferred was a little relaxed by physical exertion, they would again assume friendly relations.

For the many the chief interest was their country. We almost to a man, while willing to risk our lives if any possibility of escape presented itself, the homes in the north having more attraction for us than Paradise itself, submitted loyally to General Grant's policy of the non-exchange of prisoners, believing the process of exhaustion of the forces of the enemy by capture to be a legitimate means of suppressing the rebellion.

The news obtained from time to time kept us fairly well

informed. The "fresh fish," as the new prisoners were called, brought us reliable accounts of outside occurrences. Sometimes we were allowed to purchase the papers of the city where we were confined, and it was rare that even with the most strict guarding, papers were not smuggled in to us.

The food we had, depended in large degree upon conditions. In Macon we were limited, as I have said. In Savannah, where we numbered five or six hundred, for six weeks we had meat and usually all the rice we could eat. Rice satisfied us for a time, but we grew hungry very quickly after having eaten our fill of it. In Charleston there were about the same provisions with a little more meat. In Columbia, especially during the last two months of our prison life, the mess with which I was connected depended upon food which they bought. Here, by good fortune, we secured by a bill of exchange about twelve thousand dollars in Confederate money, and whatever there was in the Columbia market we purchased for our use. Fresh baked bread at \$1.00 a loaf ; butter, fresh and good, at \$20.00 a pound. Beef and mutton at high prices. Whiskey at \$40.00 a quart for those who wished it for reasonable use. For means of cooking our food we would club together to save fuel which was scarce, and would build ovens out of doors. These ovens stood about three or four feet high, and were made of the soil, which was clayey, and small split sticks. By careful management the clay was hardened and a complete, old-fashioned New England oven was made which was heated in the old way by building a fire in it, and when hot putting in the provisions to be cooked. The best of Boston baked beans were cooked in this way. The beef and mutton surrounded with sweet potatoes larded and browned, made with appetite-sauce a dish fit for a club-man.

I do not think the majority of the prisoners had anything like these luxuries, and I know that if my messmates had been as poor cooks as I was we should have suffered. In Macon I was detailed in regular order to cook one day. Our rations

were beans, very few and poor, but all we had. I undertook to cook them, but burnt them so that it was actually impossible to eat them, and the men went hungry that day. I am not ashamed to own that I wept. I was degraded from the office of cook to that of dish-washer, and later I did the buying for the mess, an office of no mean importance and of great labor, in that the caterer was often obliged to wait at the supply tent for hours until the beef and potatoes and butter were brought in, and then had to struggle with might and main to secure a purchase before the sale was over. The supply was never large enough for the demand.

In addition to this resource to eke out our rations there were occasional boxes from the north. Lieutenant Follett of Quincy, I remember, had a box with a considerable amount of real coffee which we shared with him, a luxury unspeakable. In Columbia, one day, I was immensely surprised by an invitation from Major Amory of this Commandery to come over, as he had a box. I went over, and, wonder of wonders, had the pleasure of drinking to the United States in real champagne.

And here let me say that the latter part of our imprisonment was tempered with the full knowledge that whatever the fate of us as individuals might be, we knew the Confederacy was doomed, and that our keepers also realized this to be true. The days and nights were alert with plans for escape, with conjectures as to the position of our forces, and with earnest prayers for success.

Our quarters were varied. In Macon the buildings already spoken of, in the fair grounds, were sheds without sides; in Savannah, tents raised with posts or boarded sides below; in Charleston, the workhouse, hospital, the jail and jail-yard. My own quarters here were for a time the bare gravel under me, no shelter above, and the arm of the gallows stretched threateningly over me. This was relieved, however, by the screeching of a shell from our swamp angel, the name of a large gun of the Federals, in Charleston harbor, carrying fear and destruction

into the city. It was sweet music to us, although an occasional discordant note sounded when one of our own men was struck. Near Columbia, where we remained for two months, October and November, we were turned into a field partly wooded, with no shelter. A few axes were distributed, and detachments were allowed to go out under guard to the neighboring wood for quarters and fuel. Our men had one axe for a limited time, and we used it effectively. We went out, chopped trees, brought them in, and made a log hut about fifteen feet square. We roofed it, and stopped the cracks in the sides with the clayey mud of the camp. The roof was thatched, the bunks were made of saplings covered with pine needles, making a springy bed so comfortable that many times thirteen hours of the twenty-four were passed on it in happy ignorance of the life to which we were awakened.

In the city we were confined in a stockade to which it had been found necessary to remove us on account of so many men escaping from Camp Sorghum. Our new quarters were under the hospital building, which was placed on brick piles. Others had the barracks, which were decent, though rough enough. One day, however, we obtained leave to go out to a pile of lumber and get a few joists. With the promise not to cut them, the men went out, but Lieutenant Follett staid in with a saw to cut them to requisite lengths for us, and so spoil the lumber for other use. Thus we got enough for a long shebang so that nine of us (our mess was increased by the addition of Lieutenant Follett and Captain Morton of the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry) could lie comfortably on our sides. At one end we built a fireplace with the chimney of sticks and mud, and at times had the luxury of an open fire. We purchased cotton cloth and cotton, which was cheap, and made mattresses which made us comfortable beds and kept us off the ground.

The entertainments were varied. Companion Jack Adams formed a club, the members of which each told a story or sang a song, as he chose. There was an orchestra, a glee club, and

a dance every pleasant night ; the ladies being indicated by a handkerchief on the left arm. One of the frequent spectators from the guards' platform was a lady, who became a refugee after the capture of Columbia ; a remarkable woman with a remarkable career. She was afterwards beheaded in Japan, being charged with an intent and plan to marry the Mikado.

I have alluded to the plans of escape. They were never neglected and were almost as varied as the number of men in camp. In Macon, when the prisoners were to be transferred to Savannah on account of the fear of Sherman's raids, the dead line was for a short time disregarded, and the men crowded up to the stockade, most of them singing, while the few worked zealously under the very feet of the guards, tunnelling and escaping. Men went out concealed in carts, personated rebel guards, went out with paroled men without giving parole. A few swore allegiance, with the hope of deserting — not a popular or honorable way of escaping. One method of discovering our plans, and very effective it proved, too, was that of introducing Confederates as Federal prisoners. These men were the most enthusiastic planners of escape we had, and it several times happened that when the tunnels were about ready for wholesale delivery, they were guarded, and then our plans were thwarted. This was notably so in Macon, where one morning the prisoners were first driven to one end of the enclosure and every tunnel in one-half blocked, and then the other end was served in the same way, thus showing a complete knowledge of the plans and work of the Federals.

One plan which had the element of a contest, was to attack the guard of the train carrying prisoners from Savannah to Charleston. Men were detailed to overpower the guards at about the region of Pocotaligo. On each car men were designated who were to take charge of the engineer and firemen, and to control the engine. All the men were to be on the alert, with the full hope of escape. The plot failed, the reason given being that the man to whom fell the lot of giving the signal by waving a lantern lost courage at the critical moment.

When we were in Camp Sorghum near Columbia a rather ludicrous affair happened. Major Pasco of the 16th Connecticut was the victim. He had somehow got possession of a gold dollar with which he bribed one of the guards to let five men pass his beat, he to fire in the air. On the evening appointed, ignorant of the arrangement, I saw (and there are some here, no doubt, who will remember it) a procession of men, at least twenty, enveloped in gray blankets, wending their way with stealthy steps to our quarter of the camp. Soon the report of musket after musket was heard, the camp guard turned out, and there was great excitement about the camp. At least a dozen men got out. The Rebel was true to his agreement, but poor Major Pasco and the four friends were not among those who escaped. The news of the bribery had leaked out, and the major and his companions were left in the lurch.

I revisited last year several of the prisons in which I had been confined in 1864-5. That at Savannah was hard to find, the spot I finally decided upon being now a well-kept park. In Charleston I was told the workhouse had been torn down. The jail was full of colored men, depraved and beastly in appearance. At Columbia I found that on the Asylum grounds additional buildings had been erected, but the old wooden hospital from which many escaped, was still there without the least change. I found the superintendent, Dr. J. W. Babcock, a very agreeable, courteous gentleman with a northern education. He gave me all the information he possessed, and seemed greatly interested in my reminiscences. He was building a dormitory, and took me to a corner of an excavation, called a negro with a shovel, had him remove two or three spades full of earth, and there clearly defined was a section of a tunnel made by our men over thirty years before. There were dogs playing about, which went in and out of it, indicating that a long tunnel still remained. This has been uncovered for sixty or seventy feet. Think of the labor, the anxiety, the risk of plans being frustrated by falling earth, or the mistake of a comrade, or the fear

of discovery. It was said that some men were buried alive while engaged in this kind of work.

Rumors came thick and fast of the advance of Sherman's army, and the anxiety of the Confederates visibly increased. When the certainty of our removal became apparent we were all hopeful that an opportunity of escaping would present itself, and all were ready to take advantage of the hurry and confusion caused by the retreat. At this time one of our mess, Lieutenant Sinclair, was in the hospital as assistant. The building was a permanent one belonging to the asylum. He arranged two hiding places for us, one in the roof of the building, and one in a very flat porch. He had a hole cut into the porch, under a window where a bed stood, which concealed the entrance. The order came to move, and we repaired to the hiding place, with several days' rations which we had carefully prepared — mainly boiled beef and bread. One of our regiment who had not been with us was invited to join. He was taken to see the retreat but said, "I can't go into that dark hole," and incontinently retreated. And yet this man afterwards escaped from a train that was running at some speed, and made his weary way over rivers and mountains, hungry and tired, hundreds of miles, to Knoxville, Tenn.

The order came to march out in the early morning. We went to our hiding place and listened with eager ears for the departing train. We were to be disappointed this time, as the men returned, and we went back to our quarters. Again the next morning we were ordered out. We repeated our flank movement of the day before, and this time our fellow prisoners really went away. There were five of us, but our number was increased by two who came to the entrance of our domain and asked to be let in. Some one had told them of the opportunity. We protested that we should be discovered, if they did not go away, and they declared that if we did not let them in they would betray us. Of course we let them in. The spokesman was the author of "Our Camp Fires Shone Bright on the

Mountains," which we had often sung and which the author presented to General Sherman. He was made bearer of dispatches to Washington by the general and afterwards received some political appointments. There was no poetry about him that day.

After the trains had pulled out there was stillness in the air, only broken by the conversation of the Johnnies who were left to catch any runaways. We heard them propose to burn the building which we were in, hoping I suppose to intimidate any who might be concealed into making their appearance, but we concluded to wait till the torch was applied. A weary day of waiting under great nervous strain, was followed by a cloudy night, and as soon as it was dark we left our quarters, went out into the stockade and found that all of the guards had not been removed. Most of us returned, and spent the night and the next day in our hiding place. The next night we ventured out again, separated into pairs, scaled the stockade and adopted the means of escape which seemed best. Captain Morton and myself went into the town, found much confusion there, and came near being recaptured. We found an old cemetery near the Asylum in which were some evergreen trees. Here we passed the night. The horizon was lighted by camp-fires in all directions, and we could not tell whether our army was passing by, or whether the city was its immediate objective. We knew that it was not then in possession of the Federals. The morning broke and the day — the 17th — was ushered in by the firing of cannon, which after a while ceased, and we heard, with our ears to the ground, the tramp of an army. We had but little doubt that it was ours, yet we could not be quite sure that the rebels might not still be in our vicinity. Near the close of the afternoon we ventured out and before long met two soldiers who in rather nondescript dress made us a little doubtful about them, but in answer to the question: "Do you belong to Beauregard's army?" the reply came "Hell — no! we are Billy Sherman's men." We at once inquired for the Seventeenth Corps,

whose commander, General F. P. Blair, was a relative of my companion, Captain J. W. Morton. We soon found him, were kindly received and committed to the care of his staff. Later we were placed informally upon his staff, that is, we were allowed all the privileges of the position with little of the work. We had our horses, orderlies, servants, tents and foragers. We found the headquarters in the house of General Wallace. In the well furnished library an open fire was burning cheerfully with fuel which was probably intended for other services than warming Yankee soldiers. We shared the lunches of the staff, the wagons not having got up from over the river.

The officers told us of the campaign and seemed to be very much impressed by an incident which had happened a few nights before in Orangeburg, and became known almost before morning to the whole army. General Sherman, they said, having chosen a house for his headquarters in Orangeburg, finding the rooms in which he was rather cool, and wishing a fire, took from the mantel a wooden clock, put it on the hearth, crushed it with his foot and putting it into the fire-place, used it as kindling wood.

After a talk with the officers they told us where we might sleep, and suggested that if we wanted a change of clothing, we could probably find it in the room in which for the first time for a year or more we were to find civilized accommodations. We made our changes and the touch of clean linen to our bodies, clothed as they had been in rough flannel for months, was a luxury indeed. We chatted about our fortunate escape, our hopes, and the pleasure in store for us under our new conditions, when our attention was called to the light of a conflagration. We got up and dressed, and went out to see what was the trouble. We found, indeed, everything aflame. When we reached our lines before dusk the night previous, there was no fire, nor for some time later was there any sign of destruction, but after the fire was under way, however it might have been started, other fires were certainly set by men in our army, either

camp followers or soldiers. The headquarters occupied by us was set on fire, as I was informed by one of the officers the next morning, no less than five times during the night, and throughout the city the army realized that it was in the very hot-bed of secession, and acted accordingly. At this distance of time and sentiment, it does not seem possible that such things could be entertained by enlightened men, but it is easy to recall experiences showing the deep feeling of intense antagonism, not to say hatred felt by the people of the two sections against each other. The suggestion made publicly and I believe semi-officially that Charleston should be sown with salt, met an almost unanimous response from the whole North. When the place was captured, however, it had been so riddled with shot, so scorched by fire, so shaken by explosion, so devastated by disease, that there was scarcely anything left to destroy. In Columbia it was very different. She was in possession of all she ever had with the addition of some of the Government Bureaus. She had many of the more wealthy citizens of Charleston and other places as refugees, and had not even hitherto been threatened by the enemy. She was the place in which the first ordinance of secession had been passed. Everybody knew it and everybody knew how the "old man" felt about it. So at first there was nobody to put out the fire that started nobody knows how, and quite frequently an escaped prisoner helped on the conflagration. It was a night of terror to the residents -- no sadder experience can fall to the lot of humanity than to the inhabitants of a sacked and destroyed city. The morning after the fire, desolation and waste were in the place of the quiet town of a week before. I saw a refined elderly woman with the peculiarly dense white hair which seems more beautiful on a woman than the dark hair of youth, for it seems to carry with it the story of a long and lovely life. She was sitting patiently and uncomplainingly on a trunk at the corner of streets on which there were no houses left. She had been the owner of one of the finest residences in the city, and of a planta-

tion with two hundred slaves. The home had been burned, the plantation devastated and the slaves scattered. Her husband had been killed early in the war, and her sons were in the retreating army. She was alone; all her possessions in one trunk, with no place of refuge, and no one to assist her. From that moment all bitterness toward the rebels, as we have always called them, went out of my heart, never to return. They sinned grievously, but they suffered even more grievously.

I believe if the war had ended a year before it did, before the march through Georgia and the Carolinas, before the raids of Wilson and Stoneman, that the peace could not have been lasting. The revelation to the Southern people by the visit of our forces in almost every corner of the Confederacy stamped out the pride of opinion, the chance of boasting, and left them only the consolation of having put up a good fight, and the consciousness of having staked all for a conviction, even though false in its premises and conclusions — and lost.

The kindness of General Sherman in furnishing supplies to the stripped community, the placing of guards to protect against stragglers what was left, was well known and appreciated by the recipients of his favors. The accusations of great cruelty made against the general were in no case by those who came in contact with him.

I rode in an ambulance to Winsborough, where I was introduced into the Western army life, and a jolly life it was. Could there be anything more pleasant on earth than the easy transference from a filthy prison house with hard fare and gloomy forebodings, with the rebel flag flying over one, to the most agreeable army position — a place on staff at Corps Headquarters with nothing to do but ride, eat, drink and be merry with the enemy in front all the time, but so far in front as to be no menace? We lived on the fat of the land, sleeping the sleep of the just and drinking the brandy of the native apple. To one who in the east had been confined to forts, or a strip of land on the coast, the free and easy method of roaming through the

country at will seemed rather as a leaf out of a romance than an experience of actual life. But it was real life; and real work was done, for while some of the staff had little to do, the engineer force worked night and day on the roads, the commissary was busy as only a man can be who has not only to issue rations, but also to find them.

The army marched as a rule in five parallel columns, and all the country was covered between and on the flanks of the cavalry by foragers with or without authority. For the most part foragers preceded the army till Cape Fear River was reached.

The Artillery Headquarters had a wagon of its own and I was with it. Everything was done for us with the utmost kindness and consideration. We were fed, we were mounted, we were treated as guests. There was only one thing the brave, skilled, and courteous gentlemen of the staff would not do for us — they would not sleep with us.

We were provided with a tent by ourselves. Knowing what you do of the prisoners' constant, closest companions, do you blame them? I do not. I never did.

A delightful feature of the march was the camp at night. All through the pine forests there were the camp fires burning brightly, the men coming in with supplies, the bugle calls, the gathering at the different headquarters, the transmission and reception of orders for the march, the varied amusements, the camp chatter, song and story, and above all the music of the military bands, the most delightful of all music with such a setting.

The western men were much more free and easy than the men of the eastern army. Whatever it might be officially, the social difference between private and officer was disregarded. The march was a delight to me. An illustration of the fun in the camp may be made by the story of a serenade given to our headquarters, by a band,—each instrument being handled by an officer whose command included at least a brigade. The

Drum Major was Major General Mower, commanding a division of our corps. The technique was deficient, the noise most deafening.

Thus we marched on through the country, stopping now and then in a town, until the Cape Fear River was reached, when by order from headquarters, I was directed to report at Washington.

THREE MONTHS' SERVICE IN 1861, WITH
THE FOURTH REGIMENT, M.V.M.

THREE MONTHS' SERVICE IN 1861, WITH THE FOURTH REGIMENT, M. V. M.

BY

BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL LUTHER STEPHENSON, U.S.V.

SUMTER had been fired upon. The fortress which Anderson, with his little band of soldiers, had striven so loyally to defend, had fallen into the hands of the secessionists of South Carolina; the stars and stripes had been hauled down, and the palmetto flag of that State floated defiantly in its place. The people of the North, indignant and astonished at the hostile position of the South, were at once united in a desire to save the Union under which they had lived in prosperity and happiness. Nowhere was the heart of the people so profoundly stirred to its very depths as in Massachusetts. The radicals were full of hope and delight; the conservatives looked upon the condition of affairs with feelings of sadness and despondency; the thoughtless and reckless boasted of the quick punishment and subjugation of the South, while the more sagacious foresaw a long and bloody struggle, and dared not prophesy what would be the ultimate result. Yet, whether the feeling was one of hope or doubt, all seemed united in the decision that the time for parleying had passed, for the safety and honor of the country were at stake; the hour for prompt, decisive action had arrived. Probably none of our citizens realized more profoundly the responsibility of the situation than the volunteer militia. Weeks before the South opened its batteries upon the flag, the question had been propounded to the members of the militia whether they were ready to respond to a call from the executive, march to assist in the inauguration

of Mr. Lincoln, and meet any hostile attempt on the part of the South. Many answered yes, while others, laboring under the impression that it was a political movement, and uncalled for, responded in the negative, yet it is doubtful whether many realized that there might be a necessity for calling out the troops, for, when the call did come, most of those who had responded in the negative shouldered their muskets, while a portion of those who were on the affirmative side remained at home.

The test came on the 15th of April, when Governor Andrew issued his order for the assembling of the militia in Boston, and the soldiers, by their action, were called upon to prove the sincerity of their promises and the depth of their loyalty. Very few failed to come up to the exigencies of the hour and the expectations of their friends. In every town and city where a company was located, the greatest excitement prevailed. The eager movements of the militia; the sadness and trembling fears of mothers, wives and friends; the activity of preparation and the uncertainty of the future, come back from the memories of the past to those who participated therein, recalling the scenes that stirred the deepest fountains of the heart, and tried by the severest test their devotion and loyalty to duty.

The town of Hingham had been very much excited and interested, because of the refusal of the captain of Co. I, 4th Regiment to order out his company. It had long been Governor Andrew's place of residence, and it was considered particularly disgraceful and unfortunate, that a prompt response to his call was not made. The company was known as the "Lincoln Light Infantry," named in honor of General Benjamin Lincoln of Revolutionary fame. It was my fortune to hold the position of First Lieutenant, and with many others, I regretted the unfortunate state of affairs, but the trouble was summarily settled by Governor Andrew, who discharged the captain and sent me a telegram, which I received at about 9 A.M. on the 17th of April, directing me to report at once with the command, taking the first available conveyance for Boston.

A portion of the company were already assembled at the armory, waiting for something to "turn up," as they were eager to respond to the call, but others were at their homes or places of business, and some in the neighboring towns. At two o'clock, the company was prepared to move, and we left the armory for the station, about one mile distant, a march so full of exciting and sorrowful incidents, that I can never forget it. On our route, we halted before the residence of a venerable clergyman, who for fifty years had ministered to his people in the "old meeting-house," received his blessing, and listened to his earnest prayer for our safety, and for our country in its hour of trial and dangers. Crowds of people had assembled at the railroad station, among them, wives, children, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the soldiers, who, on account of our sudden departure, had had no opportunity to speak the words of parting at their homes. There were many pitiful scenes of sorrow, earnest and touching caresses, tears, and sometimes wild grief, that almost unmanned me, and I anxiously looked for the coming train, that the strain might be relieved, and the command started on its journey to Boston.

On reaching the city, we made a rapid march to the State House, hurried up the steps to the rotunda, where we quickly selected an overcoat, one or two pairs of socks ; got a haversack for rations (which, however, had already been exhausted). The blankets and knapsacks had all been delivered to the other troops, and we started on our campaign, destitute of these very necessary articles.

The regiment was formed in line, ready to move, and Governor Andrew had already spoken his parting words, which will well bear repeating at this time :

"It gives me unspeakable pleasure to witness this array from the good Old Colony. You have come from the shores of the sounding sea, where lie the ashes of the Pilgrims, and you are bound on a high and noble pilgrimage for liberty, for the Union and Constitution of your country. Soldiers of the Old Bay State, sons of sires who never disgraced their flag in civil life, or on the

tented field, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this noble response to the call of your State and your Country. You cannot wait for words. I bid you God-speed and an affectionate farewell."

The line of march was quickly taken for the Old Colony dépot. The streets were lined with people, who gave us hearty cheers as we marched to the music of the Union, the first regiment that left Massachusetts in defence of the flag, the first of more than seventy which followed before the long and bloody contest was finished.

It was understood that we marched with sealed orders, but before the cars started, a friend who was in the counsels of Governor Andrew quietly whispered in my ear that we were bound for Fortress Monroe, Va. On our arrival at Fall River we found the steamer *State of Maine* in readiness for our embarkation. The steamer had been laid up through the winter season, and taken hastily from her dock for the service in anything but a proper and safe condition for the voyage, especially if a storm should be encountered. Loaded with her moving freight, she careened so badly that but slow progress could be made. It is impossible to describe the scenes that occurred during the first night of our voyage; the excitement, confusion, laughter, jest, grumbling and frolic, which drove away sleep. It was but a repetition of what we usually find on the voyage, in camp, or on the pleasure excursion, where the first night is generally consumed apparently for the purpose of making the quietly-disposed miserable, and unfitting all for enjoyment or labor on the day that follows. But the attempts at jest and gayety sometimes appeared hollow and insincere, and might have been, in some cases, a pretence to cover and keep down the feelings of sadness and insecurity which were the results of our sudden departure from home and the uncertainty of the future, for no one could predict what scenes of danger and hardship might be in store for us before our short term of three months' service had expired.

The unfit condition of our steamer for the voyage became more and more apparent as we proceeded. When the morning dawned, we ascertained that we had made but slow progress, and her captain decided that he must go to New York and get a fresh supply of coal, not only for use, but for the purpose of ballasting and trimming his vessel. Besides, the rations that had been provided for the men were spoilt and unfit for food. We had been furnished with haversacks made of painted canvas, not hardened sufficiently for use. The odor from the paint impregnated the food, making it unwholesome and disgusting, and most of it went overboard before the day ended, furnishing a repast for the fishes. It was not until afternoon that we reached New York, having been about eighteen hours on our trip from Fall River. We remained at New York a few hours, during which time the steamer was put into a more seaworthy condition, fresh provisions and coal taken on board, and we again started for our point of destination. The weather proved delightful, and the remainder of our trip was comfortable and pleasant.

Just at the break of day on Saturday, the 20th, we arrived in the vicinity of Fort Monroe. Our orders were to land at that point, provided the fortress was still in the possession of the Unionists, and we stood off, waiting for the sunrise gun to see what flag would be raised on the flagstaff. Finally, as the deep boom came over the water and the stars and stripes floated in the breeze we sailed directly toward the fort. It was then suggested that, even if the secessionists held the place, they might use the old flag to decoy us within the range of the guns, but it was too late to recede, and the steamer was guided directly up to the wharf. In a few minutes, a Union officer came hastening down from the fort to the wharf. He had evidently been hastily aroused from his slumber, for he was only partially dressed, and apparently very much agitated at the approach of a steamer loaded with troops. "What troops are these?" "The 4th Massachusetts militia," was

the reply. "Thank God!" For two nights the little garrison of two hundred men had lain on their arms on the parapets, ready to fight and die for this, most important of all of the defences along our coast.

Outside of the fort, at the Hygeia House and in the town of Hampton, which is near by, were crowds of secessionists, assembled for the avowed purpose of taking possession of the fortress if Virginia seceded from the Union. No wonder the adjutant of the fort uttered his words of thankfulness when he saw these Massachusetts men and realized that the danger was past. Glad to escape from the confinement of the steamer, the regiment hastily left the vessel, and, full of anticipation and excitement at the novelty of our situation, we joyously marched into the fort. We had left in Massachusetts little banks of snow in the shaded places, but here, in the gardens outside of the walls, the roses were in bloom and the air warm and balmy as on a June day in New England. It is needless to say that we were joyfully and heartily welcomed by Colonel Dimick, the veteran commander of the fort, to whose faithfulness and loyalty the country was largely indebted for the continued possession of Fort Monroe, at a time when the secessionists were striving by threats, promises and stratagem to get control of it. Their efforts failed before the sturdy loyalty of the clear-headed, courageous soldier, and we retained in our possession the key of Virginia. Surrounded by traitors, some inside as well as outside of the fortress (for two regular officers threw up their commissions on the day of our arrival), he did not flinch before the responsibility, and would have defended his post until the last man had fallen, had the crisis been precipitated by the Virginians. Our arrival relieved him from a great trial, and, later in the war, when it was my good fortune to be under his command for a short time at Fort Warren, he often expressed the satisfaction he felt at our timely arrival, and the gratitude he entertained and felt toward Massachusetts for her prompt action in sending troops to his relief. A few hours after our

entrance into Fort Monroe, the steamer having on board the 3d Regiment, which had left Boston on the 18th, arrived at the wharf, and the entire militia force of the Old Colony was assembled on Virginia soil. The 3d, however, remained but a short time before they again embarked on the United States steamer *Pawnee* and proceeded to Norfolk, where they assisted in the work of dismantling the naval station, dismounting and spiking guns, destroying supplies and ammunition, burning and scuttling vessels. They returned to the fort the next day, after a night of hard labor and intense excitement.

It was evident that Colonel Dimick and his officers had expected an attack that night, and it was understood that the secessionists intended to make an attempt to capture the fort, but the arrival of the Massachusetts troops caused a change in their plans, yet every precaution was taken by the Union officers to prevent a successful assault. That evening I was directed to report at the office of the Adjutant of the Post, and found the field officers of the 4th Massachusetts in consultation with some of the regular officers, with regard to necessary action to be taken in the event of an attack. The duty required of me, was to take command of two companies (which were designated), and to defend one of the entrances of the fort, if an attack should be made. As I was the youngest captain in rank, I fully appreciated the honor conferred, and determined to vindicate the wisdom of the choice, if an opportunity was presented. Fortunately, no attempt was made by the rebels to carry out their original plans.

The following day, being Sunday, the men were not called upon to perform any special duty, although there was plenty to do in getting ready for what looked to be a three months' domicile in our present quarters.

Outside of the fortress there was a large number of disgusted and indignant secessionists, who were evidently astonished at the aspect of affairs, and full of threats and curses against Massachusetts and her soldiers. Our men were not slow in

returning their compliments, and, as there was a liability that a general row might take place, Colonel Dimick finally ordered the Massachusetts men to remain inside of the fort.

The officers were busily engaged in preparing our mustering-in papers, and on the 22d of April we became soldiers of the United States — the first volunteers that swore allegiance to the flag, the advance of more than two million who rallied to the defence of the Union before the war ended. If the men had an idea that their service in the fort would be simply the usual routine of a soldier's life, it was quickly dispelled, for we soon found that hard work was to be our portion, for a time at least.

The fort was in its usual condition for a time of peace and must be fitted for war. Large fatigue parties were detailed for this duty, and the men were constantly employed in mounting guns, strengthening the walls with sand bags against anticipated attacks, beside giving time to necessary drill and parade.

We left Massachusetts clothed in our militia uniforms, which consisted of blue broadcloth coats and black cassimere trousers, decorated with white trimmings, some of the uniforms being already well worn. This clothing, as can be imagined, was poorly fitted to sustain the rough usage to which it was subjected, and the results were oftentime ludicrous and amusing. At our regular Sunday inspection some of the men commenced to appear in overcoats, although the weather was warm and bright. This was to conceal their tattered clothing, and, in some instances, the fact that they had no trousers, and only their drawers to hide their nakedness. The contrast in appearance between our militia, with their torn, worn-out uniforms, and the companies of regulars who still remained in the fort, was very marked and striking.

Fort Monroe had been used as an artillery school, and the men and officers instructed and drilled into the very perfection of military discipline. The neat, trim appearance of the men, their remarkable precision of movement as they appeared at guard-mounting or on dress-parade, were probably revelations

to some of our militia men, and I am sure many of us who afterward entered into the service for the war gained in military knowledge and skill from the example and advice of the regular officers who were then stationed at Fort Monroe, some of whom, before the war ended, obtained reputations for skill and bravery that will be admired by generations yet to come.

Our trouble regarding our uniforms was finally relieved by the receipt from Massachusetts of blouses, trousers and caps, made from a gray flannel and well suited for service in the summer months.

The location of Fort Monroe is very striking and beautiful. A walk around its parapets (a distance of one and a quarter miles) presented a series of views, which at sunset were especially lovely and charming. On one side the broad ocean, then the town of Hampton in the distance, the mouth of the James, the Rip Raps and the beautiful harbor—these were a succession of pictures. Near the fort lay the ill-fated sloop-of-war *Cumberland*, which afterward went down before the iron-clad *Merri-mac*, and many hours were spent in watching the effect of her shots as she fired upon the little rebel steamers and vessels which kept up communication between Norfolk and Hampton. I recollect one night, as, inspired and exhilarated by the delightful, healthy breezes, the charming landscape, the sight of the old flag as it waved at the masthead of the *Cumberland*, I expressed my contempt for the power of the South and my convictions that she would soon be conquered. A veteran major of the regulars, who was taking in the scene with apparently a most profound indifference, said to me, "Captain, I wouldn't talk so. This is a much more serious matter than you anticipate. We regular officers understand the strength and the feeling of the South better than the people generally. We have seen the fighting qualities of the Southern people on the battle-field, we know the ability and skill of the men who are to lead them. We shall win at last, because we have the men, money and material, but I tell you that if we conquer the South in three years, we shall be fortunate."

The 4th Massachusetts Militia was made up from companies belonging to the towns of Canton, Easton, Braintree, Randolph, South Abington, Foxboro, Taunton, Quincy and Hingham.

About the last of May the regiment was increased by three companies, who had enlisted for three years, commanded respectively by Captain Joseph H. Barnes (afterwards Lieutenant Colonel of the 29th Massachusetts, Brevet Colonel and Brigadier General); Captain Thomas W. Clark and Captain Lebbeus Leach; the first two companies having been recruited in Boston and the other at East Bridgewater.

The field officers were :

Colonel Abner B. Packard,

Lieutenant Colonel Hawkes Fearing, Jr. (afterwards Colonel of the 8th New Hampshire Volunteers), and

Major Horace O. Whittemore (afterwards Lieutenant Colonel of the 30th Massachusetts Volunteers.)

The Union force had been increased by the arrival of the 7th New York and the 1st Vermont, which was commanded by Colonel (afterwards General) Phelps, whose eccentricities soon became pretty thoroughly known throughout the North. He was formerly in the United States Army, and was a thoroughly brave, patriotic and skilful soldier. To him is due the credit of the first suggestion of the introduction of the negroes into the United States service, and he first counselled the enlistment of the blacks into the army.

On May 22d General Butler arrived at Fortress Monroe and took command of all the troops on the peninsula, and, on the 27th, the 4th Massachusetts regiment and the Vermont regiment, all under the command of Colonel Phelps, embarked on a transport and proceeded to Newport News, where, for a time, our fortunes were to be cast.

This point is located at the mouth of the James River, and commands the entrance to that important outlet. As far as preparation is concerned, we were sent there rather prematurely, without tents or rations, which did not reach us for a number

of days. As the weather proved pleasant we got along very well under the shelter of huts built of rails and boughs, while the foragers scattered all over the surrounding territory, raiding upon the farmhouses and poultry yards, and, before the officers had got an idea of what was going on, almost the entire stock of poultry on the farms for two or three miles around was transferred to our camp. Then came strict orders against foraging, and many of the men found themselves in the guard-tent under arrest. The Vermont men picketed that part of the line that covered the approach to the camp by the main road, and made it their especial business to arrest all of the Massachusetts men that came unwittingly into their clutches, while they allowed their own men to go free. This caused a bitter feeling between the two regiments, which continued through the term of service.

General Butler had been informed of the turn affairs had taken, and came up to our camp from Fort Monroe, horrified and indignant at the idea that Massachusetts men should have been engaged in such depredations. Some of the officers were put under arrest for a few hours, by his orders, for allowing their men to forage. "Just think of it!" (he exclaimed) "Massachusetts men stealing chickens!"

General Butler was very conservative in these matters when the war commenced, and discountenanced any encroachments upon the property of the Southerners, but it is understood that he got bravely over it before the war was ended.

We at once got to work building earthworks and fortifying the place. Trees were felled, cut into lengths of about ten feet and set endways into the ground to hold the earth which was thrown up from the trenches. The whole work was done under the supervision of a United States engineer, and constructed in the most substantial manner. The routine of labor was occasionally enlivened by false alarms respecting the movements of the enemy and the exaggerated statements of the intelligent contrabands.

After a time the force was increased by the arrival of the

4th, 7th and 9th New York regiments, and affairs became lively and interesting. It was well known that the enemy had assembled in considerable force at Big Bethel, and on the 9th of June I was detailed by Colonel Phelps to make a reconnoissance with two companies to ascertain whether the enemy were still in position at that point, or whether they had moved farther down the peninsula, as had been reported.

Our expedition consumed nearly two days, yet we met no force of the enemy, but ascertained that they were in position at Big Bethel. During the night we bivouacked on a plantation, the buildings of which were occupied by negroes, who had taken possession after the white people had deserted their homes, as most of them did when our troops landed at Newport News. Everything was quiet for a time, when suddenly we were aroused by the report of a pistol. Every man seized his musket, expecting an attack, but no enemy made an appearance. It turned out that the officer commanding the picket line detected a movement in the grass, and fired, luckily missing his aim, for the object of his suspicion proved to be a negro belonging to the place who had been on a visit to his sweetheart on a neighboring plantation, and was endeavoring to get inside the picket line without being noticed.

As soon as we arrived in camp Colonel Phelps sent to me for an immediate verbal report. "Well, Captain, what did you see?" My report was short and to the point.

"Colonel Phelps, there isn't a d—d rebel between here and Big Bethel!"

"The only sensible report I have heard since I have been in this camp!"

I found with him, Major Theodore Winthrop, private secretary for General Butler, who had come up to Newport News with General Butler's orders for a movement against Little Bethel and Big Bethel, which was to commence that night. Five companies each, of the 4th Massachusetts and the 1st Vermont, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Washburn

of the 1st Vermont, and the 7th New York, Colonel Bendix, with one field gun, in charge of Lieutenant Greble (a regular army officer), were to move at about midnight. In his order, although ten companies would constitute a colonel's command, General Butler utterly ignored the Colonel of the 4th Massachusetts, against whom he seemed to have a personal spite, yet he was undoubtedly a more competent officer than the one selected. Major Whittemore of the 4th, was detailed to lead the Massachusetts battalion.

A force consisting of the 5th New York, Colonel Duryea, to be supported by the 3d New York, Colonel Townsend, with two mounted howitzers, were ordered to leave Hampton at midnight; the two forces to connect at the junction of the roads leading from Newport News and Hampton; the movement to be under the command of General E. W. Pierce, who was the militia Brigadier General of the 3d and 4th Massachusetts regiments.

General Butler's orders were, that Colonel Duryea's command should march direct to New Market Bridge, and get in the rear of the enemy, should they attempt a movement toward Newport News or Hampton, while Colonel Townsend's command with the artillery should take the other road, form a junction with the troops from Newport News, then move on Little Bethel, which place was to be surprised at daybreak, the supposition being that the rebels would all be asleep at that time.

I had ascertained, and so informed Major Winthrop, that there were no rebels at Little Bethel, but this information was either forgotten or ignored by Major Winthrop, and evidently not given to General Butler, as no change was made in the order.

Another mistake on the part of Major Winthrop in transmitting his instructions to Colonel Phelps, was, the failure to inform that officer that the column under Colonel Townsend was to move by a different road than that taken by Colonel Duryea, the result being a terrible blunder, the regiment under

Colonel Bendix firing upon Colonel Townsend's command. In order to prevent any mistakes of this kind, the order was given the troops from Hampton, not to fire in the dark, until the watchword "Boston" was shouted. They were also ordered to wear a white rag on the left arm. This was made necessary by the fact that the secessionists, and some of the Union troops, wore uniforms of gray. These orders, however, were *not* transmitted to the regiments which left Newport News.

The columns from both points started at the hours designated. Colonel Duryea's command moved directly in the direction of New Market Bridge. General Pierce with Colonel Townsend's regiment and the artillery, moved about one hour later.

The command from Newport News had reached the junction of the roads leading from that point and Hampton. Not knowing of the movement from the latter place, it was decided to leave a portion of Colonel Bendix's regiment (composed entirely of Germans), with one piece of artillery, to guard this road, while the balance of the command moved on towards Little Bethel. Just at daybreak, the troops from Hampton made their appearance, marching up the road, when the Germans, without orders, commenced firing, giving them a full volley, while the field-gun greeted them with a charge of canister.

Colonel Townsend's men fell back in great disorder. General Pierce ordered forward a line of skirmishers, who soon ascertained that they had been fired upon by our own men.

Lieutenant Colonel Washburn and Colonel Duryea, hearing the noise of the firing, returned with their commands, supposing that an attack was being made in their rear. The result of this unfortunate mistake was a loss of two privates killed and nineteen officers and privates wounded.

A consultation was held, and although some of the officers were in favor of giving up the expedition, as the noise of the firing had undoubtedly apprised the enemy of the movement, preventing any chance of surprise, General Pierce decided that

under his orders, he had no alternative but to move on to Big Bethel, and the march was again resumed.

No secessionists were found at Little Bethel, but General Pierce got information from a woman, supported by the statements of colored men, that there were four thousand troops at Big Bethel, and he sent back to Hampton for re-enforcements.

The 1st New York, Colonel Allen, which had been held in readiness for such an emergency, was promptly sent forward, followed later by the 2nd New York, commanded by Colonel Carr.

As a matter of fact, the enemy at Big Bethel numbered less than fifteen hundred.

There seemed to be no definite plan of action, when the Union forces reached Big Bethel, where the enemy were found entrenched behind a low earthwork, which covered the road.

Colonel Duryea's regiment was posted on the right of the road, while the troops from Newport News occupied a position on the left. Skirmish lines were sent forward to draw the enemy's fire, which was vigorously given.

In the meantime, Greble was doing very effective work with his guns, and continued to do so, until he was killed, just at the close of the engagement.

Duryea's regiment attempted to charge on the enemy's works, but his line was broken by the obstruction of a stream, and his men fell back in disorder.

Colonel Townsend, who was to support the movement, was getting his regiment into position, when he discovered troops moving in his rear, and taking it for granted that he was being outflanked by the enemy, withdrew his command. He also ordered the Massachusetts and Vermont battalions to fall back, notwithstanding the protestations of the Major commanding the 4th Massachusetts, who had determined to charge the enemy, whom he believed were in great confusion as the result of Greble's effective work and Duryea's advance. It turned out that the troops Colonel Townsend concluded were rebels in his

rear were in reality a portion of his own regiment, which became detached from the main body in crossing the stream and were moving in a parallel line, partly concealed by trees and bushes. When he discovered his mistake, he got his command back into its old position.

Colonels Allen and Carr had arrived and the Union force now numbered about five thousand. Major Winthrop had been killed. A consultation of officers was held, and it was decided to abandon the movement and return to camp.

Colonel Duryea, inspired by his Lieutenant Colonel (Warren), afterwards General Warren, was in favor of renewing the battle, but was overruled. Lieutenant Colonel Warren volunteered to remain behind with a small number of men and bring off the dead and wounded, and Greble's guns, which he succeeded in doing without any annoyance from the enemy.

Procuring some wagons, into which the men were loaded, his detachment hauled them nearly nine miles, as no horses could be procured.

The Union loss, including the killed and wounded at the junction of the roads, amounted to eighteen killed, fifty-three wounded, with five missing.

The 4th Massachusetts lost but one man, yet he was the first Massachusetts soldier who was killed in battle, in the Civil War, and a citizen of the historic town of Quincy.

With the exception of the few days of excitement following the battle, our life was a monotony of fatigue-work and drill, and on the 2d of July we again moved to new quarters in Hampton, occupying dwellings vacated by the white inhabitants, the most comfortable quarters we had found. Here earthworks were thrown up and picket duty performed until the 17th, when we returned to Fort Monroe to embark on board the steamer *S. R. Spaulding*.

The feeling of the rank and file of the 4th Massachusetts towards General Butler was anything but pleasant. His action in several instances had been very distasteful to the men who

thought that he had been unjust and arbitrary. Entertaining kindly feelings towards their colonel, they were naturally displeased at his action in placing the Massachusetts battalion under the command of an officer from another State, at the battle of Big Bethel. The arrest of privates and officers for foraging, notwithstanding the fact that they were sent to Newport News without rations and must either supply themselves by foraging or go hungry, was not very pleasant.

The marketmen of Boston loaded a vessel with provisions and sent it to Fortress Monroe, the gift being for the benefit of the Massachusetts regiments. General Butler took charge of these goods and had the largest portion distributed among the garrison at the Fort. Only a small portion reached Newport News, and this with orders that they be divided among the Massachusetts and Vermont troops. Before leaving Fortress Monroe, the regiment were ordered to stack their guns, which were of the latest Springfield type, and were given in their place altered flint-lock muskets, which had been stored at the Fort for years. The men were very indignant at this action, as might naturally be expected. Their rifles were given to a New York regiment. They were supposed to belong to the State of Massachusetts, and in fact one of the three years' regiments was waiting for these guns before going south.

Governor Andrew was very indignant at this action on the part of General Butler, and it was understood it was the commencement of the ill-feeling between them which continued through the war.

The regiment reached Boston on the 19th of July, and on the 22d were mustered out of the United States service, and departed for their homes.

When you ask a soldier who answered the first call on the volunteer militia, and who served during the war in other organizations, which departure from our State for the seat of war, made the greatest demand upon his patriotism and love of country, he will assuredly answer, "The first." No body of

men sacrificed so much personally, because they started at a moment's notice, without preparation, with no time to provide for business, family, or other relations of life. They received no bounties, they furnished their own uniforms, and those who were disabled (as some were for life) by sickness or disease for many years, are not recognized as pensioners by the country. Many of them left lucrative positions for the paltry sum of \$11 a month, and returned home to find their places occupied by others, while those who, with prudent forethought, had previously insured their lives for the protection of their families, were in some cases compelled to forfeit their policies, or else pay extra premiums, which sometimes exceeded the pay they received. Yet the service they rendered was of inestimable, of priceless value to the cause of the Union. They saved the capital of the nation, the State of Maryland, and Fortress Monroe, which was the key to Virginia, to the country. If you look over the list of patriots who sprang forward at the first call of our executive, you will find many who, in the later days of the war, gave up their lives for the Union; you will find many who, in the humbler stations, marched, fought and suffered for the old flag; and many names will be found of those who advanced to high positions, and whose records will be prominent in our history for generations yet to come.

GENERAL JESSE LEE RENO AT FREDERICK
BARBARA FRITCHIE AND HER FLAG

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BARBARA FRITCHIE AND HER FLAG

BY

COMPANION CONRAD RENO.

IN October, 1863, about thirteen months after the incident referred to occurred, John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, published his "Barbara Fritchie." The poem immediately attracted wide attention, and immortalized not only Barbara Fritchie, but the town of Frederick, Maryland. The opening stanzas depict a beautiful and fertile country with "meadows rich with corn" and with "apple and peach tree fruited deep," as "fair as a garden of the Lord." The poem is most remarkable for its lofty patriotism and for its heroic action.

Mr. Whittier's information of the incident was derived from Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, who was then residing in Georgetown, D. C. Mrs. Southworth heard the story from friends who were in Frederick at the time, and from Mr. C. S. Bramsburg, a neighbor of hers who was a connection of Barbara Fritchie, and from Samuel Tyler, a lawyer of Maryland who afterward wrote a life of Chief Justice Roger B. Taney. Mr. Whittier received Mrs. Southworth's letter at Amesbury, in August, 1863, and within two weeks afterward he wrote his stirring ballad. It was sent to Mr. James T. Fields for publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and on August 24, 1863, Mr. Fields sent a note to Mr. Whittier expressing his great appreciation of the poem. "'Barbara' is most welcome," he wrote, "and I will find room for it in the October number,

most certainly. . . . You were right in thinking I should like it, for so I do, as I like few things in this world. The piece must go into your book, of course." . . .

Mr. Fields's opinion of the literary excellence of the poem has held its place in the world of letters, and his estimate seems none too high. Though written by one without military training, the ballad is replete with the spirit of army life; with the tread of marching soldiers; with the officer's orders, short and sharp; and with the quick fire of rifles.

This and other poems relating to the Civil War entitled Mr. Whittier to the warm regard of the Union Army. On April 9, 1890, he was accordingly elected by the Massachusetts Commandery, a third-class member of the Loyal Legion of the United States, an honor which has been bestowed upon very few civilians.

The poem represents one of the favorite generals of the South, "Stonewall" Jackson, in a dishonorable light, and for this reason immediately aroused violent protests from the Confederates, and many denials of all sorts. The charge was made and believed by many that no such person as Barbara Fritchie ever lived in Frederick; that there was no such house in Frederick as the one occupied by Barbara Fritchie; that Barbara Fritchie was blind and bedridden in September, 1862; and that Barbara Fritchie's sympathies were with the South, and that if she had waved any flag at all, it would have been the Confederate flag.

Some persons have said that her flag was buried with Barbara Fritchie's body, and still others have said that after her death the flag was purchased by a Confederate and destroyed as a matter of spite and revenge.

Writing to the editor of the *Century* under date of June 10, 1886, Mr. Whittier said:

"The poem 'Barbara Fritchie' was written in good faith. The story was no invention of mine. It came to me from sources which I regarded as entirely reliable; it had been pub-

lished in newspapers, and had gained public credence in Washington and Maryland before my poem was written. I had no reason to doubt its accuracy then, and I am still constrained to believe that it had foundation in fact. If I thought otherwise I should not hesitate to express it. I have no pride of authorship to interfere with my allegiance to truth."

In a later letter to the editor of the *Century* dated March 7, 1888, Mr. Whittier stated that he had

"Also received letters from several other responsible persons, wholly or partially confirming the story, among whom was the late Dorothea L. Dix."

Barbara Fritchie was born at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on December 3, 1766. She was a daughter of Niclaus Hauer, who left Germany on May 11th, 1754, and arrived in Pennsylvania on October 1st, 1754. Barbara Fritchie lived the early years of her life in Pennsylvania, and completed her education in Baltimore, Maryland. Her grand-niece, Mrs. Julia M. Abbott, wife of John H. Abbott of Frederick, Maryland, states that her education was the best that could be obtained in her day. She was not only able to read and write, but was a thoroughly well-read woman. Even up to her ninety-second year she attended to business matters and signed business papers. It is not certain precisely what time the family removed to Frederick, Maryland, but it does appear that on May 6th, 1806, Barbara Hauer was married to John Casper Fritchie at Frederick City, by the Reverend Mr. Wagner of the German Reformed Church, and that Barbara Fritchie lived in Frederick from that time until her death. Her husband was a well-known glove-maker, and carried on that business in Frederick until his death, which occurred November 10th, 1849.

Barbara Fritchie never had any children, and at the time of her death her nearest relative was Mrs. Hanshew, a niece who was the only child of Mrs. Fritchie's sister, and had lived with Mrs. Fritchie many years.

Her personal appearance has been described by her old friend Henry M. Nixdorff, of Frederick, as being slight in figure and scarcely of medium height, weighing not over one hundred and fifteen pounds, with eyes that were small but penetrating and keen; with hair that was dark in early life, but gray towards its end. She generally wore, when not at work, a black satin gown with a clear starched muslin kerchief crossed over her breast, and a close white cap such as the old New England grandmother usually wore. The likeness of her which has become commonly known was taken when Barbara Fritchie was about seventy-six years old.

In character she was firm and decisive when she believed herself right, but at the same time was gentle and sympathetic when the occasion required. Her grand-niece writes that "as children we knew we must obey her, but loved her for her kindness."

Barbara Fritchie died on December 18th, 1862, and was buried beside her husband in the cemetery of the Evangelical Reformed Church at Frederick.

The charge that Barbara Fritchie was bedridden during the occupation of the town by the Confederates, and was therefore unable to perform any heroic act, seems to be the one upon which her opponents chiefly rely. One man has even gone so far as to state that upon Sunday, September 7th, 1862, she was so ill that he was obliged to carry the sacrament from the church to her house. This charge, however, has been refuted by several well-known citizens of Frederick who were personally acquainted with Barbara Fritchie, and who saw her daily during the time that the Confederates occupied the town.

Mr. E. A. Gittinger, at present City Registrar of Frederick, who in September, 1862, was residing in Frederick, and was between twenty-five and thirty years of age, writes upon this point: "The Southern forces were naturally tired out, and frequently laid down or lounged on the porches, and Mrs. Fritchie being quite old, walked with a cane, and is known to

have occasionally passed in and out from her home, and threatened to drive the soldiers off from her porch." This statement is also corroborated by the testimony of Mr. Henry M. Nixdorff, to whom previous reference has been made, a personal friend of Barbara Fritchie, and who lived only a short distance from her house. He writes: "On one occasion a number of Confederate soldiers halted and sat down on the porch in front of her dwelling, and were drinking water brought from the spring near by. To this she had not the slightest objection, but before leaving they began to talk in a derogatory manner of her beloved country. In a moment she arose, and passing to the front door she bade them clear themselves, and applied the cane with which she used to walk, in the most vigorous manner, clearing the porch in a few moments of every man upon it."

The most serious charge, however, which has been made against Barbara Fritchie is that she was not loyal to the Union, and that if she waved any flag at all while the Confederates occupied the town, it was the Confederate flag. This charge seems to have originated with Valerius Ebert, who was one of her husband's nephews and a strong Southern sympathizer, whom Barbara Fritchie once described as an "arrant rebel." Upon this point, however, the evidence is overwhelming in favor of Barbara Fritchie's staunch loyalty to the old flag, and her outspoken and fearless behavior whenever the subject was broached.

Mr. Henry M. Nixdorff says in his sketch of Barbara Fritchie: "In the early days of the rebellion, when one disaster after another had befallen the Union Army, and other patriotic hearts were almost overwhelmed with grief and beginning to despond; when matters looked so dark, so portentous, she stood entirely unmoved, displaying the greatest composure imaginable. Her loyalty to the country of her birth was of the most pronounced character. She never suffered that country to be spoken of in her presence in a disparaging way, without at once, and in the most earnest manner, resenting it. Yes, those

small bright eyes would flash with excitement and indignation, and her usual calmness change to that of resoluteness and strong determination, until the offensive remark was recalled, which was invariably done, for all knew that she meant what she said in her inmost soul. She realized that in 'Union there is strength,' and believed it with her whole heart.

"I shall never forget her appearance as she came into my store during the earlier part of the war, leaning on her staff, and saying with the greatest earnestness: 'Do not for a moment despair, stand firm.'

"Often when she entered the store, she would ask: 'How do matters look now for the Union side?' Sometimes I had just heard good news of a cheering character, and when I would communicate it to her, joy was manifested in the most fervent manner. Her whole frame kindled with emotion and her bright eyes sparkled with delight. At other times news of a saddening character had been received, and when I made it known to her I felt greatly depressed. She would notice it at once and remark: 'Oh, do not be cast down! It will all come right, I know it will: the Union must be preserved,' and remark with the greatest emphasis: 'Be assured that God takes care of his people, and he will take care of this country. I feel perfectly satisfied that the Union of the States will be maintained. I am sure that it is God's will that the Union shall continue, and you know that nothing can stand against that.'"

Whittier himself never doubted the loyalty of Barbara Fritchie. In 1888 he wrote a letter to a member of Barbara Fritchie's family, in which he stated: "There has been a good deal of dispute about my little poem; but if there was any mistake in details, there was none in my estimate of her noble character and her loyalty and patriotism."

It would have been strange, indeed, if one who had witnessed the stirring scenes attending the birth of the Union, and had passed a long and happy life under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, had at the close of such a career,

sympathized with the attempt to destroy the Union and to dishonor the flag!

For a great many years before her death Barbara Fritchie lived in a small one story and a half brick house situated on West Patrick Street, one of the principal streets in Frederick. The house had two front doors, three windows in front on the ground floor, and two dormer windows in front in the long sloping roof. A small stream known as Carroll Creek flowed past the gable end of the back building, and on July 24, 1868, a corner of this building was washed away by what is known as the "Great Freshet." The house was soon afterward removed from the lot, the land having been purchased by the corporation of Frederick. The purchaser of the house cut up the window frames and oak rafters and made canes out of the wood.

On Saturday, September 6, 1862, the Confederate forces under General Robert E. Lee and General Stonewall Jackson entered the town of Frederick. One of the principal purposes of this expedition into Maryland on the part of the Confederates was to obtain recruits for the Confederate Army, and on Monday, September 8, 1862, General Lee issued his famous proclamation addressed to the people of Maryland. In this proclamation General Lee recited among other things, that "the people of the Confederate States had long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a Commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political and commercial ties. They have seen with profound indignation their sister state deprived of every right and reduced to the condition of a conquered province.

"Believing that the people of Maryland possessed a spirit too lofty to submit to such a government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you to again enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen and restore independency and sovereignty to your state. This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission, so far as you yourselves are

concerned. It is for you to decide your destiny, freely and without restraint."

The response to the proclamation was disheartening to the Confederate cause. It is true that there were Southern sympathizers in Frederick and other parts of Maryland, but there seem to have been at that time very few who were willing to enlist in the Confederate armies. On September 10, 1862, General Jackson's corps marched from Frederick toward Harper's Ferry and surprised and captured the latter place a few days later. The balance of the Confederates however remained in Frederick until September 12, 1862. General Stonewall Jackson made his headquarters during the four days that he was near Frederick, at Best's Grove, situated about three miles from Frederick proper. The day after he crossed into Maryland, he was presented with a spirited horse, and while riding him received a fall which rendered him lame for several days. Upon Sunday, September 7, 1862, he drove into Frederick accompanied by Colonel H. Kyd Douglas and several other members of his staff. He attended church services in the evening and during a part of the service at least was fast asleep. So far as I have been able to ascertain General Jackson did not again enter Frederick until the early morning of September 10th, when he was again accompanied by Colonel Douglas and his staff. Colonel Douglas, now generally known as General Douglas, informs me that he was with General Jackson every moment of the time of these two visits to Frederick. On the morning of September 10th, General Jackson stopped at the square on Patrick Street, gave some orders and asked some misleading questions of citizens and rode to the house of Rev. Dr. Ross, a Presbyterian clergyman who was a friend of General Jackson's. General Jackson and Colonel Douglas reached the house of Dr. Ross about six o'clock in the morning before Dr. Ross was up, and not seeing Dr. Ross, left a penciled note for him with his colored man who was standing at the gate.

General Douglas further informs me that General Jackson

did not pass the house of Barbara Fritchie, that he never saw Barbara Fritchie, and that no shooting at the Union flag occurred in the presence of General Jackson. He repudiates with friendly warmth the charge that General Jackson was capable of firing upon an old woman who happened to be waving a Union flag, and mentions an incident which occurred on the same morning in Middletown, about six miles from Frederick. Two little girls, he says, with ribbons in their hair, ran out of a house and waved tiny Union flags at General Jackson as he rode past. General Jackson took off his hat, smiled and bowed to them, and his staff uncovered, and he rode on. A moment afterward their frightened mother came out, and hurried the children into the house, amid the cheers of Jackson's ragged rebels. There seems to be no doubt that General Jackson was gentle and chivalric toward women and children. In Mrs. Jackson's life of her husband, she states upon the authority of members of his staff, that this episode, so far as it relates to General Jackson, was unfounded in fact.

I have collected and examined the evidence upon both sides of this question with care, and as a son of General Jackson's old friend and classmate, I take pleasure in expressing my belief that General Jackson never gave an order to fire upon Barbara Fritchie's flag. Whittier's information of the event came in a roundabout way, and was not correct upon this point. General Reno and General Jackson were both born in that part of the State of Virginia now constituting West Virginia. In 1842 they both entered West Point in the same class, and in 1846 they graduated together. From graduation they both went immediately to the Mexican war, and participated in the battles of Chapultepec, Cerro Gordo, and others. In September, 1862, they both held commissions as major-generals, and both were mortally wounded upon the field of battle. General Jackson was accidentally shot by his own men, and although General Reno was not shot by his own men, it was under such circumstances as gave rise to the rumor that he had met his death in that way.

Upon the same street in Frederick, and only a few doors from Barbara Fritchie's house, there lived in September, 1862, a widow, Mrs. Mary Quantrell. At this time Mrs. Quantrell was engaged in teaching a private school. When the Confederates were leaving the town, Mrs. Quantrell and several of her scholars came out upon her front porch and waved a small United States flag in the sight of the passing Confederates. Some of the Confederate soldiers became angered at this act, and tried to take the flag from her. A Confederate officer then rode his horse across the pavement and up to the porch where she was standing, and prevented his men, so long as he stayed there, from taking the flag or doing any harm to Mrs. Quantrell. After the officer's departure, however, some of the Confederate soldiers renewed the attack and knocked the flag from Mrs. Quantrell's hand, and broke the staff in several pieces. Mr. Nixdorff was an eye-witness to this occurrence, and his account has been corroborated by several other witnesses, among them William W. Fleming, Nicholas H. Fleming, A. E. Gittinger, J. C. Hardt, and Mrs. Abbott.

Did Barbara Fritchie keep her flag waving from her attic dormer window while the Confederates held possession of Frederick? If so, was it fired upon?

In Mrs. Southworth's letter to Mr. Whittier describing the incident, written in August, 1863, she stated that the following paragraph had gone the rounds of the Washington papers in September, 1862: "When Lee's army occupied Frederick, the only Union flag displayed in the city was held from an attic window by Mrs. Barbara Fritchie, a widow lady, aged ninety-seven years." Mrs. Southworth obtained her information chiefly from Mr. C. S. Bramsburg and other friends who were in Frederick at the time of the event. Mrs. Southworth adds in this same letter that when the advance of Lee's army under Jackson entered Frederick, every Union flag was lowered and the halliards cut, but that Barbara Fritchie went up to the top of her house, opened a garret window, and waved the Stars and Stripes

over the heads of the marching soldiers ; that the order was given, "Halt ! Fire !" and a volley was discharged at the windows from which it was displayed. After this volley Barbara Fritchie leaned out of her window and cried in a voice of indignation and sorrow : "Fire at this old head, then, boys ; it is not more venerable than your flag." They fired no more, and she secured the flag in its place, where it waved unmolested during the whole of the rebel occupation of the city. Stonewall Jackson would not permit her to be troubled.

Jacob Schmidt, who lived near Barbara Fritchie, informed a mutual friend that he saw her flag waving the morning that the Confederates marched out of Frederick. Miss Dorothea L. Dix, who served as a hospital nurse in Frederick shortly after the battle of Antietam, expressed the opinion that Barbara Fritchie kept her flag flying from her attic window while the Confederates occupied the city.

Strong corroborative testimony upon this point has been received from Colonel and Mrs. John A. Tompkins, now residing in Baltimore, Maryland. Shortly after the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, in both of which Colonel Tompkins took part, he visited Frederick and spent some time there. He heard the story of Barbara Fritchie from reputable citizens, some of whom were eye-witnesses of the events described. Mrs. Tompkins is a daughter of the late General Shriver of Frederick, a staunch Union man, whose house was the headquarters for the Massachusetts troops, particularly the 2nd Massachusetts Regiment. Mrs. Tompkins was personally acquainted with Barbara Fritchie, and saw and conversed with her a few days after the Confederate forces retreated from Frederick. She was also told of Barbara Fritchie's heroism at that time by her friends and eye-witnesses. Both Colonel and Mrs. Tompkins inform me that the investigation which they made at the time of the incident convinced them that Barbara Fritchie kept her flag waving from her window while the town was held by General Lee's troops.

This evidence, when supplemented by Barbara Fritchie's well-settled habit of flying her flag from the same window before the arrival of the Confederates, and her intensely patriotic and fearless character, seems to justify the conclusion that she kept her flag waving from her window during a part of the time at least that the Confederates occupied the town.

Was the flag fired upon by the Confederates? There were thousands of soldiers in Frederick during the six days from September 6th to September 12th, 1862. They were not all of them as considerate of the feelings of the Union people as was "Stonewall" Jackson. There were rough and unruly members among Lee's army. They were not all angels of light. The undoubted attack upon Mrs. Quantrell for waving a Union flag shows that there were some men there capable of firing upon Barbara Fritchie's flag. I do not believe that a volley was fired at her flag under the orders of any Confederate officer; but it would be passing strange if a Union flag kept flying from a house on the principal street of the town was not honored by a few scattering shots from straggling or drunken soldiers.

On September 12th, 1862, the advance of the Union forces entered Frederick and had a skirmish with the retreating Confederates. General George B. McClellan was in command of the Army of the Potomac, and General Ambrose E. Burnside had command of the right wing of the army, constituting a grand division of two corps. General Joe Hooker was in command of one of these corps, and General Reno was in command of the other, the Ninth. The Ninth Army Corps then consisted of four divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Wilcox, Sturgis, Rodman and Cox. It was composed of about twenty-five thousand men, and had been recently organized under the supervision of General McClellan. The 23d Ohio Volunteers, which was under the command of Lieut. Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards president of the United States and commander-in-chief of the Loyal Legion, formed a part of the fourth division.

The first of the Union forces to enter Frederick were four companies of the First Virginia Cavalry under the command of Major Moore. They were accompanied by Colonel B. F. Reno, a younger brother of General Reno, who has given me the following details relating to the skirmish with the Confederate Cavalry.

"We entered Frederick by the main turnpike in the forenoon between ten and twelve o'clock.

"I told Major Moore to hold his men back until I could reconnoiter in the field to the right of the turnpike. Major Moore halted his men, and I took my two orderlies of the First Maine Cavalry and proceeded about five hundred feet to the right of the turnpike. While looking up the main street I saw some Confederate cavalry; and about this time, as I turned to look toward Moore, I saw him start to charge the enemy up the street.

"I immediately followed with my two orderlies, and got nearly up to Moore's command and went along with them.

"Suddenly I noticed the front men were coming back, and I soon discovered that all Moore's men were being driven back by a superior force. I held on, thinking our men would make a stand; but at last I saw Major Moore coming back, so I concluded it was about time for us to leave. I was then riding a black horse which belonged to General Reno, which by mistake had a martingale bridle, the ring of which caught in his bit.

"A Confederate soldier who was about sixty or eighty feet away fired three or four shots at me, and I pulled the trigger of my revolver at him, but it did not fire.

"My horse was becoming more and more restive during this time. I therefore dismounted and left my horse and ran up an alley. All this time the Confederates were advancing and our forces were falling back. After going sixty or seventy feet, I came to a high board fence, which looked about eight feet high, which I managed to climb over. I found myself in a garden of flowers and fruit trees in the rear of a brick house. I entered

the rear door of the house and walked to the front, where I found three ladies. They were very much surprised to see a man in a Union uniform and I introduced myself as a Union officer. One of them arose and walked towards the front door. I said, 'Madam, please don't open the door.' (The Confederates were then passing the front of the house in pursuit of our troops.) She stopped, and I said that I did not wish to be captured, and that I would leave the room and go out into the garden; which I did.

"A few moments afterward I heard reports of musketry and the Confederates were then falling back. Soon after they had passed the house, I came back close to the house and found a door that led into the alley and I went out on to the street.

"The Confederates had then passed and I could see our infantry coming up. I spoke to one of the citizens, a large number of whom had come out into the street, and asked a gentleman if he had seen a black horse. About this time a boy of ten or twelve years of age came down the alley and hearing me ask the question, he said there was a black horse in a yard on the next street. I went up the alley with the boy and found my horse in the front yard, quietly eating grass. I told a gentleman who appeared to be watching the horse that he was mine. He replied that he had no claim to the horse; so I mounted and rode up to the square in the centre of the town.

"When I arrived at the square I saw a large three or four story building of brick, which was filled with Confederate soldiers, convalescent. I was then, so far as I knew, the only Union man in the town. I said to them: 'Just keep quiet; our troops are now coming up, and will see that you are taken good care of.' I then made up my mind that the best thing for me to do was to leave at once. Going out by the same street that I entered on, I met the 51st Pennsylvania Infantry and Colonel Hartranft. I informed him there was a large number of Confederates in this large building. He detailed a company to take charge of it.

"Going further to our rear, I met General George B. McClellan, General Burnside and General Reno about half or three quarters of a mile back on the turnpike. The orderlies of the First Maine had reported to my brother that they had seen me shot in the streets of Frederick. I was pleased to inform him that I had not been shot.

"The Union troops were then advancing towards Frederick, the whole right wing; the Ninth Corps in the lead. We then took possession of the city, and stayed there until the morning of September 13th, 1862. Here we rested and waited for the balance of Hooker's corps to come up."

On Saturday morning September 13th, 1862, the Union forces started to leave Frederick on their way to the battle fields of South Mountain and Antietam. General Reno was early in the saddle and while riding down West Patrick Street, accompanied by Colonel Reno and some other members of his staff, he was attracted by a crowd of people in front of Barbara Fritchie's house. It was common talk in the town at that time among the soldiers that some old lady had kept a Union flag flying from her window while the Confederates held possession of the town and that some of the Confederate soldiers had fired upon the flag. General Reno reined in his horse and upon being told the age and character of Barbara Fritchie exclaimed "The spirit of '76!" He then dismounted, walked up the steps of Barbara Fritchie's house upon her invitation, shook hands with her, and stepped into the house for a few moments. Mrs. Fritchie served him with a glass of her home made currant wine, and after a few moments' conversation General Reno asked if she would sell him one of her flags. Mrs. Fritchie declined to sell either of her flags, but kindly presented him with the large bunting flag which she had kept flying from her dormer window. He then came out of the house and handed the flag to Colonel Reno who had remained on horseback about fifteen feet from the house during the time that General Reno was indoors. General Reno was quite affected by his interview

with Barbara Fritchie and when he handed the flag to his brother he remarked, "Frank, whom does she put you in mind of?" referring to Barbara Fritchie. Colonel Reno replied "Mother," and General Reno nodded his head in the affirmative.

The silk flag which Barbara Fritchie prized greatly and which she generally kept in her Bible, was a small flag about twenty-two inches long and about thirteen inches wide. It had thirty-four white stars upon the blue field and was used by Barbara Fritchie as a hand flag. This silk flag remained in Barbara Fritchie's possession until her death and then became the property of her niece Mrs. Hanshew. Upon the death of Mrs. Hanshew, in 1892, this flag became the property of her daughter Julia, now the wife of Mr. John H. Abbott of Frederick. There is no doubt that Barbara Fritchie waved this silk flag to the Union forces as they entered Frederick. She was greatly excited by this event and stood at her window watching the troops file past. It was at Mrs. Abbott's suggestion that this silk flag was obtained from between the leaves of the Bible and given to Mrs. Fritchie and waved with great earnestness by her for some time. This attracted the attention of the passing troops, many of whom cheered for the old lady and her flag. In the course of time this silk flag became much worn and somewhat torn in places by age and much handling, and in 1898, Mrs. Abbott had the flag framed and now keeps it hanging in her parlor in Frederick.

The bunting or cotton flag which Barbara Fritchie presented to General Reno resembled the silk flag in some respects, but was considerably larger and had a strip of canvas with holes in the canvas through which a cord could be passed and the flag attached to a staff. This flag also has thirty-four white stars and seven red stripes and six white stripes. It is eight feet nine inches long and three feet eight inches wide. The stripes are sewed together with long stitches, and the whole flag bears unmistakable evidence of having been homemade.

Colonel B. F. Reno took the flag when it was handed to him by General Reno, and put it into the holster attached to his saddle. He carried it all day with him and at night placed it in a small leather bag or satchel which General Reno used for papers. The next morning, Sunday, September 14th, 1862, the battle of South Mountain was commenced and the flag was allowed to remain at headquarters. At the close of the battle, about 6.30 P.M. General Reno was mortally wounded and died within an hour after he was shot. The flag was taken from the battle field by Colonel Reno and carried to Baltimore, Md., where General Reno's body was embalmed, and there placed on his casket. It remained on the casket from Baltimore to Boston, where Mrs. Reno was then residing. The flag was then left in the custody of Mrs. Reno, who always kept it in the army chest containing General Reno's uniform and sword.

For many years the flag had a small piece of paper attached to it in the handwriting of Mrs. Reno, bearing the words, "Barbara Fritchie's Flag." About twenty years ago however, this paper was lost or destroyed. The flag has remained in the possession of General Reno's sons and is still in a good state of preservation.¹

¹ The flag was exhibited to the Commandery by the author, on the evening when this paper was read.

OFFICERS

OF THE

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

SINCE ITS ORGANIZATION

COMMANDERS.

1868	Brevet Brigadier Gen'l FRANCIS A. OSBORN, U.S.V.
1869-77	* Brevet Major Gen'l CHARLES DEVENS, U.S.V.
1878	Brevet Brigadier Gen'l ALFRED P. ROCKWELL, U.S.V.
1879-80	Brevet Colonel AUGUSTUS P. MARTIN, U.S.V.
1881-82	Colonel THOMAS L. LIVERMORE, U.S.V.
1883-84	* Brevet Brigadier Gen'l FRANCIS A. WALKER, U.S.V.
1885-86	Colonel CHARLES R. CODMAN, U.S.V.
1887-88	Brevet Major Gen'l SIMON G. GRIFFIN, U.S.V.
1889	* Brevet Major Gen'l EDWARD W. HINCKS, U.S.V.
1890	* Brevet Major Gen'l JOHN M. CORSE, U.S.V.
1891	* Brevet Brigadier Gen'l JOHN L. OTIS, U.S.V.
1892	Brevet Brigadier Gen'l THOMAS SHERWIN, U.S.V.
1893	Brevet Lieut. Colonel ALBERT A. POPE, U.S.V.
1894	Brevet Lieut. Colonel HENRY L. HIGGINSON, U.S.V.
1895	Brevet Brigadier Gen'l CHARLES L. PEIRSON, U.S.V.
1896	Acting Volunteer Lieut. CHARLES P. CLARK, U.S.N.
1897	* Brevet Major Gen'l GEORGE L. ANDREWS, U.S.V.
1898	Brevet Brigadier Gen'l HENRY S. RUSSELL, U.S.V.
1899	Rear Admiral GEORGE E. BELKNAP, U.S.N.
1900	Brevet Major CHARLES A. HOPKINS, U.S.V.

SENIOR VICE-COMMANDERS.

1868	Lieut. Colonel DANIEL S. LAMSON, U.S.V.
1869	* Captain DONALD MacN. FAIRFAX, U.S.N.
1870-74	* Brevet Brigadier Gen'l WILLIAM COGSWELL, U.S.V.
1875-76	* Brevet Brigadier Gen'l FRANCIS W. PALFREY, U.S.V.
1877	Brevet Brigadier Gen'l ALFRED P. ROCKWELL, U.S.V.
1878	Asst. Paymaster CHARLES FAIRCHILD, U.S.N.
1879-80	Brevet Major Gen'l SIMON G. GRIFFIN, U.S.V.

SENIOR VICE-COMMANDERS. — (*Continued.*)

- 1887 * Captain GEORGE S. MERRILL, U.S.V.
- 1882-84 * Brevet Brigadier Gen'l CHARLES F. WALCOTT, U.S.V.
- 1885-86 * Mr. JOHN M. FORBES.
- 1887-88 * First Lieut. HENRY B. PEIRCE, U.S.V.
- 1889 Captain WILLIAM W. DOUGLAS, U.S.V.
- 1890 Acting Volunteer Lieut. CHARLES P. CLARK, U.S.N.
- 1891 Brevet Lieut. Colonel STEPHEN M. CROSBY, U.S.V.
- 1892 Brevet Lieut. Colonel HENRY L. HIGGINSON, U.S.V.
- 1893 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l HAZARD STEVENS, U.S.V.
- 1894 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l CHARLES L. PEIRSON, U.S.V.
- 1895 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l JOHN C. PALFREY, U.S.A.
- 1896 Brevet Lieut. Colonel THEODORE A. DODGE, U.S.A.
- 1897 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l NATHAN A. M. DUDLEY, U.S.V.
- 1898 Captain JOHN G. B. ADAMS, U.S.V.
- 1899 First Lieut. JAMES P. STEARNS, U.S.V.
- 1900 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l ERASTUS BLAKESLEE, U.S.V.

JUNIOR VICE-COMMANDERS.

- 1868 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l AUGUSTUS B. R. SPRAGUE, U.S.V.
- 1869 * Major Gen'l AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, U.S.V.
- 1870 * Captain FOXHALL A. PARKER, U.S.N.
- 1871-72 * Captain WILLIAM F. SPICER, U.S.N.
- 1873-74 * Commander GEORGE H. PERKINS, U.S.N.
- 1875-76 * Rear Admiral CHARLES STEEDMAN, U.S.N.
- 1877 Asst. Paymaster CHARLES FAIRCHILD, U.S.N.
- 1878 Brevet Colonel AUGUSTUS P. MARTIN, U.S.V.
- 1879-80 Chief Engineer WILLIAM ROBERTS, U.S.N.
- 1881-82 * Rear Admiral GEORGE H. PREBLE, U.S.N.
- 1883-84 * Acting Volunteer Lieut. Commander WILLIAM G. SALTONSTALL, U.S.N.
- 1885-86 * Asst. Surgeon ROBERT WILLARD, U.S.N.
- 1887-88 Brevet Major ZABDIEL B. ADAMS, U.S.V.
- 1889 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l GEORGE B. DRAKE, U.S.V.
- 1890 * Brevet Colonel HENRY STONE, U.S.V.
- 1891 Acting Asst. Paymaster EDWARD D. HAYDEN, U.S.N.
- 1892 Chief Engineer DAVID B. MACOMB, U.S.N.
- 1893 Commander GEORGE H. WADLEIGH, U.S.N.
- 1894 Pay Director EDWARD MAY, U.S.N.
- 1895 Passed Asst. Engineer CHARLES H. MANNING, U.S.N.
- 1896 Captain CHARLES HUNT, U.S.V.
- 1897 First Lieut. CHARLES H. PORTER, U.S.V.
- 1898 Colonel CHARLES E. HAPGOOD, U.S.V.
- 1899 Captain WILMON W. BLACKMAR, U.S.V.
- 1900 Lieut. Colonel CHARLES E. FULLER, U.S.V.

RECORDERS.

- 1868-79 * Brevet Major JAMES B. BELL, U.S.V.
- 1879 * First Lieut. LYMAN P. FRENCH, U.S.M.C. (*pro tem.*).
- 1879-80 Brevet Captain EDWARD B. ROBINS, U.S.V.
- 1881- Colonel ARNOLD A. RAND, U.S.V.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION

3

CORRESPONDENT.

1868 Captain J. WALDO DENNY, U.S.V.

REGISTRARS.

1869 * Captain FOXHALL A. PARKER, U.S.N.
1870-71 * Lieut. HENRY J. BLAKE, U.S.N.
1872-73 Acting Asst. Paymaster HENRY M. ROGERS, U.S.N.
1874-75 Asst. Paymaster CHARLES FAIRCHILD, U.S.N.
1876-77 * Acting Volunteer Lieut. Commander EDWARD F. DEVENS, U.S.N.
1878-80 Second Asst. Engineer WILLIAM H. BADLAM, U.S.N.
1881-92 * Captain HIRAM S. SHURTLEFF, U.S.V.
1893-97 Colonel CHARLES E. HAPGOOD, U.S.V.
1898- Acting Volunteer Lieut. C. WEBSTER WILSON, U.S.N.

TREASURERS.

1868-80 * Captain WILLIAM PRATT, U.S.V.
1881- Brevet Major WILLIAM P. SHREVE, U.S.V.

CHANCELLORS.

1868-80 * Lieut. Colonel WILLIAM V. HUTCHINGS, U.S.V.
1881 * Brevet Colonel WILLIAM W. McKIM, U.S.A.
1882-86 * Brevet Major J. HENRY SLEEPER, U.S.V.
1887-88 Brevet Colonel NATHANIEL WALES, U.S.V.
1889 Acting Asst. Paymaster ALBERT J. WRIGHT, U.S.N.
1890-92 Brevet Captain EDWARD N. WHITTIER, U.S.V.
1893 Brevet Major ANDREW M. BENSON, U.S.V.
1894- Brevet Major ANDREW ROBESON, U.S.V.

CHAPLAINS.

1868 * Brevet Brigadier Gen'l WILLIAM COGSWELL, U.S.V.
1869-73 Chaplain H. CLAY TRUMBULL, U.S.V.
1874-75 Chaplain CHARLES C. TIFFANY, U.S.V.
1876-77 Second Lieut. CLAY MACCAULEY, U.S.V.
1878-80 * Chaplain ALONZO H. QUINT, U.S.V.
1881-88 Chaplain EDWARD H. HALL, U.S.V.
1889-92 * Right Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.
1893- Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.

COUNCIL.

1868 * Brevet Lieut. Colonel CORNELIUS G. ATTWOOD, U.S.V.
* Brevet Colonel CHARLES N. TURNBULL, U.S.A.
Brevet Brigadier Gen'l JOSIAH PICKETT, U.S.V.
Brevet Major LOUIS N. TUCKER, U.S.V.
* Lieut. Colonel ORSON MOULTON, U.S.V.

COUNCIL. — (*Continued.*)

- 1869 * Brevet Lieut. Colonel CORNELIUS G. ATTWOOD, U.S.V.
 * Brevet Colonel CHARLES N. TURNBULL, U.S.A.
 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l JOSIAH PICKETT, U.S.V.
 Brevet Lieut. Colonel J. THEODORE HEARD, U.S.V.
 * Brevet Brigadier Gen'l HORACE C. LEE, U.S.V.
- 1870 * Brevet Colonel CHARLES N. TURNBULL, U.S.A.
 * Brevet Major J. HENRY SLEEPER, U.S.V.
 Captain ALANSON H. WARD, U.S.V.
 * Captain WILLIAM F. SPICER, U.S.N.
 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l ALFRED P. ROCKWELL, U.S.V.
- 1871 * Brevet Major J. HENRY SLEEPER, U.S.V.
 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l ALFRED P. ROCKWELL, U.S.V.
 * Commander GEORGE H. PERKINS, U.S.N.
 Brevet Lieut. Colonel STEPHEN M. CROSBY, U.S.V.
 Chief Engineer WILLIAM ROBERTS, U.S.N.
- 1872 Brevet Lieut. Colonel STEPHEN M. CROSBY, U.S.V.
 Chief Engineer WILLIAM ROBERTS, U.S.N.
 * JOHN H. REED, 3d CLASS (Brigadier Gen'l M.V.M.).
 Asst. Paymaster CHARLES FAIRCHILD, U.S.N.
 * Captain OTHO E. MICHAELIS, U.S.A.
- 1873 * JOHN H. REED, 3d CLASS (Brigadier Gen'l M.V.M.).
 Asst. Paymaster CHARLES FAIRCHILD, U.S.N.
 * Captain OTHO E. MICHAELIS, U.S.A.
 Brevet Major BENJAMIN F. RITTENHOUSE, U.S.A.
 * Medical Director JOHN H. WRIGHT, U.S.N.
- 1874 Brevet Major BENJAMIN F. RITTENHOUSE, U.S.A.
 * Medical Director JOHN H. WRIGHT, U.S.N.
 * Brevet Major Gen'l WILLIAM F. BARTLETT, U.S.V.
 * First Asst. Engineer HORACE McMURTRIE, U.S.N.
 Surgeon WILLIAM INGALLS, U.S.V.
- 1875 * Brevet Major Gen'l WILLIAM F. BARTLETT, U.S.V.
 * First Asst. Engineer HORACE McMURTRIE, U.S.N.
 Surgeon WILLIAM INGALLS, U.S.V.
 First Lieut. JOHN H. SHERBURNE, U.S.M.C.
 First Lieut. EDMUND L. ZALINSKI, U.S.A.
- 1876 First Lieut. JOHN H. SHERBURNE, U.S.M.C.
 Brevet Lieut. Colonel JAMES H. RICE, U.S.A.
 Brevet Lieut. Colonel NORTON FOLSOM, U.S.V.
 * Captain BENJAMIN S. CALEF, U.S.V.
 Captain JOHN LATHROP, U.S.V.
- 1877 Brevet Lieut. Colonel JAMES H. RICE, U.S.A.
 Brevet Lieut. Colonel NORTON FOLSOM, U.S.V.
 * Captain BENJAMIN S. CALEF, U.S.V.
 Captain JOHN LATHROP, U.S.V.
 * Lieut. Commander CHARLES MCGREGOR, U.S.N.
- 1878 * First Lieut. LYMAN P. FRENCH, U.S.M.C.
 Captain WILLIAM W. DOUGLAS, U.S.V.
 * Brevet Brigadier Gen'l JOHN L. OTIS, U.S.V.
 * Captain GEORGE S. MERRILL, U.S.V.
- 1879 Brevet Lieut. Colonel JOSEPH W. GELRAY, U.S.A.
 * First Lieut. LYMAN P. FRENCH, U.S.M.C.
 Captain WILLIAM W. DOUGLAS, U.S.V.
 * Brevet Brigadier Gen'l JOHN L. OTIS, U.S.V.
 * Captain GEORGE S. MERRILL, U.S.V.
 * Brevet Lieut. Colonel JOSEPH W. GELRAY, U.S.A.

COUNCIL. — (*Continued.*)

- 1880 * First Lieut. LYMAN P. FRENCH, U.S.M.C.
 Captain WILLIAM W. DOUGLAS, U.S.V.
 * Brevet Brigadier Gen'l JOHN L. OTIS, U.S.V.
 * Captain GEORGE S. MERRILL, U.S.V.
 * Brevet Lieut. Colonel JOSEPH W. GELRAY, U.S.A.
- 1881 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l THOMAS SHERWIN, U.S.V.
 Brevet Colonel THEODORE A. DODGE, U.S.A.
 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l JAMES SHAW, U.S.V.
 * First Lieut. CHARLES E. BOWERS, U.S.V.
 * Brevet Lieut. Colonel EDWARD B. BLASLAND, U.S.V.
- 1882 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l THOMAS SHERWIN, U.S.V.
 Brevet Colonel THEODORE A. DODGE, U.S.A.
 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l JAMES SHAW, U.S.V.
 * Brevet Lieut. Colonel EDWARD B. BLASLAND, U.S.V.
 Asst. Surgeon C. ELLERY STEDMAN, U.S.N.
- 1883 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l THOMAS SHERWIN, U.S.V.
 Brevet Colonel THEODORE A. DODGE, U.S.A.
 Brevet Lieut. Colonel ROBERT H. I. GODDARD, U.S.V.
 * Brevet Brigadier Gen'l SAMUEL M. QUINCY, U.S.V.
 Brevet Lieutenant Colonel ALBERT A. POPE, U.S.V.
- 1884 Brevet Lieut. Colonel ROBERT H. I. GODDARD, U.S.V.
 * Brevet Brigadier Gen'l SAMUEL M. QUINCY, U.S.V.
 Brevet Lieut. Colonel ALBERT A. POPE, U.S.V.
 * Acting Ensign GARDNER A. CHURCHILL, U.S.N.
 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l WILLIAM F. DRAPER, U.S.V.
- 1885 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l WILLIAM F. DRAPER, U.S.V.
 * Brevet Colonel HENRY STONE, U.S.V.
 * Captain RICHARD WATERMAN, U.S.V.
 Passed Asst. Paymaster EDWARD SHERWIN, U.S.N.
 Lieut. Colonel SAMUEL A. DRAKE, U.S.V.
- 1886 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l WILLIAM F. DRAPER, U.S.V.
 * Brevet Colonel HENRY STONE, U.S.V.
 * Captain RICHARD WATERMAN, U.S.V.
 Passed Asst. Paymaster EDWARD SHERWIN, U.S.N.
 Lieut. Colonel SAMUEL A. DRAKE, U.S.V.
- 1887 Brevet Lieut. Colonel SOLON A. CARTER, U.S.V.
 Acting Asst. Paymaster JOHN READ, U.S.N.
 Brevet Lieut. Colonel EDWARD O. SHEPARD, U.S.V.
 Brevet Major EDGAR J. SHERMAN, U.S.V.
 First Lieut. JAMES P. STEARNS, U.S.V.
- 1888 Brevet Lieut. Colonel SOLON A. CARTER, U.S.V.
 Acting Asst. Paymaster JOHN READ, U.S.N.
 Brevet Lieut. Colonel EDWARD O. SHEPARD, U.S.V.
 Brevet Major EDGAR J. SHERMAN, U.S.V.
 First Lieut. JAMES P. STEARNS, U.S.V.
- 1889 Captain CHARLES HUNT, U.S.V.
 * Captain HORACE C. BACON, U.S.V.
 Captain GEORGE W. CREASEY, U.S.V.
 First Lieut. CHARLES H. PORTER, U.S.V.
- 1890 * Acting Asst. Surgeon JOHN H. MACKIE, U.S.N.
 Captain CHARLES HUNT, U.S.V.
 Captain GEORGE W. CREASEY, U.S.V.
 First Lieut. CHARLES H. PORTER, U.S.V.
 * Acting Asst. Surgeon JOHN H. MACKIE, late U.S.N.
 Brevet Brigadier Gen'l THOMAS H. TALBOT, U.S.V.

COUNCIL.—(*Continued.*)

- 1891 * Brevet Colonel WILLIAM L. CANDLER, U.S.V.
Brevet Lieut. Colonel WILLIAM R. DRIVER, U.S.V.
First Lieut. HENRY D. POPE, U.S.V.
First Lieut. HENRY A. TURNER, U.S.V.
Chief Engineer JOSEPH TRILLEY, U.S.N.
- 1892 * Brevet Colonel WILLIAM L. CANDLER, U.S.V.
Brevet Lieut. Colonel WILLIAM R. DRIVER, U.S.V.
First Lieut. HENRY A. TURNER, U.S.V.
Brevet Major HOMER G. GILMORE, U.S.V.
Ensign JOHN C. PEGRAM, U.S.N.
- 1893 Brevet Major HOMER G. GILMORE, U.S.V.
Ensign JOHN C. PEGRAM, U.S.N.
* Captain GEORGE N. CARPENTER, U.S.V.
First Lieut. JAMES N. NORTH, U.S.V.
Brevet Major Gen'l GEORGE H. NYE, U.S.V.
- 1894 * Captain GEORGE N. CARPENTER, U.S.V.
First Lieut. JAMES N. NORTH, U.S.V.
Brevet Major Gen'l GEORGE H. NYE, U.S.V.
Surgeon AUGUSTUS P. CLARKE, U.S.V.
Acting Volunteer Lieut. C. WEBSTER WILSON, U.S.N.
- 1895 Surgeon AUGUSTUS P. CLARKE, U.S.V.
Acting Volunteer Lieut. C. WEBSTER WILSON, U.S.N.
Captain JOHN G. B. ADAMS, U.S.V.
Captain WILLIAM B. SEARS, U.S.V.
First Lieut. AUGUSTUS D. AYLING, U.S.V.
- 1896 Acting Volunteer Lieut. C. WEBSTER WILSON, U.S.N.
Captain JOHN G. B. ADAMS, U.S.V.
Captain MORRIS SCHAFF, U.S.A.
Brevet Colonel GEORGE B. DYER, U.S.V.
Lieut. Colonel CHARLES E. FULLER, U.S.V.
- 1897 Acting Volunteer Lieut. C. WEBSTER WILSON, U.S.N.
Captain MORRIS SCHAFF, U.S.A.
Brevet Colonel GEORGE B. DYER, U.S.V.
Lieut. Colonel CHARLES E. FULLER, U.S.V.
Acting Asst. Paymaster EDWARD T. BARKER, U.S.N.
- 1898 Acting Asst. Paymaster EDWARD T. BARKER, U.S.N.
Major EDWARD T. BOUVÉ, U.S.V.
Captain ALEXANDER M. FERRIS, U.S.V.
Captain CHARLES W. C. RHOADES, U.S.V.
Brevet Major CHARLES B. AMORY, U.S.V.
- 1899 Major EDWARD T. BOUVÉ, U.S.V.
Captain ALEXANDER M. FERRIS, U.S.V.
Captain CHARLES W. C. RHOADES, U.S.V.
Brevet Major CHARLES B. AMORY, U.S.V.
Major CHARLES A. STOTT, U.S.V.
- 1900 Colonel CHARLES E. HAPGOOD, U.S.V.
Colonel BENJAMIN F. PEACH, U.S.V.
Captain EDWARD L. GIDDINGS, U.S.V.
First Lieut. DANIEL ELDREDGE, U.S.V.
Acting Ensign DANIEL B. HALLETT, U.S.N.

LIST OF MEMBERS
OF THE
COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS
MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE
UNITED STATES
OCTOBER, 1, 1900

THE Constitution of the Order defines the three classes of Companions as follows:—

Original Companions of the First Class: "commissioned officers . . . of the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps, Regular or Volunteer . . . who were actually engaged in the suppression of the Rebellion, . . . or who, having served as non-commissioned officers, warrant officers or enlisted men during the War of the Rebellion, have since been commissioned as officers in the United States Army, Navy or Marine Corps; . . . and persons who, having served as non-commissioned officers, warrant officers or enlisted men as aforesaid, shall have become eligible to membership either through inheritance from officers who were members of the Order, or who were eligible as such, and shall have died."

First Class in Succession: "the eldest direct male lineal descendants . . . of deceased Original Companions of the First Class" and (First Class by Inheritance), "of officers not members of the Order, but who were eligible as such, who shall have died; and if there are no descendants, then the male heirs of such deceased Companions or officers in the collateral branches of their families in the order of genealogical succession. . . ."

Second Class: "the eldest sons of living Original Companions of the First Class Upon the death of his father, a Companion of the Second Class shall become a Companion of the First Class" (in succession).

Third Class: "gentlemen who in civil life, during the Rebellion, were specially distinguished for conspicuous and consistent loyalty to the National Government, and were active and eminent in maintaining the supremacy of the same; but the number of Companions of the Third Class in any Commandery shall not exceed the ratio of one to thirty-three of those of the First Class. . . . No Companion of the Third Class shall be elected after . . . 1890."

The names of deceased members are indicated thus, *; of members transferred to other Commanderies, thus, †. Service in Spanish War is indicated by the year (1898).

- ABBOT, CHARLES W., JR.,
Captain 12th Infantry, U.S.A.; Colonel 1st R.I. Infantry (1898). By inheritance from
Lieut. Commander Walter Abbott, U.S.N. Manila, P. I.
- ABBOTT, EDWIN H.,
By inheritance from Brevet Captain Edward S. Abbot, U.S.A. Cambridge.
- * ABBOTT, CHARLES P.,
2d Lieut. 19th Mass. Infantry.
- ABBOTT, EDWIN K.,
Son of 1st Lieut. Hubbard M. Abbott. Northampton.
- ABBOTT, HUBBARD M.,
1st Lieut. 37th Mass. Infantry. Northampton.
- ABBOTT, JOSIAH,
Asst. Surgeon 13th U.S.C.H.A.; Surgeon 119th U.S.C.T. Winchendon.
- ABBOTT, SAMUEL A. B.,
By inheritance from Captain Edward G. Abbott. Boston.
- ABBOTT, SAMUEL W.,
Asst. Surgeon U.S.N.; Surgeon 1st Mass. Cavalry. Wakefield.
- ADAMS, CHARLES FRANCIS,
Captain 1st Mass. Cavalry; Colonel 5th Mass. Cavalry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Boston.
- ADAMS, J. F. ALLEYNE,
Acting Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Pittsfield.
- ADAMS, JOHN G. B.,
Captain 19th Mass. Infantry. Lynn.
- ADAMS, JOHN Q.,
Captain 30th U.S.C.T. Allston.
- ADAMS, JOHN W.,
Chaplain 2d N.H. Infantry. Derry, N.H.
- ADAMS, ZABDIEL BOYLSTON,
Asst. Surgeon 7th Mass. Infantry; Surgeon 32d Mass. Infantry; Captain 56th Mass. In-
fantry; Brevet Major. Framingham.
- ADAMSON, ALFRED,
Chief Engineer (retired) U.S.N. Lynn.
- AHL, GEORGE W.,
1st Lieut. Battery G. Ind. Pa. L.A.; Captain Ind. Co. Del. H.A. Boston.
- † AIKEN, WILLIAM A.,
Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N.
- † AIKEN, WILLIAM B.,
Son of Acting Asst. Paymaster William A. Aiken.
- * ALBEE, EUGENE A.,
Captain 40th Mass. Infantry.
- ALDEN, CHARLES H., JR.,
Son of Colonel Charles H. Alden, U.S.A. Boston.
- * ALDEN, HIRAM C.,
Captain 4th Infantry, M.V.M.
- ALDRICH, HARRISON,
Captain 21st Mass. Infantry. Somerville.
- † ALGER, RUSSELL A.,
Major 2d Mich. Cavalry; Lieut. Colonel 6th Mich. Cavalry; Colonel 5th Mich. Cavalry;
Brevet Major Gen'l.
- † ALLANSON, JOHN S.,
1st Lieut. 20th Infantry, U.S.A.
- ALLEN, WALTER,
Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N. Newton Highlands.
- * AMES, SULLIVAN D.,
Commander U.S.N.
- AMES, SULLIVAN D.,
In succession to Commander Sullivan D. Ames, U.S.N. Pawtucket, R.I.

- AMES, WILLIAM,
Captain 2d R.I. Infantry; Colonel 3d R.I. H.A.; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Providence, R.I.
- † AMMON, JOHN H.,
Lieut. Colonel 16th N.Y.H.A.
- AMORY, CHARLES B.,
Captain 24th Mass. Infantry; Captain, A.A.G., Brevet Major, U.S.V. Boston.
- AMORY, CHARLES W.,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Cavalry. Boston.
- * AMORY, COPLEY,
1st Lieut. 4th Cavalry, U.S.A.
- AMORY, ROBERT G.,
2d Lieut. 2d Mass. H.A. Boston.
- ANDERSON, EDWARD,
Chaplain 37th Illinois Infantry; Colonel 12th Indiana Cavalry. Quincy.
- ANDERSON, JOHN,
2d Lieut. 57th Mass. Infantry; Captain (retired) U.S.A. Amherst.
- ANDERSON, LARZ,
Captain, A.A.G., U.S.V. (1898). In succession to Brevet Major Gen'l Nicholas L. Anderson.
Washington, D.C.
- † ANDERSON, NICHOLAS L.,
Colonel 6th Ohio Infantry; Brevet Major Gen'l.
- ANDREWS, ALBERT H.,
Captain 19th Infantry; Brevet Major U.S.A. Boston.
- * ANDREWS, GEORGE L.,
Colonel 2d Mass. Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.V.; Colonel (retired) U.S.A.
- ANDREWS, ROBERT R.,
2d Lieut. 60th Infantry, M.V.M. Cambridge.
- * ANDREWS, WILLIAM H. H.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 11th Maine Infantry
- ANNABLE, E. AUGUSTUS,
2d Lieut. 2d Mass. H.A. Salem.
- ANTHONY, EDWARD J.,
1st Lieut. 88th U.S.C.T. Roxbury.
- APPLETON, NATHAN,
2d Lieut. 5th Mass. Battery; Brevet Captain. Boston.
- APPLETON, THOMAS L.,
Captain 54th Mass. Infantry. Chelsea.
- * ARMSTRONG, SAMUEL C.,
Major 125th N.Y. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 9th U.S.C.T.; Colonel 8th U.S.C.T.; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- ARNOLD, ALLEN,
By inheritance from Brigadier Gen'l Lewis G. Arnold. Boston
- ARNOLD, JAMES D.,
Son of Captain Moses N. Arnold. New York.
- ARNOLD, MOSES N.,
Captain 12th Mass. Infantry. North Abington.
- ATHERTON, ARLOH S.,
Captain 3d N.H. Infantry. Wakefield.
- * ATTWOOD, CORNELIUS G.,
2d Lieut., 3d Battalion Rifles, M.V.M.; Major 25th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel.
- ATWELL, SEAGER S.,
Colonel 7th Conn. Infantry. Providence, R.I.
- ATWILL, JAMES W.,
Lieut. Colonel 1st N.C. Infantry. St. Joseph, Mo.
- AYERS, CHARLES L.,
2d Lieut. 4th Mass. H.A. Newburyport.

- AYLING, AUGUSTUS D.,
1st Lieut. 29th Mass. Infantry; 1st Lieut., Adjutant, 24th Mass. Infantry. Concord, N.H.
- AYLING, CHARLES L.,
Son of 1st Lieut. Augustus D. Ayling. Boston.
- AYRES, FRANK C.,
In succession to Surgeon David C. Ayres. Boston.
- BABBITT, HENRY S.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 31st Ohio Infantry. Dorchester.
- † BACON, GEORGE W.,
1st Lieut. 91st N.Y. Infantry.
- * BACON, HORACE C.,
Captain 11th N.H. Infantry. Lawrence.
- * BADGER, WILLIAM,
Captain 4th N.H. Infantry; Captain (retired) U.S.A.; Brevet Major.
- BADLAM, WILLIAM H.,
2d Asst. Engineer U.S.N.; Passed Asst. Engineer U.S.N. (1898). Dorchester.
- BAILEY, ANDREW J.,
2d Lieut. 5th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- BAILEY, PETER S.,
Captain 27th Mass. Infantry. Springfield.
- † BAIRD, GEORGE W.,
Colonel 32d U.S.C.T.; Lieut. Colonel, Dep. Paymaster Gen'l, U.S.A.
- BAKER, ALPHEUS W.,
2d Lieut. 23d Wisconsin Infantry. Lebanon, N.H.
- † BAKER, CHARLES H.,
Chief Engineer U.S.N.
- * BAKER, CHARLES H.,
1st. Lieut. 20th Mass. Infantry.
- BAKER, HENRY R.,
Lieut. (retired) U.S.N. Watertown.
- BALDWIN, JOHN S.,
Captain 51st Infantry, M.V.M. Worcester.
- BALDWIN, ROBERT S.,
Son of Captain John S. Baldwin. Worcester.
- BALL, BENJAMIN A.,
2d Lieut. 53d N.Y. Infantry; Captain 3d Mass. H.A.; Brevet Major. Boston.
- * BALL, STEPHEN,
2d Lieut. 12th Conn. Infantry.
- BALL, WARREN J.,
2d Lieut. 2d Mass. Cavalry. Boston.
- BALLOU, DANIEL R.,
2d Lieut. 12th R.I. Infantry. Providence, R.I.
- * BANGS, GEORGE P.,
Captain 2d Mass. Infantry.
- * BANKS, NATHANIEL P.,
Major Gen'l U.S.V.
- * BARBOUR, ISAAC R.,
1st Lieut. 35th U.S.C.T.
- BARKER, ALBERT S.,
Rear Admiral U.S.N. Norfolk, Va.
- BARKER, EDWARD T.,
Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N. Boston.
- BARKER, ORVILLE A.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 39th Mass. Infantry. Taunton.
- * BARKER, THOMAS E.,
Lieut. Colonel 12th N.H. Infantry.

- BARNARD, BENJAMIN F.,
1st Lieut. 23d Mass. Infantry; 1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 59th Mass. Infantry. Wakefield.
- * BARNARD, GEORGE M.,
Captain 18th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Colonel.
- BARNARD, JAMES M.,
1st Lieut. 24th Mass. Infantry. Savannah, Ga.
- * BARRETT, EDWIN S.,
By inheritance from 2d Lieut. Arthur H. Barrett.
- BARRETT, GEORGE V.,
1st Lieut. 23d Mass. Infantry. Ayer.
- * BARRETT, RICHARD,
Captain 47th Infantry, M.V.M.
- BARRETT, RICHARD F.,
In succession to Captain Richard Barrett. Concord.
- BARRI, JOHN A.,
By inheritance from Brevet Major Thomas O. Barri, U.S.A. Bridgeport, Conn.
- † BARROWS, WILLIAM E.,
Captain 19th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major.
- BARSTOW, GEORGE F.,
Captain 3d Artillery (retired), Brevet Major, U.S.A. Boston.
- BARSTOW, ROBERT,
Acting Master U.S.N. Newton Centre.
- BARTLEMAN, RICHARD M.,
In succession to Chief Engineer Richard M. Bartleman, U.S.N. Malaga, Spain.
- BARTLETT, AMOS,
Captain 15th Mass. Infantry. Webster.
- * BARTLETT, CHARLES E. A.,
Captain 6th Infantry, M.V.M.
- BARTLETT, EDWARD J.,
2d Lieut. 5th Mass. Cavalry. Concord.
- BARTLETT, HENRY,
In succession to Captain Charles E. A. Bartlett. Boston.
- * BARTLETT, WILLIAM F.,
Captain 20th Mass. Infantry; Colonel 49th Infantry, M.V.M.; Colonel 57th Mass. Infantry;
Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.V.
- BARTON, THEODORE A.,
2d Lieut. 2d Mass. H.A.; 1st Lieut. 58th Mass. Infantry. Providence, R.I.
- * BASCOM, GUSTAVUS M.,
Captain A.D.C. Ohio Volunteers; Lieut. Colonel A.A.G.; Brevet Colonel U.S.V.; Captain
13th Infantry, U.S.A.
- BATCHELDER, JOHN T.,
1st Lieut. 1st Battalion Mass. H.A. Concord, N.H.
- BATCHELDER, MOULTON,
2d Lieut. 40th Mass. Infantry; 1st Lieut. 6th Infantry, M.V.M. Lawrence
- * BATES, CHARLES H.,
1st Lieut. 23d Mass. Infantry.
- * BATES, JAMES L.,
Colonel 12th Mass. Infantry.
- * BATES, JAMES W.,
In succession to Colonel James L. Bates.
- † BEAL, GEORGE L.,
Captain 1st Maine Infantry; Colonel 10th Maine Infantry; Colonel 29th Maine Infantry;
Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.V.
- BEAMAN, GEORGE W.,
Pay Director (retired) U.S.N. Cambridge.
- † BEAN, IRVING MCC.,
Captain 5th Wisconsin Infantry.

- BEAN, SIDNEY A.,
Son of Captain Irving McC. Bean. Boston.
- BEASLEY, JAMES W.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 40th Indiana Infantry. Boston.
- BECKER, ALEXANDER R.,
3d Class. Phoenix, Ariz.
- BECKFORD, WILLIAM A.,
1st Lieut. 8th N.H. Infantry. Bristol, N.H.
- BEDEE, EDWIN E.,
Captain 12th N.H. Infantry. Meredith, N.H.
- BELCHER, JOHN H.,
Captain, A.Q.M., U.S.V.; Major Q.M. (retired), U.S.A. Salem.
- BELKNAP, GEORGE E.,
Rear Admiral U.S.N. Brookline.
- † BELL, JOSEPH, MCC.,
1st Lieut. 2d N. Mex. Infantry; Captain, A.A.G., Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.
- BEMIS, WILLIAM W.,
2d Lieut. 16th Vermont Infantry. Swampscott.
- † BENEDICT, GEORGE G.,
2d Lieut. 12th Vermont Infantry.
- BENSON, ANDREW M.,
1st Lieut. 7th Maine Infantry; Captain 1st D.C. Cavalry; Captain 1st Maine Cavalry;
Brevet Major. Dorchester.
- BENT, FELTON,
Son of Major Luther S. Bent. Overbrook, Pa.
- BENT, LUTHER S.,
Major 18th Mass. Infantry. Overbrook, Pa.
- BERRY, A. HUN,
1st Lieut. Adjutant, 8th Infantry, M.V.M. Waltham.
- * BERTRAM, JOSEPH H. M.,
Major, Paymaster, U.S.V.
- BICKNELL, GEORGE W.,
1st Lieut. Adjutant, 5th Maine Infantry. Cambridgeport.
- BIGELOW, FRANK W.,
Captain 4th N.Y. Cavalry. Cambridge.
- † BIGELOW, JOHN,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Battery; 1st Lieut., Adjutant, 1st Battalion, Md. L.A.; Captain 9th Mass.
Battery; Brevet Major.
- BILLINGS, HENRY R.,
Captain 20th Conn. Infantry. Charlestown, N.H.
- BILLINGS, L. LORENZO,
1st Lieut. 35th U.S.C.T. Boston.
- BINNEY, AMOS,
By inheritance from Brevet Lieut. Colonel Amos Binney. Walpole.
- BIRD, LEWIS J.,
Captain 1st Unat. Co. Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- † BISHOP, HERBERT M.,
Asst. Surgeon 1st Conn. Cavalry.
- BIXBY, AUGUSTUS H.,
Captain 1st R.I. Cavalry; Captain 1st N.H. Cavalry; Brevet Major. Francetown, N.H.
- BLACKMAR, WILMON W.,
Captain 1st W. Va. Cavalry. Boston.
- BLAISDELL, FRANK,
By inheritance from Brevet Brigadier Gen'l William Blaisdell. Boston.
- * BLAKE, HENRY J.,
Lieut. U.S.N.

- * BLAKE, JAMES H.,
1st Lieut. 44th Infantry, M.V.M.
- BLAKESLEE, ERASTUS,
Colonel 1st Conn. Cavalry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Boston.
- * BLANCHARD, CLIFTON A.,
Captain 35th Mass. Infantry.
- * BLASLAND, EDWARD B.,
Major 33d Mass. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel.
- † BLISS, ZENAS R.,
Colonel 10th R.I. Infantry; Colonel 7th R.I. Infantry; Major General U.S.A.
- BLISS, ZENAS W.,
In succession to Major Gen'l Zenas R. Bliss, U.S.A. Providence, R.I.
- † BLODGETT, GARDNER S.,
Captain, A.Q.M., Brevet Major, U.S.A.
- † BLODGETT, PEARL D.,
Captain 10th Vermont Infantry; Captain 2d V.R.C.
- * BLUNT, ASA P.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 3d Vermont Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 6th Vermont Infantry; Colonel
12th Vermont Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l, Major, Q.M., U.S.A.
- * BODMAN, HENRY A.,
1st Lieut. 73d Illinois Infantry.
- BOLSTER, SOLOMON A.,
2d Lieut. 23d Maine Infantry. Roxbury.
- * BOND, NELSON F.,
Captain 31st Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major.
- * BOND, WILLIAM S.,
1st Lieut. 45th Infantry, M.V.M.
- BOOTH, GEORGE,
2d Lieut. 9th Mass. Battery. Santa Barbara, Cal.
- BOUTWELL, LESLIE B.,
Son of 1st Lieut. Nathan B. Boutwell North Cambridge.
- BOUTWELL, NATHAN B.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 13th N.H. Infantry. Boston.
- BOUVÉ, EDWARD T.,
1st Lieut. 32d Mass. Infantry; Captain 4th Mass. Cavalry; Major 26th N.Y. Cavalry. Boston.
- BOWDITCH, CHARLES P.,
Captain 55th Mass. Infantry; Captain 5th Mass. Cavalry. Boston.
- BOWDITCH, EDWARD,
By inheritance from 1st Lieut. Nathaniel Bowditch. Albany, N.Y.
- * BOWDITCH, HENRY I.,
3d Class.
- BOWEN, AMOS M.,
1st Lieut. 2d R.I. Infantry. Providence, R.I.
- BOWEN, WILLIAM M. P.,
Son of 1st Lieut. Amos M. Bowen. Providence, R.I.
- * BOWERS, CHARLES E.,
1st Lieut. 32d Mass. Infantry; 1st Lieut. 26th N.Y. Cavalry.
- * BOWERS, GEORGE,
Lieut. Colonel 13th N.H. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 10th V.R.C.
- BOYCE, HENRY H.,
Captain 45th Illinois Infantry. Mount Vernon, N.Y.
- BOYLE, JAMES,
2d Lieut. 37th N.Y. Infantry. Pittsfield.
- BRADLEY, WILLIAM,
Chaplain 40th Missouri Infantry. Boston.
- BRADY, GEORGE W.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 18th Conn. Infantry. New York.

- † BRAINERD, HERBERT,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 1st Vermont Cavalry.
- † BRAYTON, GEORGE M.,
Colonel 19th Infantry (retired) U.S.A.
- BRECK, EDWARD,
By inheritance from Acting Volunteer Lieut. Commander Joseph B. Breck, U.S.N. New York.
- * BRECK, JOHN L.,
By inheritance from Acting Volunteer Lieut. Commander Joseph B. Breck, U.S.N.
- BREWSTER, HENRY M.,
1st Lieut. 57th N.Y. Infantry; Captain 10th V.R.C.; Brevet Major. Springfield.
- * BRIGGS, HENRY S.,
Captain 8th Infantry, M.V.M.; Colonel 10th Mass. Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l U.S.V.
- BRIGGS, JAMES F.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 11th N.H. Infantry. Manchester, N.H.
- BRIGGS, JAMES W.,
2d Lieut. 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- BRODHEAD, GEORGE H.,
By inheritance from Brevet Lieut. Colonel Josiah A. Brodhead, U.S.A. Rochester, N.Y.
- * BROOKS, PHILLIPS,
3d Class.
- † BROOME, JOHN L.,
Lieut. Colonel U.S.M.C.
- BROWN, CHARLES H. C.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 7th U.S.C.T.; Brevet Captain. Boston.
- † BROWN, JOHN MARSHALL,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 20th Maine Infantry; Captain, A.A.G., U.S.V.; Lieut. Colonel, 32d Maine Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- BROWN, T. FREDERIC,
Captain 1st R.I.L.A.; Brevet Lieut. Colonel. Daytona, Florida.
- BROWN, WILLIAM H.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 11th Mass. Infantry. Marblehead.
- BROWNE, A. PARKER,
Major 40th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- BRUCE, GEORGE A.,
Captain 13th N.H. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel. Somerville.
- BRYANT, JOHN,
By inheritance from Surgeon Henry Bryant. Cohasset.
- BUBIER, JOSEPH A.,
Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Boston.
- BUCKLIN, JAMES T. P.,
Major 4th R.I. Infantry; Brevet Colonel. Providence, R.I.
- BUDLONG, JOHN C.,
Surgeon 3d R.I. Cavalry. Providence, R.I.
- * BUGBEE, SAMUEL H.,
1st Lieut. 18th Mass. Infantry.
- BULKELEY, MORGAN G.,
Private 13th H.A., N.Y.S.M.; by inheritance from Captain Charles E. Bulkeley Hartford, Conn.
- BULLOCK, WALTER J. D.,
By inheritance from 1st Lieut. Jesse D. Bullock. Fall River.
- BUMPUS, EVERETT C.,
1st Lieut. 3d Mass. H.A. Quincy.
- BUMSTEAD, HORACE,
Major 43d U.S.C.T. Atlanta, Ga.
- BUMSTEAD, N. WILLIS,
Captain 45th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.

- * BUNKER, DAVID T.,
Captain 33d Mass. Infantry; Major 3d Mass. Cavalry.
- BUNTON, HENRY S.,
Hospital Steward 7th N.H. Infantry; by inheritance from Surgeon Sylvanus Bunton.
Hyde Park.
- BURBANK, J. EDWARD,
Major, Paymaster (retired), U.S.A. Malden.
- * BURDON, LEVI L.,
2d Lieut. 5th R.I.H.A.
- * BURNHAM, ARTHUR H.,
Captain Engineers; Brevet Major U.S.A.
- BURNHAM, GEORGE H.,
2d Lieut. 9th R.I. Infantry. Providence, R.I.
- * BURNHAM, GEORGE S.,
Colonel 1st Conn. Infantry; Colonel 22d Conn. Infantry.
- * BURNHAM, JOHN H.,
Lieut. Colonel 16th Conn. Infantry.
- BURNHAM, JOSEPH H.,
1st Lieut. 30th Mass. Infantry. Lynn.
- BURNS, WALTER,
1st Lieut. 5th Conn. Infantry. Boston.
- * BURNSIDE, AMBROSE E.,
Colonel 1st Infantry, R.I.D.M.; Major Gen'l U.S.V.
- † BURPEE, LUCIEN F.,
By inheritance from Lieut. Colonel Thomas F. Burpee.
- * BURRELL, ISAAC S.,
Colonel 42d Infantry, M.V.M.
- † BURROUGHS, GEORGE T.,
Captain, C.S., Brevet Major, U.S.V.
- BURT, FREDERIC B.,
By inheritance from Major Edmund C. Burt. Providence, R.I.
- * BUSH, FRANCIS, JR.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 44th Infantry, M.V.M.
- BUTLER, WINTHROP,
Acting Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Vineyard Haven.
- * BUTTERWORTH, JAMES,
Chief Engineer U.S.N.
- BUTTERWORTH, JAMES F.,
In succession to Chief Engineer James Butterworth, U.S.N. Monson.
- CABOT, EDWARD C.,
Lieut. Colonel 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Brookline.
- CABOT, LOUIS,
2d Lieut. 1st Mass. Cavalry; Captain 2d Mass. Cavalry; Major 4th Mass. Cavalry. Brook-
line.
- CABOT, STEPHEN,
Major 1st Battalion Mass. H.A. Andover, Me.
- * CALEF, BENJAMIN S.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 2d U.S. Sharpshooters; Captain, A.D.C., U.S.V.
- * CAMPBELL, ANDREW, 2d,
Captain 46th Infantry, M.V.M.
- CAMPBELL, CHARLES A.,
2d Lieut. 40th Mass. Infantry. Chelsea.
- * CANDLER, WILLIAM L.,
1st Lieut. 1st Mass. Infantry; Captain, A.D.C., Brevet Colonel, U.S.V.
- CAPRON, ADIN B.,
1st Lieut. 2d R.I. Infantry; 1st Lieut. Signal Corps; Brevet Major. Stillwater, R.I.

- * CARLETON, CHARLES M.,
Surgeon 18th Conn. Infantry.
- CARNEY, GEORGE J.,
Captain, A.Q.M., U.S.V. Lowell.
- CARNEY, JAMES A.,
Son of Captain George J. Carney. Beardstown, Ill.
- * CARPENTER, CHARLES C.,
Rear Admiral U.S.N.
- * CARPENTER, GEORGE N.,
Captain 8th Vermont Infantry; Captain, C.S., U.S.V.
- CARRUTH, WILLIAM W.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 4th Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 6th Mass. Battery; Captain, A.A.G., U.S.V. Boston.
- CARRUTHERS, ROBERT,
Captain 24th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Roxbury.
- † CARTER, ROBERT G.,
1st Lieut. 4th Cavalry, U.S.A.
- CARTER, SOLON A.,
Captain 14th N.H. Infantry; Captain, A.A.G., Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V. Concord, N.H.
- CHALMERS, JAMES C.,
1st Lieut. 37th Mass. Infantry. Adams.
- * CHAMBERLAIN, CYRUS N.,
Surgeon 10th Massachusetts Infantry; Surgeon, Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.
- † CHAMBERLAIN, JOSHUA L.,
Colonel 20th Maine Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major General, U.S.V.
- CHAMBERLAIN, ROBERT H.,
Captain 60th Infantry, M.V.M. Worcester.
- CHAMBERLAIN, SAMUEL E.,
1st Lieut. 3d Infantry, M.V.M.; Colonel 1st Mass. Cavalry; Colonel 5th Mass. Cavalry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Barre Plains.
- * CHAMBERLAIN, VALENTINE B.,
Captain 7th Conn. Infantry.
- CHAMBRÉ, A. ST. JOHN,
Chaplain 1st N.J. Infantry; Chaplain 8th N.J. Infantry. Lowell.
- † CHANDLER, JOHN G.,
Colonel, A.Q.M.G. (retired), U.S.A.
- * CHANDLER, SAMUEL E.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 7th Missouri Cavalry.
- † CHAPLIN, WINFIELD S.,
2d Lieut. 5th Artillery, U.S.A. By inheritance from Brevet Brigadier Gen'l Daniel Chaplin.
- CHAPMAN, C. HENRY,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 5th R.I.H.A.; 2d Lieut. 39th Mass. Infantry; Captain 41st U.S.C.T. Providence, R.I.
- CHAPMAN, GEORGE D.,
Colonel 5th Conn. Infantry. Middletown, Conn.
- CHASE, FRANKLIN A.,
Captain 4th R.I. Infantry. Providence, R.I.
- CHASE, PHILIP S.,
2d Lieut. 1st R.I.H.A. Providence, R.I.
- † CHENEY, EDWARD M.,
1st Lieut. 33d Mass. Infantry.
- CHENEY, FRANK W.,
Lieut. Colonel 16th Conn. Infantry. So. Manchester, Conn.
- CHENEY, PERSON C.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 13th N.H. Infantry. Manchester, N.H.
- CHILD, BENJAMIN H.,
2d Lieut. 1st R.I.L.A. Providence, R.I.

- CHILD, THOMAS,
1st Lieut. 32d Me. Infantry; 1st Lieut. 31st Me. Infantry; Brevet Captain. Providence R.I.
- CHITTENDEN, ALBERT A.,
2d Lieut. 6th Infantry, M.V.M. Dorchester.
- CHURCHILL, ASAPH,
In succession to Acting Ensign Gardner A. Churchill. Milton.
- * CHURCHILL, GARDNER A.,
Acting Ensign U.S.N.
- CHURCHILL, THOMAS L.,
Acting 1st Asst. Engineer, U.S.N. Chelsea.
- CLARK, CHARLES P.,
Acting Volunteer Lieut. U.S.N. New Haven, Conn.
- CLARK, C. PETER,
Son of Acting Volunteer Lieut. Charles P. Clark. Newton Highlands.
- CLARK, EDWARD L.,
Chaplain 12th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- * CLARK, EDWIN C.,
2d Lieut. 27th Mass. Infantry; 1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 52d Infantry, M.V.M.
- CLARK, JOHN H.,
Medical Director U.S.N. Washington, D.C.
- * CLARK, JOSEPH B.,
Captain 11th N.H. Infantry.
- CLARK, JOSEPH H.,
Captain 1st Mass. H.A. Boston.
- CLARK, JULIUS S.,
Captain 80th U.S.C.T.; Brevet Major. Melrose.
- CLARK, LINUS E.,
Captain 61st Mass. Infantry. Charlestown.
- * CLARK, RANDOLPH M.,
1st Lieut. 1st Mass. Cavalry.
- CLARKE, ALBERT,
1st Lieut. 13th Vermont Infantry. Wellesley Hills.
- CLARKE, AUGUSTUS P.,
Surgeon 6th N.Y. Cavalry. Cambridgeport.
- * CLARKE, FRANK,
Paymaster U.S.N.
- * CLARKE, THOMAS W.,
Captain 29th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major.
- CLARKE, WILLIAM B.,
In succession to Pay Director Adolphus E. Watson, U.S.N. Boston.
- CLARKE, WILLIAM E.,
1st Lieut. 11th R.I. Infantry. Providence, R.I.
- CLOYES, LOTHROP J.,
1st Lieut. 12th Vermont Infantry. Cambridge.
- * COBB, WILLIAM S.,
Captain 3d Infantry, M.V.M.
- COBURN, CHARLES H.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 6th Infantry, M.V.M.; 1st Lieut., R.C.S., 1st U.S.C. Cavalry. Lowell.
- COCHRANE, WILLIAM H. D.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 10th N.H. Infantry; Major, Q.M., Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.
Nashua, N.H.
- CODMAN, CHARLES R.,
Colonel 45th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- COGSWELL, THOMAS,
Captain 15th N.H. Infantry. Gilmanton Iron Works, N.H.
- * COGSWELL, WILLIAM,
Colonel 2d Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.

- COGSWELL, WILLIAM,
Surgeon 8th Mass. Infantry (1898); Surgeon 46th Infantry, U.S.V. In succession to Brevet
Brigadier Gen'l William Cogswell. Manila, P.I.
- * COIT, CHARLES M.,
Captain 8th Conn. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel.
- COLBY, EDWARD P.,
Acting Asst. Surgeon, U.S.N. Boston.
- † COLLINS, WILLIAM A.,
Captain 10th Wisconsin Infantry.
- COMEY, HENRY N.,
Captain 2d Mass. Infantry. Lynn.
- COOK, ASA M.,
Major 1st Battery, M.V.M. Reading.
- COOK, HENRY C.,
2d Lieut. 2d R.I. Infantry; Colonel 5th Infantry (retired), U.S.A. Fall River.
- * COOK, JOHN H.,
1st Lieut. 57th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major.
- COOKE, ALBERT W.,
Captain 57th Mass. Infantry. Malden.
- COOKE, JOHN S.,
Captain 26th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel. North Brookfield.
- COOLEY, N. SAXTON,
2d Lieut. 46th Infantry, M.V.M. Windsor Locks, Conn.
- † COOLEY, SHERMAN P.,
Captain 27th Mass. Infantry.
- COPELAND, CHARLES F.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 16th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- COPP, CHARLES D.,
Captain 9th N.H. Infantry. Clinton.
- COPP, ELBRIDGE J.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 3d N.H. Infantry. Nashua, N.H.
- * CORSE, JOHN M.,
Colonel 6th Iowa Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.V.
- COULTER, WILLIAM J.,
1st Lieut. 15th Mass. Infantry. Clinton.
- COWLES, EDWARD,
Captain, Asst. Surgeon, U.S.A. Waverley.
- CRAIG, GEORGE E.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 13th Mass. Infantry. Walpole.
- CREASEY, GEORGE W.,
Captain 35th Mass. Infantry. Chelsea.
- * CREHORE, CHARLES F.,
Surgeon 37th Mass. Infantry.
- CREHORE, FREDERICK M.,
In succession to Surgeon Charles F. Crehore. Newton Lower Falls.
- CROCKER, FREDERICK,
Acting Volunteer Lieut. Commander U.S.N. Montevideo, S.A.
- CROSBY, C. FREDERICK,
In succession to 1st Lieut. John W. Crosby. New York.
- * CROSBY, JOHN W.,
1st Lieut. 5th N.H. Infantry.
- CROSBY, STEPHEN M.,
Major, Paymaster, Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V. Boston.
- † CROSS, DANIEL K.,
1st Lieut. 5th N.H. Infantry; Captain, A.D.C., Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.
- CROSS, HENRY M.,
Captain 59th Mass. Infantry. New York.

- * CROSSMAN, ROBERT, 2 D,
1st Lieut. 3d Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 58th Mass. Infantry.
- * CROWNINSHIELD, BENJAMIN W.,
Captain 1st Mass. Cavalry; Brevet Colonel.
- * CROWNINSHIELD, CASPAR,
Captain 20th Mass. Infantry; Captain 1st Mass. Cavalry; Colonel 2d Mass. Cavalry; Brevet
Brigadier Gen'l.
- CUMMINGS, SILAS S.,
Chaplain 4th R.I. Infantry. Somerville.
- CUMSTON, JAMES S.,
2d Lieut. 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- * CUNDY, WILLIAM H.,
Captain 40th Mass. Infantry; Captain 2d V.R.C.
- * CUNNINGHAM, JAMES A.,
Lieut. Colonel 32d Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- CURRIER, CHARLES A.,
Captain 40th Mass. Infantry. Chelsea.
- CURRIER, CHARLES O.,
Son of Captain Charles A. Currier. Chelsea.
- CURTICE, GROVENOR A.,
Captain 7th N.H. Infantry. Contoocook, N.H.
- CURTIS, CALEB A.,
Acting Master U.S.N. Boston.
- CURTIS, HALL,
Asst. Surgeon 24th Mass. Infantry; Surgeon 2d Mass. H.A. Boston.
- CURTIS, JAMES F.,
Major 2d Cal. Infantry; Colonel 4th Cal. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Boston.
- CURTIS, JOHN S.,
Son of Surgeon Hall Curtis. Boston.
- CUSHING, HARRY C.,
Captain 4th Artillery; Major (retired) U.S.A. Asheville, N.C.
- * CUSHING, HENRY G.,
1st Lieut. 8th N.H. Infantry.
- † CUTTER, GEORGE F.,
Paymaster Gen'l U.S.N.
- CUTTER, JOHN C.,
By inheritance from Surgeon Calvin Cutter. Worcester.
- CUTTING, WALTER,
1st Lieut. 30th N.Y. Infantry; Major, A.D.C., Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V. Pittsfield.
- CUTTING, WALTER L.,
Son of Brevet Lieut. Colonel Walter Cutting. Pittsfield.
- * DABNEY, CHARLES W.,
Major 44th Infantry, M.V.M.
- DABNEY, LEWIS S.,
Captain 2d Mass. Cavalry. Boston.
- * DALAND, EDWARD F.,
Captain 45th Infantry, M.V.M.
- DALAND, JOHN,
Captain 24th Mass. Infantry. Salem.
- DALAND, JOHN, JR.,
Son of Captain John Daland. Salem.
- DALAND, TUCKER,
In succession to Captain Edward F. Daland. Brookline.
- DALE, WILLIAM J.,
3d Class (Surgeon General M.V.M.). No. Andover.
- DALTON, HENRY R.,
2d Lieut. 1st Mass. H.A.; Major, A.A.G., U.S.V. Boston.

- DALTON, SAMUEL,
1st Lieut. 1st Mass. H.A. Boston
- DAME, LUTHER,
Captain 11th Mass. Infantry; Captain 3d Unat. Co. Infantry, M.V.M. Newburyport.
- DAVIS, CHARLES G.,
Major 1st Mass. Cavalry. Boston.
- DAVIS, CHARLES H.,
Captain, C.S., Brevet Major, U.S.V. Worcester.
- DAVIS, GEORGE T.,
Commander (retired) U.S.N. Asheville, N.C.
- * DAVIS, PHINEAS A.,
Captain 7th Mass. Battery; Major, A.A.G., Brevet Colonel, U.S.V.
- DAVIS, SAMUEL A.,
Surgeon 30th Mass. Infantry. Charlestown.
- † DAVIS, WALTER S.,
Captain 22d Mass. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel.
- DEANE, JAMES R.,
Acting Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Newton Highlands.
- DEANE, JOHN M.,
2d Lieut. 3d Infantry, M.V.M.; Major 29th Mass. Infantry. Fall River.
- DEARBORN, JOHN G.,
Acting Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Charlestown.
- DEARBORN, SAM G.,
Surgeon 8th N.H. Infantry. Nashua, N.H.
- * DEARBORNE, FRED M.,
Surgeon U.S.N.
- † DENISON, DAVID S.,
1st Lieut. 5th Artillery, U.S.A.
- * DENNETT, JOSEPH G.,
Acting 2d Asst. Engineer U.S.N.
- DENNY, ARTHUR B.,
Lieut. U.S.N. (1898). In succession to Captain George P. Denny. Chestnut Hill.
- * DENNY, GEORGE P.,
Captain 45th Infantry, M.V.M.
- DENNY, JAMES H.,
Asst. Surgeon 2d Mass. H.A. Boston.
- DENNY, J. WALDO,
3d Lieut. 6th Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 25th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- DERBY, ISAAC W.,
2d Lieut. 1st V.R.C. Boston.
- † DE VALIN, CHARLES E.,
Chief Engineer U.S.N.
- * DEVENS, CHARLES,
Major 3d Battalion Rifles, M.V.M.; Colonel 15th Mass. Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.V.
- * DEVENS, EDWARD F.,
2d Lieut. 3d Battalion Rifles, M.V.M.; Acting Volunteer Lieut. Commander U.S.N.
- † DEWEY, EDWARD,
Captain, A.Q.M., U.S.V.
- DEWEY, HENRY S.,
In succession to Major Israel O. Dewey, U.S.A. Boston.
- DEWING, PAUL F.,
Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N. North Cambridge.
- DEWS, EDWIN,
2d Lieut. 9th N.Y. Infantry; Captain 3d Mass. H.A.; Brevet Major. Boston.
- DEWSON, FRANCIS A.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 45th Infantry, M.V.M. Newtonville.

- * DILLINGHAM, JAMES S., JR.,
Acting Master U.S.N.
- DIMICK, ORLEND O W.,
Captain 11th N.H. Infantry. Watertown.
- DIMON, CHARLES A. R.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 30th Mass. Infantry; Major 2d La. Infantry; Colonel 1st U.S. Volunteers; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Lowell.
- * DODGE, JAMES G. C.,
Captain 19th Mass. Infantry; Major 61st Mass. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel.
- DODGE, THEODORE A.,
1st Lieut. 101st N.Y. Infantry; 1st Lieut., Adjutant, 119th N.Y. Infantry; Major 23d V.R.C.; Brevet Colonel, Captain (retired); Brevet Lieut. Colonel U.S.A. New York.
- DOLLARD, ROBERT,
2d Lieut. 23d Mass. Infantry; Major 2d U.S. Colored Cavalry. Scotland, S.D.
- * DONALDSON, JAMES L.,
Colonel, A.Q.M.G., (retired) Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.A.
- DONLEY, MICHAEL P.,
Captain 3d N.H. Infantry. East Rindge, N.H.
- † DONNELL, WILLIAM E.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 20th Maine Infantry; Brevet Major.
- * DONOHOE, MICHAEL T.,
Captain 3d N.H. Infantry; Colonel 10th N.H. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- DORR, HENRY G.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 8th Tenn. Cavalry; 1st Lieut. 4th Mass. Cavalry. Boston.
- * DORR, JOHN,
1st Lieut. 60th Infantry, M.V.M.
- DORR, JOHN,
In succession to 1st Lieut. John Dorr. Brookline.
- DOTEN, FREDERICK B.,
Captain 14th Conn. Infantry. Chicopee.
- DOUGLAS, WILLIAM W.,
Captain 5th R.I.H.A. Providence, R.I.
- DOW, ALBERT F.,
2d Lieut. 4th Infantry, M.V.M. Fall River.
- DOWNS, HENRY W.,
2d Lieut. 8th Vermont Infantry. Boston.
- DRAKE, GEORGE B.,
2d Lieut. 12th Mass. Infantry; 1st Lieut. 6th Infantry, U.S.A.; Lieut. Colonel, A.A.G., Brevet Brigadier Gen'l, U.S.V. Boston.
- DRAKE, SAMUEL ADAMS,
Lieut. Colonel 17th Kansas Infantry. Kennebunkport, Me.
- DRAPER, FRANK W.,
Captain 39th U.S.C.T. Boston.
- DRAPER, WILLIAM F.,
1st Lieut. 25th Mass. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 36th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Hopedale.
- DRAPER, WILLIAM F., JR.,
Son of Brevet Brigadier Gen'l William F. Draper. New York.
- DRENNAN, JAMES M.,
Captain 25th Mass. Infantry. Worcester.
- DREW, CHARLES H.,
Captain 18th Mass. Infantry; Captain 11th V.R.C. Brookline.
- DREW, JEREMIAH D.,
Captain 1st N.H. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 4th N.H. Infantry. Lawrence.
- DRIVER, WILLIAM R.,
1st Lieut. 19th Mass. Infantry; Major, A.A.G., Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V. Beverly.
- DRURY, WILLIAM P.,
1st Lieut. 1st Mass. Infantry; Captain 61st Mass. Infantry. Chelsea.

- DUCHESNEY, LOUIS N.,
 1st Lieut. 1st Mass. Cavalry; Captain 26th N.Y. Cavalry. Lawrence.
- * DUDLEY, ALBION M.,
 1st Lieut. 58th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Captain.
- DUDLEY, NATHAN A. M.,
 Colonel 30th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l; Colonel, 1st Cavalry (retired), U.S.A. Roxbury.
- † DUFFIELD, HENRY M.,
 1st Lieut., Adjutant, 9th Mich. Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l U.S.V. (1898).
- DUNCAN, ALBERT G.,
 In succession to Captain Samuel W. Duncan. Brookline.
- * DUNCAN, SAMUEL W.,
 Captain 50th Infantry, M.V.M.
- * DUNN, MONCENA,
 Major 19th Mass. Infantry.
- DUTTON, GEORGE W.,
 Major 9th Mass. Infantry. Stoughton.
- DUTTON, SAMUEL L.,
 Asst. Surgeon 1st Mass. H.A.; Surgeon 40th Mass. Infantry. Newton Centre.
- DU VILLARD, HENRY A.,
 By inheritance from 1st Lieut. John A. Du Villard, U.S.A. Providence, R.I.
- * DWIGHT, G. LYMAN,
 1st Lieut. 1st R.I.L.A.
- DWIGHT, HENRY C.,
 Captain 27th Mass. Infantry. Hartford, Conn.
- * DYER, ELISHA,
 Captain 10th R.I. Infantry.
- DYER, ELISHA,
 Sergeant 1st Infantry, R.I.D.M. In succession to Captain Elisha Dyer. Providence, R.I.
- DYER, GEORGE B.,
 Major 9th Maine Infantry; Brevet Colonel. Dorchester.
- * DYER, J. FRANKLIN,
 Surgeon 19th Mass. Infantry.
- DYER, N. MAYO,
 Captain U.S.N. Melrose.
- EAGER, CHARLES H.,
 Captain 15th Mass. Infantry. Newton.
- EASTON, FERGUS A.,
 2d Lieut. 6th N.Y. Cavalry. Worcester.
- EDDY, DARIUS F.,
 2d Lieut. 42d Infantry, M.V.M. Dorchester.
- EDES, ROBERT T.,
 Passed Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Jamaica Plain.
- EDGERLY, J. HOMER,
 Captain 3d N.H. Infantry; Brevet Major. Boston.
- EDGETT, ISAAC H.,
 1st Lieut. 23d Mass. Infantry. Beverly.
- * EDMANDS, J. CUSHING,
 Colonel 32d Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- EDMANDS, THOMAS F.,
 Lieut. Colonel 24th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Colonel. Boston.
- EDSON, P. O'MEARA,
 Asst. Surgeon 1st Vermont Cavalry; Surgeon 17th Vermont Infantry. Roxbury.
- EDWARDS, JOHN C.,
 By inheritance from Brevet Colonel Lewis A. Edwards, U.S.A. Boston.
- ELDREDGE, DANIEL,
 1st Lieut. 3d N.H. Infantry. Boston.

- ELDREDGE, WILLIAM D.,
Son of 1st Lieut. Daniel Eldredge. Boston.
- ELDRIDGE, JAMES W.,
1st Lieut. 23d U.S.C.T. Hartford, Conn.
- † ELLIOTT, HENRY H., JR.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 9th N.Y. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 1st La. Infantry.
- ELLIS, JAMES M.,
2d Lieut. 2d Mass. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel, Chief C.S., U.S.V. Roxbury.
- ELLIS, S. CLARENCE,
1st Lieut. 45th Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 2d Mass. H.A. Boston.
- * ELLIS, THEODORE G.,
Colonel 14th Conn. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- * ELLIS, W. IRVING,
1st Lieut. 2d R.I. Infantry; Captain C.S.; Brevet Major U.S.V.
- * ELWELL, CHARLES W.,
Captain 34th Mass. Infantry.
- ELY, WILLIAM G.,
1st Lieut. 1st Conn. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 6th Conn. Infantry; Colonel 18th Conn. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Norwich, Conn.
- EMMERTON, CHARLES S.,
1st Lieut. 23d Mass. Infantry. Peabody.
- * EMMERTON, JAMES A.,
Asst. Surgeon 23d Mass. Infantry; Surgeon 2d Mass. H.A.
- * EMMONS, GEORGE W.,
Captain 3d N.H. Infantry.
- EMMONS, J. FRANK,
2d Lieut. 45th Infantry, M.V.M. New York.
- ENDICOTT, WILLIAM,
3d Class. Boston.
- ESTABROOKS, HENRY L.,
2d Lieut. 26th Mass. Infantry. Wollaston.
- † EVANS, ROBLEY D.,
Captain U.S.N.
- * EVERETT, EDWARD F.,
2d Lieut. 2d Mass. H.A.
- † EWERS, EZRA P.,
Colonel 10th Infantry, U.S.A.; Brigadier Gen'l U.S.V. (1898).
- EWING, WILLIAM D.,
1st Lieut. Weaver's Ind. Co. Pa. Cavalry. Easton, Pa.
- † FAGAN, LOUIS E.,
Captain U.S.M.C.
- FAIRCHILD, CHARLES,
1st Lieut. 1st Wis. Infantry; Asst. Paymaster U.S.N. New York.
- FAIRCHILD, CHARLES N.,
Son of Asst. Paymaster Charles Fairchild. New York.
- † FAIRFAX, DONALD MacN.,
Rear Admiral U.S.N.
- FARENHOLT, AMMEN,
Passed Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Son of Captain Oscar W. Farenholt, U.S.N. U.S.S. "Concord."
- FARENHOLT, OSCAR W.,
Captain U.S.N. Cavite, P.I.
- † FARNHAM, AUGUSTUS B.,
Captain 2d Maine Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 16th Maine Infantry; Brevet Colonel.
- † FARNSWORTH, CHARLES,
By inheritance from Major Charles Farnsworth.

- † FARRAR, HENRY W.,
1st Lieut. 7th Maine Infantry; Captain, A.D.C., Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.
- FAY, FRANKLIN B.,
3d Class. Chelsea.
- FEARING, GEORGE R.,
Captain A.D.C., Brevet Major U.S.V. Newport, R.I.
- FENTON, CHARLES,
Captain 21st Conn. Infantry. Middletown, Conn.
- † FERGUSON, EDWARD,
2d Lieut. 1st Wis. Infantry.
- FERRIS, ALEXANDER M.,
Captain 30th Mass. Infantry. Newton.
- FERRIS, WILLIAM M.,
Son of Captain Alexander M. Ferris. Newton.
- FESSENDEN, ANSON D.,
Captain 53d Infantry, M.V.M. Townsend.
- † FESSENDEN, FRANCIS,
Colonel 25th Maine Infantry; Colonel 30th Maine Infantry; Major Gen'l U.S.V.; Brigadier Gen'l (retired) U.S.A.
- † FESSENDEN, JAMES D.,
Captain 2d U.S. Sharpshooters; Colonel, A.A.D.C.; Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.V.
- FIELD, BENJAMIN F.,
2d Lieut. 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Northfield.
- FIELD, JOSEPH F.,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. H.A. Hartford, Conn.
- FIELD, LUCIUS,
2d Lieut. 36th Mass. Infantry. Clinton.
- * FIELD, SAMUEL H.,
By inheritance from Chaplain Samuel W. Field.
- FILLEBROWN, CHARLES B.,
1st Lieut. 29th Maine Infantry; Brevet Captain. Newton.
- * FISH, DYER B. N.,
Surgeon 27th Mass. Infantry.
- FISHER, CALVIN G.,
Captain 1st Regiment Mississippi Marine Brigade. Boston.
- FISHER, EDWARD T.,
2d Lieut. 139th N.Y. Infantry. Berkshire.
- FISHER, HORACE N.,
1st Lieut. 1st Middle Tenn. Cavalry; Lieut. Colonel, A.I.G., U.S.V. Brookline.
- * FISKE, EDWARD A.,
Major 30th Mass. Infantry.
- FISKE, GEORGE A., JR.,
1st Lieut. 3d Mass. Cavalry; Major, Paymaster, U.S.V. Boston.
- FISKE, JOSEPH E.,
Captain 2d Mass. H.A. Wellesley Hills.
- * FISKE, WILLIAM O.,
Colonel 1st La. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- † FITCH, HENRY W.,
Chief Engineer U.S.N.
- † FITCH, WILLIAM G.,
1st Lieut. 4th Conn. Infantry; 1st Lieut. 2d Infantry (retired), U.S.A.
- * FITZ GIBBON, THOMAS A.,
By inheritance from Major Thomas C. Fitz Gibbon.
- † FLAGLER, DANIEL W.,
Brigadier Gen'l, Chief of Ordnance, U.S.A.

- FLETCHER, GEORGE A.
Captain 56th Mass. Infantry. Milton.
- FLETCHER, JOHN W.,
2d Lieut. 43d Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 36th U.S.C.T. Boston.
- † FLETCHER, WILLIAM,
Captain 20th Infantry (retired), U.S.A.
- FOLLANSBEE, GEORGE S.,
Captain 1st Mass. H.A. Charlestown.
- FOLSOM, NORTON,
Surgeon, 45th U.S.C.T., Brevet Lieut. Colonel. Cambridge.
- * FORBES, JOHN M.,
3d Class.
- FORBES, RALPH E.,
In succession to Lieut. Colonel William H. Forbes. Milton.
- * FORBES, WILLIAM H.,
1st Lieut. 1st Mass. Cavalry; Lieut. Colonel 2d Mass. Cavalry.
- FORD, AUGUSTUS,
Captain 42d Infantry, M.V.M. Dorchester.
- † FORSYTH, L. CASS,
Lieut. Colonel, D.Q.M.G (retired), U.S.A.
- FOSTER, CHARLES C.,
Surgeon 5th Mass. Infantry (1898). By inheritance from 1st Lieut. Charles F. Foster. Cambridge.
- FOSTER, THEODORE S.,
Lieut. Colonel 21st Mass. Infantry. Watertown.
- FOWLE, WILLIAM B.,
Captain 43d Infantry, M.V.M. Auburndale.
- * FOX, CHARLES B.,
1st Lieut. 13th Mass. Infantry; 1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Cavalry; Lieut. Colonel 55th Mass. Infantry. Brevet Colonel.
- * FOX, CHARLES L.
In succession to Asst. Surgeon Lorenzo S. Fox. Lowell.
- FOX, JAMES A.,
Captain 13th Mass. Infantry. Cambridge.
- FOX, JOHN A.,
1st Lieut. Adjutant, 2d Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Boston.
- * FOX, LORENZO S.,
Asst. Surgeon, 26th Mass. Infantry.
- FOX, WILLIAM H.,
In succession to Asst. Surgeon Lorenzo S. Fox. Lowell.
- * FRANCIS, EBEN,
Chaplain, 127th N.Y. Infantry.
- FRANCES, E. CHARLES,
In succession to Chaplain Eben Francis. Woonsocket, R.I.
- * FRANCIS, JAMES,
Major 2d Mass. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel.
- FRANKLE, JONES,
Major 17th Mass. Infantry; Colonel 2d Mass. H.A.; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Haverhill.
- * FRENCH, LYMAN P.,
1st Lieut. U.S.M.C.
- * FROST, CARLTON P.,
Surgeon 15th Vermont Infantry.
- FROTHINGHAM, NATHANIEL L.,
In succession to 1st Lieut. Ward B. Frothingham. Boston.
- * FROTHINGHAM, WARD B.,
1st Lieut. 59th Mass. Infantry.

- † FRY, ALFRED BROOKS,
By inheritance from Brevet Major Thomas W. G. Fry.
- FULLER, CHARLES A.,
2d Lieut. 11th Maine Infantry. Brookline.
- FULLER, CHARLES E.,
Lieut. Colonel, Chief Q.M., U.S.V. Boston.
- FULLER, CHARLES J.,
Captain 13th Conn. Infantry. Hartford, Conn.
- * FULLER, HENRY W.,
1st Lieut. 1st N.H. Infantry; 1st Lieut., Adjutant, 4th N.H. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 16th
N.H. Infantry; Colonel 75th U.S.C.T.; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- * GAFNEY, CHARLES B.,
1st Lieut. 13th N.H. Infantry.
- * GALBRAITH, FREDERIC W.,
2d Lieut. 3d Maine Infantry; Captain, A.D.C., Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.
- GALLOUPE, FRANCIS E.,
Son of Brevet Lieut. Colonel Isaac F. Galloupe. Boston.
- GALLOUPE, ISAAC F.,
Surgeon 17th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel. Lynn.
- GALUCIA, WARREN B.,
Captain 56th Mass. Infantry. Dedham.
- * GANSEVOORT, HENRY S.,
Captain 5th Artillery, U.S.A.; Colonel 13th N.Y. Cavalry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- † GARDINER, ROBERT H.,
By inheritance from Brevet Lieut. Colonel John W. T. Gardiner, U.S.A.
- * GARDNER, HARRISON,
1st Lieut. 45th Infantry, M.V.M.
- † GARDNER, HEZEKIAH,
Captain 100th Illinois Infantry; Captain, V.R.C.; Captain (retired) U.S.A.; Brevet Lieut.
Colonel U.S.V.
- * GELRAY, JOSEPH W.,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Infantry; Captain 57th Mass. Infantry; Major 4th Mass. H.A.; Cap-
tain (retired), Brevet Lieut. Colonel U.S.A.
- GIDDINGS, EDWARD L.,
Captain 40th Mass. Infantry. Beverly.
- † GIFFORD, FREDERICK S.,
1st Lieut. 3d Mass. H.A.
- GILBERT, DANIEL D.,
Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Dorchester.
- GILE, WILLIAM A.,
Captain 18th N.H. Infantry; Captain 117th U.S.C.T. Worcester.
- GILE, WILLIAM W.,
Son of Captain William A. Gile. Boston.
- GILES, ISAAC W.,
2d Lieut. 7th Mass. Infantry. New Bedford.
- GILES, JOSEPH J.,
1st Lieut. 39th Mass. Infantry. Somerville.
- † GILLESPIE, GEORGE L.,
Colonel Engineers U.S.A.; Brigadier Gen'l U.S.V. (1898).
- GILMORE, HOMER G.,
Capt. 10th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Springfield.
- GLEASON, DANIEL H. L.,
Captain 1st Mass. Cavalry. Natick.
- † GODDARD, HENRY P.,
2d Lieut., 2d N.Y. Cavalry; Captain 14th Conn. Infantry.
- GODDARD, ROBERT H. I.,
Captain, A.D.C., Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V. Providence, R.I.

- GODDARD, WILLIAM,
Major 1st Infantry, R.I.D.M.; Brevet Colonel. Providence, R.I.
- GOFF, NATHAN, JR.,
Lieut. Colonel 2d R.I. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 22d U.S.C.T.; Colonel 37th U.S.C.T.;
Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Warren, R.I.
- GOLDSMITH, SANFORD K.,
Captain 59th Mass. Infantry. Andover.
- GOODELL, HENRY H.,
1st Lieut. 25th Conn. Infantry. Amherst.
- GOODELL, JOHN B.,
Captain 51st Infantry, M.V.M. Worcester.
- GOODRICH, IRA B.,
1st Lieut. 21st Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- * GORDON, GEORGE H.,
Colonel 2d Mass. Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.V.
- † GOULD, EZRA P.,
2d Lieut. 55th Mass. Infantry; Major 59th Mass. Infantry.
- * GOULD, FRANCIS,
1st Lieut. 40th N.Y. Infantry.
- GOULD, J. HENRY,
Captain 3d R.I.H.A. Boston.
- † GOULDING, JOSEPH H.,
1st Lieut. 6th U.S.C.T.
- GOVE, WESLEY A.,
Captain 3d Mass. Cavalry. East Boston.
- GRAGG, ISAAC P.,
1st Lieut. 61st Mass. Infantry; Brevet Captain. Boston.
- * GRANGER, JAMES N.,
1st Lieut. 2d R.I. Infantry.
- GRANT, CHARLES E.,
Captain 55th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Worcester.
- GRANTMAN, WILLIAM,
Lieut. Colonel 13th N.H. Infantry. Chelsea.
- GRAVES, CYRUS E.,
Captain 33d Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Melbourne Beach, Fla.
- GRAY, CHARLES C.,
2d Lieut. 1st R.I.L.A. Providence, R.I.
- † GRAY, F. EDWARD,
Captain 37th Mass. Infantry.
- GRAY, JOHN C.,
2d Lieut. 3d Mass. Cavalry; Major, Judge Advocate, U.S.V. Boston.
- * GREELEY, MOSES R.,
Asst. Surgeon 3d Minnesota Infantry.
- GREEN, CHARLES L.,
Asst. Surgeon 51st Infantry, Pa. Militia; Passed Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Providence, R.I.
- GREEN, MILBREY,
2d Lieut. 1st Mass. Battery; 1st Lieut. 10th Mass. Battery; Brevet Major. Boston.
- GREENE, LEVI R.,
1st Asst. Engineer U.S.N. Cambridge.
- † GREENOUGH, GEORGE G.,
Major 7th Artillery, U.S.A.
- GREENOUGH, WILLIAM S.,
Captain 18th N.H. Infantry; Brevet Major. Wakefield.
- GRIER, MATTHEW C.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 82d Pa. Infantry; 1st Lieut. 3d Pa. H.A.; 1st Lieut. 4th Artillery,
U.S.A. Malden.

- GRIFFIN, CHARLES L.,
 Son of Brevet Major General Simon G. Griffin. New York.
- GRIFFIN, SIMON G.,
 Captain 2d N.H. Infantry; Colonel 6th N.H. Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.V. Keene, N.H.
- * GRIFFIN, WILLIAM F.,
 Captain 49th U.S.C.T.
- GRIMES, JAMES F.,
 Captain 17th Infantry, Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.A. Hillsboro' Bridge, N.H.
- GRIMES, JAMES W.,
 Son of Brevet Lieut. Colonel James F. Grimes, U.S.A. Reading.
- GRINNELL, H. WALTON,
 Acting Volunteer Lieut. U.S.N.; Lieut. U.S.N. (1898). Boston.
- * GUINEY, PATRICK R.,
 Colonel 9th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- GUSHEE, EDWARD M.,
 Chaplain 9th N.H. Infantry. Cambridgeport.
- * HADDOCK, CHARLES,
 Surgeon 8th Infantry, M.V.M.
- † HAINES, HENRY C.,
 Major U.S.M.C. In succession to Brevet Brigadier Gen'l Thomas J. Haines, U.S.A.
- * HAINES, THOMAS J.,
 Major, C.S., Brevet Brigadier Gen'l, U.S.A.
- † HALE, CLAYTON,
 Lieut. Colonel 59th Illinois Infantry; Captain 16th Infantry (retired), Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.A.
- HALE, EDWARD EVERETT,
 3d Class. Boston.
- HALE, HENRY A.,
 Captain 19th Mass. Infantry; Captain, A.A.G., Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V. Salem.
- HALL, ARTHUR W.,
 Son of Captain Daniel Hall. Dover, N.H.
- HALL, DANIEL,
 Captain, A.D.C., U.S.V. Dover, N.H.
- HALL, EDWARD H.,
 Chaplain 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Cambridge.
- HALL, HAMILTON W.,
 Captain 59th Illinois Infantry. St. Louis, Mo.
- * HALL, HENRY T.,
 First Lieut. 34th Mass. Infantry.
- HALL, JAMES L.,
 1st Lieut. 1st Mass. H.A. Kingston.
- * HALL, THERON E.,
 1st Lieut., Adjutant, 21st Mass. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel, C.Q.M., Brevet Colonel, U.S.V.
- HALLADAY, CHARLES S.,
 Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N. Brookline.
- HALLADAY, HENRY G.,
 Son of Acting Asst. Paymaster Charles S. Halladay. Brookline.
- HALLETT, DANIEL B.,
 Acting Ensign U.S.N. Boston.
- * HALLOWELL, EDWARD N.,
 1st Lieut. 20th Mass. Infantry, Colonel 54th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- HALLOWELL, NORWOOD P.,
 Captain 20th Mass. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 54th Mass. Infantry; Colonel 55th Mass. Infantry. West Medford.
- † HALSTEAD, EMINEL P.,
 Captain 2d N.Y.H.A.; Captain, A.A.G., Brevet Major, U.S.V.

- † HAMILTON, CHARLES S.,
Colonel 3d Wisconsin Infantry; Major Gen'l U.S.V.
- HAMMER, CHARLES D.,
1st Lieut. 124th Ohio Infantry. Brookline.
- HANDY, WILLIAM B.,
Private 1st Mass. H.A. (1898). By inheritance from 2d Lieut. George E. Handy. Boston.
- * HANLEY, PATRICK T.,
Lieut. Colonel 9th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Colonel.
- HANSCOM, SANFORD,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 11th Maine Infantry. East Somerville.
- HAPGOOD, CHARLES E.,
Colonel 5th N.H. Infantry. Brookline.
- HARDY, ALPHEUS H.,
1st Lieut. 45th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- HARDY, ALPHEUS S.,
Son of 1st Lieut. Alpheus H. Hardy. Boston.
- HARDY, ANTHONY C.,
Chaplain 18th N.H. Infantry. Concord, N.H.
- HARLOW, FREDERICK B.,
By inheritance from 1st Lieut. Frederick A. Bemis. Worcester.
- HARLOW, WILLIAM T.,
Captain 21st Mass. Infantry. Worcester.
- HARMON, WILLIAM E.,
By inheritance from 1st Lieut. William R. Harmon, U.S.A. Lexington.
- HARRIMAN, DAVID S.,
1st Lieut. 12th Maine Infantry. Kansas City, Mo.
- * HARRINGTON, SAMUEL,
Captain 25th Mass. Infantry.
- HARRIS, CHARLES W.,
Captain 7th Mich. Infantry. Middletown, Conn.
- HARRIS, J. LOUIS,
Acting Ensign U.S.N. Portsmouth, N.H.
- * HARRIS, THOMAS A.,
Acting Volunteer Lieut. Commander U.S.N.
- HARRIS, WILLIAM H.,
Chief Engineer U.S.N. Portsmouth, N.H.
- * HART, SAMUEL C.,
Captain 23d Mass. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 4th Mass. H.A.
- HARTWELL, ALFRED S.,
1st Lieut. 44th Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 54th Mass. Infantry; Colonel 55th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Cambridge.
- HARTWELL, ALFRED T.,
By inheritance from Brevet Brigadier Gen'l Charles A. Hartwell. Boston.
- * HARTWELL, CEPHAS L.,
1st Lieut. 7th Mass. Battery.
- HASTINGS, CHARLES W.,
Captain 12th Mass. Infantry. South Weymouth.
- HASTINGS, EDWARD R.,
Son of Captain Charles W. Hastings. South Weymouth.
- * HATCH, OSSIAN L.,
1st Lieut. 7th Conn. Infantry.
- † HATHAWAY, JOHN L.,
Captain, C.S., Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.
- HAVEN, FRANKLIN,
Captain, A.A.D.C., U.S.V.; Lieut. Colonel 2d California Cavalry. Boston.
- * HAWES, JOHN A.,
Captain 3d Infantry, M.V.M.

- HAWKE, JAMES A.,
Asst. Surgeon 114th Pa. Infantry; Surgeon 215th Pa. Infantry; Surgeon U.S.N. Mare
Island, Cal.
- HAWKINS, JOHN T.,
1st Asst. Engineer U.S.N. Baltimore, Md.
- † HAWLEY, JOSEPH R.,
Captain 1st Conn. Infantry; Colonel 7th Conn. Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major
Gen'l, U.S.V.
- HAYDEN, EDWARD D.,
Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N. Woburn.
- † HAWTHORNE, HARRY L.,
1st Lieut. 6th Artillery, U.S.A.; Major 29th Infantry, U.S.V. Son of Brevet Major Leroy
R. Hawthorne.
- HAYES, ALBERT W.,
Captain 6th N.H. Infantry. Rochester, N.H.
- † HAYES, CHARLES C.,
Surgeon 43d Wisconsin Infantry.
- HAZARD, JEFFREY,
Captain 1st R.I.L.A. Providence, R.I.
- * HAZARD, JOHN G.,
Colonel 1st R.I.L.A.; Colonel 5th U.S. Veteran Volunteers; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- HAZELTON, ISAAC H.,
Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Wellesley Hills.
- HEARD, J. THEODORE,
Asst. Surgeon 13th Mass. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel, Med. Dir., Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.
Boston.
- HEARD, WILLIAM A.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 14th N.H. Infantry. Centre Sandwich, N.H.
- HEDGE, WILLIAM,
1st Lieut. 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Plymouth.
- HENDERSON, ROBERT B.,
1st Lieut. 13th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- HENRY, GEORGE E.,
Captain 1st Mass. Infantry; 1st Lieut., Adjutant, 14th V.R.C.; Brevet Major. Boston.
- † HENRY, WILLIAM W.,
1st Lieut. 2d Vermont Infantry; Colonel 10th Vermont Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- * HERRICK, GEORGE H. W.,
Surgeon 1st U.S. Vols.
- HESELTIME, FRANCIS S.,
Captain 3d Maine Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 13th Maine Infantry. Melrose.
- HESELTIME, NORMAN F.,
Son of Lieut. Colonel Francis S. Heseltime. Brookline.
- HIGBEE, JOHN H.,
Colonel (retired) U.S.M.C. New York.
- HIGGINSON, FRANCIS L.,
Captain 54th Mass. Infantry; Captain 5th Mass. Cavalry. Boston.
- HIGGINSON, HENRY L.,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Infantry; Major 1st Mass. Cavalry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel. Boston.
- HIGGINSON, THOMAS W.,
Captain 51st Infantry, M.V.M.; Colonel 33d U.S.C.T. Cambridge.
- HILDRETH, CHARLES F.,
Acting Asst. Surgeon U.S.N.; Surgeon 40th Mass. Infantry. Manchester, N.H.
- HILL, F. STANHOPE,
Acting Volunteer Lieut. U.S.N. Cambridge.
- HILL, GEORGE W.,
Captain 13th Infantry, U.S.A. Proctor, Vermont.
- HILL, JAMES G.,
1st Lieut. 1st La. Engineers; Captain 97th U.S.C.T. Lowell.

- HILL, JAMES W.,
Musician 3d N.H. Infantry. By inheritance from Chaplain Henry Hill. Roxbury.
- HILL, LESTER S.,
2d Lieut. 11th U.S. Colored Heavy Artillery; Surgeon 1st R.I. Infantry (1898). Providence, R.I.
- HILL, WILLIAM A.,
Captain 19th Mass. Infantry. Salem.
- HINCKLEY, S. ALEXANDER,
Acting Ensign U.S.N. Hyannis.
- * HINCKS, EDWARD W.,
Colonel 8th Infantry, M.V.M.; Colonel 19th Mass. Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.V.; Colonel (retired) U.S.A.
- * HINDS, WILLIAM H. W.,
Asst. Surgeon 17th Mass. Infantry; Surgeon 12th Mass. Infantry.
- HITCHCOCK, ALFRED O.,
Captain 57th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Fitchburg.
- HOAR, ROCKWOOD,
By inheritance from 1st Lieut. Thomas J. Spurr. Worcester.
- HOBBS, HORACE,
Captain 51st Infantry, M.V.M. Worcester.
- HODGDON, CALEB W.,
Captain 14th N.H. Infantry. Kensington, N.H.
- HODGES, ALMON D.,
2d Lieut. 42d Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- HODGKINS, WILLIAM H.,
Captain 36th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Somerville.
- HOITT, AUGUSTUS J.,
Captain 5th N.H. Infantry. Lynn.
- HOLBROOK, ANDREW J.,
2d Lieut. 5th Infantry, M.V.M.; 2d Lieut. Signal Corps, U.S.V. Dorchester.
- HOLMES, HENRY T.,
1st Lieut. 50th Infantry, M.V.M. Chelsea.
- * HOLMES, JOSEPH W.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 27th Mass. Infantry.
- HOLMES, THEODORE J.,
Chaplain 1st Conn. Cavalry. Portsmouth, N. H.
- * HOLT, ALFRED F.,
Asst. Surgeon 30th Mass. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 1st Texas Cavalry.
- * HOMANS, GEORGE H.,
Captain 45th Infantry, M.V.M.
- HOMANS, JOHN,
Asst. Surgeon U.S.N.; Asst. Surgeon U.S.A. Boston.
- HOMANS, JOHN, 2^d,
In succession to Captain George H. Homans. Boston.
- † HOOKER, JAMES F.,
Son of Brevet Lieut. Colonel George W. Hooker.
- * HOOPER, CHARLES H.,
Lieut. Colonel 24th Mass. Infantry.
- * HOOPER, I. HARRIS,
Major 15th Mass. Infantry.
- HOPKINS, CHARLES A.,
Captain 13th N.J. Infantry; Brevet Major. Brookline.
- * HOPKINS, FRANKLIN,
Acting Master U.S.N.
- * HOPKINS, HENRY F.,
2d Lieut. 3d N.H. Infantry.

- HOPKINS, LOUIS L.,
Son of Brevet Major Charles A. Hopkins. Brookline.
- * HOPPIN, WILLIAM W.,
3d Class.
- HORNER, RICHARD C.,
Captain 2d Pa. H.A. Hopedale.
- HORTON, CHARLES P.,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Infantry; Captain, A.A.G., Captain, A.D.C., Brevet Lieut. Colonel,
U.S.V. Boston.
- HORTON, EVERETT S.,
Captain 47th Infantry, M.V.M.; Major 58th Mass. Infantry. Attleborough.
- * HORTON, WILLIAM L.,
1st Lieut. 24th Mass. Infantry.
- HOUGHTON, GEORGE C.,
Captain Martin Guards, Unat. Co. N.H. Infantry; Captain 1st N.H.H.A. Lynn.
- * HOVEY, CHARLES H.,
Lieut. Colonel 13th Mass. Infantry.
- * HOVEY, SOLOMON, JR.,
Captain 21st Mass. Infantry.
- HOWARD, CHARLES,
1st Lieut. 1st Mass. H.A. Newton.
- HOWARD, CHARLES R.,
Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N. Boston.
- HOWARD, GEORGE F.,
Captain 40th Mass. Infantry. Cincinnati, O.
- HOWARD, S. EDWARD,
Captain 8th Vermont Infantry. West Newton.
- * HOWE, ALBION P.,
Brigadier Gen'l U.S.V.; Colonel 4th Artillery (retired), Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.A.
- * HOWE, HENRY W.,
2d Lieut. 30th Mass. Infantry.
- † HOWE, JAMES H.,
Colonel 32d Wisconsin Infantry.
- * HOWE, WILLIAM G.,
Captain 30th Mass. Infantry.
- HOWE, WILLIAM W.,
Sergeant 44th Infantry, M.V.M. By inheritance from Major Albert R. Howe. Boston.
- HOWES, WILLIS,
Acting Master U.S.N. Vineyard Haven.
- * HOWLAND, CHARLES C.,
Captain 38th Mass. Infantry.
- HOYT, CHARLES C.,
Son of 1st Lieut. Isaiah F. Hoyt. Boston.
- HOYT, ISAIAH F.,
1st Lieut. 32d Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- HOYT, LOWELL D.,
In succession to Chief Engineer Eben Hoyt, U.S.N. Chelsea.
- HUBBARD, CHARLES T.,
Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Taunton.
- † HUBBELL, HENRY W.,
2d Lieut. 40th N.Y. Infantry; Captain 1st Artillery, U.S.A.
- HUDSON, JAMES S.,
1st Lieut. 11th R.I. Infantry. Providence, R.I.
- * HUDSON, JOHN W.,
Lieut. Colonel 35th Mass. Infantry.
- HUMPHREYS, CHARLES A.,
Chaplain 2d Mass. Cavalry. Dorchester.

- HUNT, CHARLES,
Captain 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Newton.
- * HUNTINGTON, EDWARD S.,
1st Lieut. 11th Infantry, Captain 29th Infantry, U.S.A.
- * HURD, CHARLES H.,
1st Lieut. 32d Mass. Infantry; Captain, A.A.G., Brevet Major, U.S.V.
- HURD, C. RUSSELL,
In succession to Brevet Major Charles H. Hurd. Boston.
- HURD, THEODORE C.,
2d Lieut. 45th Infantry, M.V.M. East Cambridge.
- HURD, WILLIAM H.,
2d Lieut. 50th Infantry, M.V.M. Salem.
- * HUTCHINGS, WILLIAM V.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 24th Mass. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel, Chief Q.M., U.S.V.
- HUTCHINSON, JOHN I.,
1st Lieut., 7th Conn. Infantry. Essex, Conn.
- HUXLEY, EDWARD C.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 2d Conn. H.A. Newton.
- HYDE, JOHN McE.,
1st Lieut. 38th N.Y. Infantry; Major 39th N.Y. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel, Major,
Q.M., U.S.A. Nagasaki, Japan.
- * ILSLEY, CHARLES S.,
Captain 15th Maine Infantry; Captain 5th N.Y.H.A.; Lieut. Colonel (retired) U.S.A.
- INCHES, CHARLES E.,
Asst. Surgeon 37th Mass. Infantry; Asst. Surgeon 20th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- * INGALLS, JOSEPH A.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 8th Infantry, M.V.M.
- INGALLS, WILLIAM,
Surgeon 5th Infantry, M.V.M.; Surgeon 59th Mass. Infantry. Roxbury.
- INGERSOLL, WILLIAM E.,
By inheritance from Major Edward Ingersoll, U.S.A. Paris, France.
- IRELAND, OSCAR B.,
2d Lieut., Signal Corps; Brevet Captain. Springfield.
- JACKSON, AMOS M.,
1st Lieut. 24th Maine Infantry; 2d Lieut. Signal Corps, U.S.V.; Major 10th U.S.C.H.A.;
Brevet Lieut. Colonel. Fall River.
- JACKSON, PATRICK T.,
1st Lieut. 5th Mass. Cavalry. Boston.
- † JACKSON, SAMUEL,
Medical Director (retired) U.S.N.
- † JACOBS, JESSE E.,
Captain, A.A.G., Brevet Colonel, U.S.V.
- † JAMES, GARTH W.,
Captain 54th Mass. Infantry.
- JAMESON, ROBERT E.,
Surgeon 29th Mass. Infantry. Jamaica Plain.
- JARVIS, GEORGE C.,
Surgeon 7th Conn. Infantry. Hartford, Conn.
- JASTRAM, PARDON S.,
1st Lieut. 1st R.I.L.A. Providence, R.I.
- * JENNESS, JOSEPH K.,
2d Lieut. 11th N.Y. Cavalry.
- JENNESS, LYNDON Y.,
2d Lieut. 32d Mass. Infantry. St. Petersburg, Fla.
- † JEWETT, ERASTUS W.,
1st Lieut. 9th Vermont Infantry.

- * JEWETT, GEORGE,
Asst. Surgeon 10th Mass. Infantry; Surgeon 51st Infantry, M.V.M.
- JOHNSON, EDWARD C.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- JOHNSON, HANNIBAL A.,
2d Lieut. 3d Maine Infantry; 1st Lieut. 1st Battalion Maine Infantry. Worcester.
- JOHNSON, MORTIMER L.,
Captain U.S.N. Boston.
- JOHNSON, THOMAS H.,
2d Lieut. 2d Corps Cadets, M.V.M. Salem.
- JOHNSON, WARREN P.,
Son of 2d Lieut. Thomas H. Johnson. New York.
- JOHNSTON, JOHN W.,
Captain 12th N.H. Infantry. Manchester, N.H.
- * JOHNSTON, THOMAS B.,
Captain 30th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major.
- * JONES, ALBERT K.,
Acting Master U.S.N.
- JONES, EDWARD J.,
Captain 11th Mass. Battery; Brevet Major. Boston.
- JONES, HENRY B.,
1st Lieut. 3d Mass. H.A. Boston.
- JONES, WILLIAM H.,
1st Lieut. 31st Mass. Infantry; 1st Lieut. 26th N.Y. Cavalry. Boston.
- JOSLIN, GEORGE C.,
2d Lieut. 3d Battalion Rifles, M.V.M.; Lieut. Colonel 15th Mass. Infantry. Roxbury.
- JOY, CHARLES F.,
Captain 54th Mass. Infantry. Chelsea.
- † JUDSON, JOHN A.,
Captain, A.A.G., U.S.V.
- JULIAN, GEORGE N.,
Captain 13th N.H. Infantry. Exeter, N.H.
- JULIAN, JOHN A. L.,
Son of Captain George N. Julian. Exeter, N.H.
- † KANE, DANIEL H.,
Son of Captain Theodore F. Kane, U.S.N.
- * KEITH, EDWIN H.,
Acting 2d Asst. Engineer U.S.N.
- * KEITH, THEODORE S.,
Acting Passed Asst. Surgeon U.S.N.
- KELLOGG, CHARLES W.,
Captain 29th Ohio Infantry. Brookline.
- * KEMBLE, ARTHUR,
Acting Asst. Surgeon U.S.N.
- KENDALL, CHARLES B.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 25th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- KENDALL, JOSEPH R.,
Captain 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Jamaica Plain.
- KENDALL, ROBERT B.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 12th Maine Infantry. Boston.
- KENDRICK, JOHN E.,
By inheritance from Captain John H. Kendrick. Providence, R.I.
- KENDRICKEN, PAUL H.,
Acting 2d Asst. Engineer U.S.N. Boston.
- KENNEY, CLESSON,
2d Lieut. 53d Infantry, M.V.M. Leominster.

- KENT, JOHN,
Captain 5th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- * KIDDER, HENRY P.,
3d Class.
- * KILLIAN, JOHN E.,
1st Lieut. 28th Mass. Infantry.
- KIMBALL, JOHN W.,
Lieut. Colonel 15th Mass. Infantry ; Colonel 53d Infantry, M.V.M.; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
Fitchburg.
- * KIMBALL, WILLIAM A.,
Captain 2d N.Y. Cavalry.
- * KING, CHARLES F.,
2d Lieut. 10th Maine Infantry ; 2d Lieut. 29th Maine Infantry; Captain Maine Coast Guard
Battalion.
- KING, DANA W.,
Captain 8th N.H. Infantry. Nashua, N.H.
- KING, GEORGE B.,
In succession to Captain Charles F. King. Boston.
- KING, WILLIS D.,
Son of Captain Dana W. King. Manchester, N.H.
- KINGSBURY, ISAAC F.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 32d Mass. Infantry. Chestnut Hill.
- KINSLEY, ALFRED H.,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. H.A. Boston.
- * KINSLEY, EDWARD W.,
3d Class.
- * KNEELAND, SAMUEL,
Surgeon 45th Infantry, M.V.M. ; Surgeon, Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.
- KNIFFIN, CHARLES W.,
1st Lieut. 49th Infantry, M.V.M. W. Stockbridge.
- † KNIGHT, WILLIAM F.,
By inheritance from Captain Samuel F. Knight.
- LADD, NATHANIEL E.,
Captain 55th Mass. Infantry ; Brevet Major. Groveland.
- LADD, WILLIAM J.,
1st Lieut. 13th N.H. Infantry ; Brevet Captain. Milton.
- * LAMB, CHARLES D.,
2d Lieut. 2d Mass. H.A. ; Captain 56th Mass. Infantry.
- LAMSON, CHARLES A.,
By inheritance from Acting Master Charles W. Lamson. Boston.
- LAMSON, DANIEL S.,
Lieut. Colonel 16th Mass. Infantry. Weston.
- LANCEY, JOHN A.,
1st Lieut. 1st Maine H.A. Everett.
- LANE, EVERETT,
Major 43d Infantry, M.V.M. Rockland.
- LAPHAM, OSCAR,
Captain 12th R.I. Infantry. Providence, R.I.
- * LARABEE, GEORGE H.,
Asst. Surgeon 1st Mass. H.A.
- LARKIN, JAMES E.,
Major 5th N.H. Infantry. Everett.
- † LARNED, DANIEL R.,
Captain, A.A.C., Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V. ; Major, Paymaster, U.S.A.
- LATHROP, JOHN,
Captain 35th Mass. Infantry. Boston.

- LATHROP, JOSEPH H.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 4th Mass. Cavalry. Calumet, Mich.
- * LAURIAT, GEORGE W.,
Captain 32d Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major.
- LAWRENCE, ELIJAH C.,
2d Lieut. 55th Illinois Infantry. Boston.
- † LEARNED, BELA P.,
Captain 1st Conn. H.A.; Brevet Major.
- LEAVITT, WILLIAM W.,
Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Pittsfield.
- * LEE, DANIEL W.,
Captain 29th Mass. Infantry.
- * LEE, FRANCIS L.,
Colonel 44th Infantry, M.V.M.
- LEE, FRANCIS W.,
In succession to Colonel Francis L. Lee. Boston.
- * LEE, HENRY,
3d Class. (Lieut. Colonel M.V.M.)
- * LEE, HORACE C.,
Colonel 27th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- † LEE, JAMES G. C.,
Colonel, A.Q.M. Gen'l, U.S.A.
- * LEE, SAMUEL P.,
Acting Master U.S.N.; Major 3d Maine Infantry; Brevet Colonel, Major (retired), U.S.A.
- * LEE, WILLIAM RAYMOND,
Colonel 20th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- * LE FAVOR, GEORGE W.,
Captain 24th Mass. Infantry.
- * LEIGHTON, WALTER H.,
Asst. Surgeon 188th Pa. Infantry.
- LEWIS, DAVID W.,
Captain 9th Vermont Infantry. Hyde Park.
- LEWIS, JOHN B.,
Surgeon 5th Conn. Infantry; Surgeon, Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V. Hartford, Conn.
- LEWIS, WILLIAM J.,
Son of Brevet Lieut. Colonel John B. Lewis. Hartford, Conn.
- LIBBY, HORATIO S.,
1st Lieut. 1st Maine Cavalry. Melrose.
- * LINCOLN, FREDERIC W.,
3d Class.
- LINCOLN, LEVI,
1st Lieut. 34th Mass. Infantry. Worcester.
- † LISCUM, EMERSON H.,
Colonel 9th Infantry, U.S.A.; Brigadier Gen'l U.S.V. (1898).
- LITCHFIELD, JAMES A.,
1st Lieut. 40th Mass. Infantry. Lunenburg.
- LITTLE, ARTHUR,
Chaplain 1st Vermont H.A. Dorchester.
- * LITTLE, JAMES L.,
3d Class.
- LIVERMORE, OLIVER C.,
Captain 13th Mass. Infantry. Wellesley Hills.
- LIVERMORE, THOMAS L.,
Major 5th N.H. Infantry; Colonel 18th N.H. Infantry. Boston.
- LIVERMORE, THOMAS L., JR.,
Son of Colonel Thomas L. Livermore. Jamaica Plain.

- † LIVINGSTON, LA RHETT L.,
Colonel 3d Artillery (retired), U.S.A.
- LOMBARD, GEORGE B.,
Captain 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- * LOMBARD, JACOB H.,
Captain 44th Infantry, M.V.M.
- LOMBARD, PERCIVAL H.,
In succession to Captain Jacob H. Lombard. Schenectady, N.Y.
- * LONG, WILLIAM H.,
1st Lieut. 33d N.Y. Infantry; Major, A.A.G., Brevet Colonel, U.S.V.
- * LONGFELLOW, CHARLES A.,
1st Lieut. 1st Mass. Cavalry.
- LONGSTREET, JAMES W.,
By inheritance from Captain James M. Longstreet. Boston.
- LOOMIS, WILLIAM S.,
2d Lieut. 46th Infantry, M.V.M. Holyoke.
- LORING, CHARLES G.,
Captain, A.Q.M., Lieut. Colonel, A.I.G., Brevet Major General, U.S.V. Boston.
- † LORING, CHARLES H.,
Chief Engineer U.S.N.
- LORING, FRANCIS W.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 38th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Florence, Italy.
- * LORING, HENRY W.,
Acting Ensign U.S.N.
- * LORING, SELDEN H.,
2d Lieut. 30th Mass. Infantry.
- * LOTZ, GEORGE,
Asst. Surgeon 99th Pa. Infantry; Surgeon 28th Infantry, Pa. Militia.
- LOW, DAVID W.,
Major 8th Infantry, M.V.M. Gloucester.
- LOW, FREDERICK C.,
Captain 1st Maine H.A.; Brevet Major. Brewer, Maine.
- * LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL,
3d Class.
- * LUNT, HENRY,
Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N.
- LUTHER, CHARLES F.,
2d Lieut. 82d U.S.C.T. Chelsea.
- * LYMAN, GEORGE H.,
Lieut. Colonel, Medical Inspector, U.S.A.
- LYMAN, GEORGE H.,
In succession to Lieut. Colonel George H. Lyman. Boston.
- * LYMAN, LUKE,
Lieut. Colonel 27th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- * LYMAN, THEODORE,
Lieut. Colonel, Volunteer A.D.C.
- LYMAN, THEODORE,
In succession to Lieut. Colonel Theodore Lyman. Brookline.
- † LYON, GEORGE A.,
Pay Inspector U.S.N.
- † McALPINE, THOMAS D.,
2d Lieut. V.R.C.
- McALPINE, WILLIAM T.,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Infantry. Lawrence.
- * McCAFFERTY, MATTHEW J.,
2d Lieut. 3d Battalion Rifles, M.V.M.; Major 25th Mass. Infantry.

- McCARTER, JOHN G.,
1st Lieut. 25th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- † MAC CAULEY, CLAY,
2d Lieut. 126th Pa. Infantry.
- † McCLURE, CHARLES,
Captain, C.S., U.S.V.; Major, Paymaster, Brevet Colonel, U.S.A.
- * McCONVILLE, MICHAEL S.,
Captain 3d Battalion Rifles, M.V.M.
- McFARLAND, EDWIN C.,
Captain 79th U.S.C.T.; Captain 41st U.S.C.T. Boston.
- * MCGINNIS, WILLIAM A.,
1st Lieut. 19th Mass. Infantry.
- † MCGINNESS, JOHN R.,
Lieut. Colonel Ordnance Dept., U.S.A.
- † MCGREGOR, CHARLES,
Commander U.S.N.
- McKAY, JAMES,
2d Lieut. 2d R.I. Infantry. Northampton.
- † McKEE, JAMES C.,
Lieut. Colonel, Surgeon, U.S.A.
- McKEEVER, SAMUEL,
1st Lieut. 16th Mass. Infantry; Captain 28th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel U.S.V.;
Captain 2d Infantry (retired), U.S.A. Somerville.
- * MACKIE, JOHN H.,
Acting Asst. Surgeon U.S.N.
- McKIM, JOHN A.,
Son of Brevet Major John W. McKim. Boston.
- McKIM, JOHN W.,
Captain, A.Q.M., Brevet Major, U.S.V. Boston.
- * McKIM, WILLIAM W.,
Colonel, C.Q.M., Brevet Colonel, U.S.A.
- * MACMILLAN, ANDREW T.,
2d Lieut. 1st R.I.L.A.
- * McMURTRIE, HORACE,
1st Asst. Engineer U.S.N.
- * MACNAMARA, DANIEL G.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 9th Mass. Infantry.
- MACOMB, DAVID B.,
Chief Engineer (Commodore, retired) U.S.N. West Roxbury.
- * MACY, GEORGE N.,
Colonel 20th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major Gen'l.
- MAGNITZKY, GUSTAVE,
Captain 20th Mass. Infantry; 2d Lieut. (retired), Brevet Captain, U.S.A. Boston.
- * MAKER, JOHN C.,
Captain 24th Mass. Infantry.
- * MALI, HENRY W. T.,
Captain 20th Mass. Infantry.
- † MALLORY, WILLIAM H.,
Major 2d N.Y. Cavalry.
- MANNING, CHARLES H.,
Passed Asst. Engineer (retired) U.S.N. Manchester, N.H.
- MANNING, ROBERT L.,
Son of Passed Asst. Engineer Charles H. Manning, U.S.N. Manchester, N.H.
- MANSFIELD, HENRY T.,
Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N. Needham.
- * MARBLE, FRANK E.,
Captain 1st U.S. Sharpshooters.

- MARCY, HENRY O.,
Asst. Surgeon 43d Infantry, M.V.M.; Surgeon 35th U.S.C.T. Boston.
- MARDEN, GEORGE A.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 1st U.S. Sharpshooters. Lowell.
- MARLAND, WILLIAM,
Captain 2d Mass. Battery; Brevet Major. Andover.
- † MARSH, CARMÍ L.,
2d Lieut. 13th Vermont Infantry.
- MARSH, DANIEL J.,
2d Lieut. 46th Infantry, M.V.M. Springfield.
- MARSH, JOHN F.,
Private 9th Infantry, U.S.A. (Mexican War); Captain 6th Wisconsin Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 12th N.H. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 24th V.R.C.; Brevet Colonel. Springfield.
- MARSH, LUCIUS B.,
Colonel 47th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- MARSHALL, ISAAC N.,
2d Lieut. 6th Infantry, M.V.M. South Framingham.
- MARSHALL, JAMES,
By inheritance from Brevet Captain John Marshall. Fall River.
- MARTIN, AUGUSTUS P.,
Captain 3d Mass. Battery; Brevet Colonel. Boston.
- * MARTIN, ORAMEL,
Surgeon 3d Battalion Rifles, M.V.M.; Surgeon U.S.V.
- * MARTIN, STEPHEN C.,
By inheritance from Brevet Lieut. Colonel Henry A. Martin.
- MASON, CHARLES F.,
1st Lieut. 1st R.I.L.A. Providence, R.I.
- † MASON, E. PORTER,
1st Lieut. 1st Conn. H.A.; Brevet Captain.
- * MASON, HERBERT C.,
Captain 20th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major.
- MASON, PHILIP D.,
Son of Brevet Major Herbert C. Mason. Boston.
- MASON, WILLIAM E.,
1st Lieut. 3d Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 58th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- MASURY, CHARLES H.,
2d Lieut. 1st Mass. H.A. Danvers..
- * MAURAN, EDWARD C.,
3d Class. (Adjutant General R.I.)
- † MAY, DARWIN R.,
Captain 22d Wisconsin Infantry.
- MAY, EDWARD,
Pay Director (Rear Admiral, retired) U.S.N. Jamaica Plain.
- * MENDENHALL, JOHN,
Colonel 2d Artillery, U.S.A.
- * MERRILL, GEORGE S.,
Captain 4th Infantry, M.V.M.
- * MERRILL, WINFIELD G.,
Son of Captain George S. Merrill.
- MERRIMAN, CHARLES H.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 1st Infantry, R.I.D.M. Providence, R.I.
- MERRIMAN, DANIEL,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 132d Illinois Infantry. Worcester.
- † MERRIMAN, EDGAR C.,
Captain U.S.N.
- MERRITT, WALTER H.,
By inheritance from Lieut. Colonel Henry Merritt. Lynn.

- MERRY, JOHN F.,
Captain U.S.N. Honolulu, H.I.
- MESERVEY, BENJAMIN F.,
2d Lieut. 4th Infantry, M.V.M. ; Captain 18th Mass. Infantry ; Brevet Major. Hingham.
- † MICHAELIS, OTHO E.,
2d Lieut. Signal Corps, U.S.V. ; Major Ordnance Department, U.S.A.
- * MIFFLIN, BENJAMIN C.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 49th Infantry, M.V.M.
- † MILES, NELSON A.,
1st Lieut. 22d Mass. Infantry ; Colonel 61st N.Y. Infantry ; Major General U.S.V. ; Lieut. Gen'l U.S.A.
- MILLAR, ROBERT,
Asst. Surgeon 4th R.I. Infantry ; Brevet Major. Providence, R.I.
- † MILLER, FREDERICK A.,
Lieut. Commander (retired) U.S.N.
- MILLS, ARTHUR,
By inheritance from Brevet Colonel Charles J. Mills. Brookline.
- MILTON, RICHARD S.,
Captain 9th Mass. Battery. Boston.
- * MITCHELL, OREB F.,
Captain 40th Mass. Infantry.
- * MONROE, L. DOW,
1st Lieut. 58th Mass. Infantry.
- MOODY, JOSEPH E.,
1st Lieut. 59th Mass. Infantry. Newburyport.
- * MOREHOUSE, RODERICK D.,
Captain 142d N.Y. Infantry ; Brevet Major.
- † MORGAN, WILLIAM A.,
Commander (retired) U.S.N.
- * MORISSEY, JOHN,
Major 3d Infantry, M.V.M.
- * MORRILL, EDWARD P.,
1st Lieut. 11th Mass. Battery
- MORRILL, F. GORDON,
Acting Ensign U.S.N. Boston.
- MORRILL, SAMUEL,
Son of Acting Ensign F. Gordon Morrill. Paris, France.
- † MORRIS, ARTHUR,
Captain 4th Artillery, U.S.A.
- MORRISON, MORTIER L.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 13th N.H. Infantry. Peterborough, N.H.
- MORSE, GEORGE W.,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Infantry. Newtonville.
- MOSES, WILLIAM P.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 9th N.H. Infantry. Boston.
- MOTLEY, THOMAS L.,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Infantry ; Captain 1st Mass. Cavalry ; Major, A.A.G., Brevet Colonel, U.S.V. Groton.
- * MOULTON, EDWARD E.,
In succession to Lieut. Colonel Orson Moulton.
- * MOULTON, ORSON,
Lieut. Colonel 25th Mass. Infantry.
- * MULLOY, JOHN B.,
Captain 37th Mass. Infantry.
- MUNROE, MARTIN A.,
2d Lieut. 4th Mass. H.A. Boston.

- * MURDOCK, JOSEPH,
Captain 45th Infantry, M.V.M.
- MURPHY, PATRICK E.,
1st Lieut. 9th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- MUZZEY, LORING W.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 12th Mass. Infantry ; Captain, C.S., Brevet Major, U.S.V. Lexington.
- * NETTLETON, EDWARD P.,
Lieut. Colonel 31st Mass. Infantry ; Brevet Colonel.
- NEWMAN, STEPHEN I.,
1st Lieut. 81st U.S.C.T. ; Brevet Captain. Cambridgeport.
- NEWTON, JOHN W.,
Captain 1st Vermont Cavalry. Togus, Maine.
- NEWTON, MATTHEW T.,
Asst. Surgeon 3d Conn. Infantry ; Surgeon 10th Conn. Infantry. Suffield, Conn.
- * NICHOLS, ANDREW J.,
1st Lieut. 2d Maine Cavalry.
- † NICHOLS, EDWARD T.,
Rear Admiral U.S.N.
- * NICHOLS, JAMES B.,
Captain 24th Mass. Infantry.
- NICHOLS, SMITH W.,
Commander (retired) U.S.N. Dorchester.
- NICHOLS, WILLIAM B.,
In succession to Captain James B. Nichols. Roxbury.
- NIEBUHR, CALEB E.,
Captain 1st Battalion Mass. H.A. Boston.
- NORRIS, ALBERT L.,
Asst. Surgeon 114th U.S.C.T. Cambridgeport.
- NORTH, JAMES N.,
2d Lieut. 35th U.S.C.T. ; 1st Lieut., Adjutant, 1st U.S. Colored Cavalry ; 1st Lieut., R.Q.M.,
24th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- NOURSE, HENRY S.,
Captain 55th Illinois Infantry. South Lancaster.
- NOYES, EDWARD L.,
Major 3d Mass. Cavalry. Weymouth Heights.
- * NOYES, NICHOLAS N.,
1st Lieut. 48th Infantry, M.V.M.
- * NUTE, ALONZO,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 6th N.H. Infantry.
- NYE, GEORGE H.,
2d Lieut. 1st Maine Infantry ; Captain 10th Maine Infantry ; Colonel 29th Maine Infantry ;
Brevet Major Gen'l. South Natick.
- NYE, WILLIAM A.,
By inheritance from 2d Lieut. Ephraim B. Nye. Bournedale.
- * OAKEY, DANIEL,
Captain 2d Mass. Infantry.
- OAKMAN, HIRAM A.,
Captain 7th Mass. Infantry ; Lieut. Colonel 30th U.S.C.T. ; Brevet Colonel. North Marsh-
field.
- O'CONNOR, FREDERICK A.,
Acting Master U.S.N. Newton Highlands.
- * ODIORNE, FREDERICK,
2d Lieut. 44th Infantry, M.V.M.
- † OLIVER, JOSEPH B.,
Captain 5th Wisconsin Infantry.
- OLIVER, ROBERT S.,
2d Lieut. 5th Mass. Cavalry ; Captain 8th Cavalry, U.S.A. Albany, N.Y.

- OLMSTED, FREDERICK L.,
3d Class. Brookline.
- OLNEY, HENRY C.,
Captain 52d Wisconsin Infantry. Spokane, Washington.
- OPDYCKE, LEONARD E.,
By inheritance from Brevet Major Gen'l Emerson Opdycke. New York.
- ORCUTT, FRANK E.,
2d Lieut. 95th U.S.C.T. Melrose.
- † ORDWAY, ALBERT,
Colonel 24th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- † ORMSBEE, EBENEZER J.,
Captain 12th Vermont Infantry.
- OSBORN, FRANCIS A.,
Colonel 24th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Boston.
- OSBORNE, GEORGE S.,
Asst. Surgeon 1st Mass. Cavalry; Surgeon 5th Mass. Cavalry. Peabody.
- † OSGOOD, JOSIAH A.,
Captain 47th Infantry, M.V.M.
- OTIS, HARRY P.,
In succession to Brevet Brigadier Gen'l John L. Otis. Florence.
- * OTIS, JOHN L.,
Colonel 10th Conn. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- † OTIS, THEODORE C.,
1st Lieut. 3d Mass. Cavalry.
- OWEN, CHARLES D.,
Captain 1st R.I.L.A. Providence, R.I.
- OWEN, LEANDER C.,
Acting Ensign U.S.N. Vineyard Haven.
- PAGE, HENRY T.,
Acting Ensign U.S.N. Fitchburg.
- PAIGE, HARLAN P.,
1st Lieut. 4th Vermont Infantry. Dorchester.
- PAINE, A. ELLIOT,
Asst. Surgeon 104th U.S.C.T. Brockton.
- PAINE, CHARLES J.,
Captain 22d Mass. Infantry; Major 30th Mass. Infantry; Colonel 2d Ia. Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.V. Boston.
- * PALFREY, FRANCIS W.,
Colonel 20th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- PALFREY, JOHN C.,
Captain Engineers, Brevet Brigadier Gen'l, U.S.A. Boston.
- PALMER, MOSES P.,
Captain 13th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Groton.
- PALMER, WILLIAM H.,
Surgeon 3d N.Y. Cavalry. Providence, R.I.
- * PALMER, WILLIAM L.,
Captain 19th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Colonel.
- PARK, JOHN G.,
Acting Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Groton.
- PARK, WALTER E.,
Son of 2d Lieut. William Park. Johannesburg, South Africa.
- † PARK, WILLIAM,
2d Lieut. 9th Mass. Battery.
- * PARKER, EDGAR,
Asst. Surgeon 13th Mass. Infantry.
- * PARKER, FOXHALL A.,
Commodore U.S.N.

- PARKER, FRANCIS J.,
Colonel 32d Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- PARKER, FRANCIS V.,
Son of Colonel Francis J. Parker. Boston.
- PARKER, JABEZ P.,
1st Lieut. 16th Maine Infantry. Malden.
- * PARKER, JOHN D., JR.,
Captain 2d Mass. H.A.
- PARKER, JOHN L.,
1st Lieut. 11th Mass. Infantry. Lynn.
- PARKER, JOHN M.,
1st Lieut. 3d N.H. Infantry. Fitzwilliam, N.H.
- PARKER, MOSES G.,
Asst. Surgeon 2d U.S. Colored Cavalry. Lowell.
- PARKER, PERCY,
2d Lieut. 8th Infantry, U.S.A. By inheritance from 1st Lieut. John M. Parker. Lowell.
- PARKER, SIMON B.,
1st Lieut. 5th N.Y. Infantry. Springfield.
- PARKER, THEODORE K.,
Captain 2d Mass. Infantry. Winchendon.
- PARKER, WILLIAM H.,
2d Lieut. 6th U.S.V. Infantry; Brevet 1st Lieut. Deadwood, S.D.
- * PARKHURST, CHARLES H.,
Captain 11th R.I. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 3d R.I. Cavalry.
- † PARKHURST, JOHN G.,
Colonel 9th Michigan Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- PARKINSON, JOHN,
2d Lieut. 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- PARKS, GEORGE W.,
By inheritance from 1st Lieut. James W. Parks. Providence, R.I.
- PARLIN, WILLIAM D.,
Captain 1st U.S.C.T. Natick.
- PARSONS, FRANK B.,
Son of Brevet Colonel Joseph B. Parsons. Boston.
- PARSONS, HENRY,
Captain 148th N.Y. Infantry. Marlborough.
- PARSONS, JOHN E.,
Asst. Surgeon 28th Mass. Infantry; Acting Passed Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Ayer.
- PARSONS, JOHN W.,
Asst. Surgeon 24th Mass. Infantry. Portsmouth, N.H.
- PARSONS, JOSEPH B.,
Lieut. Colonel 10th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Colonel. Boston.
- † PARTRIDGE, JOHN N.,
Captain 24th Mass. Infantry.
- PATCH, SAMUEL,
Captain 35th Mass. Infantry. Waltham.
- PATTEN, I. BARTLETT,
By inheritance from Brevet Brigadier Gen'l Henry L. Patten. Boston.
- PATTERSON, JOAB N.,
Colonel 2d N.H. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Captain 1st N.H. Infantry (1898).
Havana, Cuba.
- PATTERSON, LOUIS M.,
Son of Brevet Brigadier Gen'l Joab N. Patterson. Portland, Me.
- PEABODY, FRANK E.,
By inheritance from Colonel Everett Peabody. Boston.

- * PEABODY, OLIVER W.,
Lieut. Colonel 44th Infantry, M.V.M.
- PEACH, BENJAMIN F.,
Colonel 8th Infantry, M.V.M. Lynn.
- PEARCE, HENRY,
2d Lieut. 10th R.I. Battery. Providence, R.I.
- PEARCE, SAMUEL A.,
1st Lieut. 10th R.I. Battery; Major, Paymaster, U.S.A.; Brevet Lieut. Colonel. Columbia, S.C.
- PEARCE, WALTER,
Acting Master U.S.N. Hartford, Conn.
- PECK, GEORGE B.,
2d Lieut. 2d R.I. Infantry. Providence, R.I.
- † PECK, THEODORE S.,
1st Lieut. 9th Vermont Infantry; Captain, A.Q.M., U.S.V.
- PECKHAM, FENNER H., JR.,
2d Lieut. 12th R.I. Infantry. Providence, R.I.
- PEGRAM, JOHN C.,
Ensign U.S.N. Providence, R.I.
- PEIRCE, EUGENE E.,
In succession to 1st Lieut. Henry B. Pierce. Abington.
- * PEIRCE, HENRY B.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 23d Mass. Infantry.
- PEIRSON, CHARLES L.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 20th Mass. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 39th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Boston.
- PENDERGAST, RICHARD,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Infantry. Lowell.
- PENFIELD, JAMES A.,
Captain 5th N.Y. Cavalry. Boston.
- PENNIMAN, BETHUEL,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 3d Infantry, M.V.M. New Bedford.
- PERKINS, FREDERICK,
Captain 8th Infantry, U.S.A. By inheritance from 1st Lieut. Charles H. Hasey. War Department.
- * PERKINS, GEORGE H.,
Commodore (retired) U.S.N.
- * PERKINS, WILLIAM E.,
Captain 2d Mass. Infantry.
- * PHILBRICK, CHASE,
Lieut. Colonel 15th Mass. Infantry.
- * PHILLIPS, CHARLES A.,
Captain 5th Mass. Battery; Brevet Major.
- PHILLIPS, HENRY M.,
2d Lieut. 4th Mass. Cavalry; Brevet Captain. Springfield.
- PHILLIPS, JOHN,
Captain 2d Mass. Cavalry. Hudson.
- PICKETT, JOSIAH,
1st Lieut. 3d Battalion Rifles, M.V.M.; Colonel 25th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Worcester.
- * PICKMAN, BENJAMIN,
1st Lieut. 1st Unat. Co. Mass. Cavalry; 1st Lieut. V.R.C.
- PIERCE, CHARLES E.,
1st Lieut. 4th Mass. H.A. South Boston.
- * PIERCE, EDWARD C.,
Captain 3d Maine Infantry.
- PIERCE, ELLIOT C.,
Major 13th Mass. Infantry. Weymouth.

- * PIERCE, HENRY L.,
3d Class.
- * PIERSON, GEORGE H.,
Colonel 5th Infantry, M.V.M.
- PILLSBURY, WILLIAM S.,
1st Lieut. 4th N.H. Infantry; 1st Lieut. 9th N.H. Infantry; 1st Lieut. 1st N.H.H.A. West
Derry, N.H.
- PINDER, ALBERT,
2d Lieut. 6th Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 59th Mass. Infantry. Lowell.
- * PINEO, PETER,
Surgeon 9th Mass. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel, Med. Inspector, U.S.A.
- PINKHAM, GEORGE E.,
Asst. Surgeon 6th Infantry, M.V.M.; Asst. Surgeon 3d Mass. H.A. Lowell.
- * PITKIN, PERLEY P.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 2d Vermont Infantry; Colonel, C.Q.M., U.S.V.
- * PLUNKETT, FRANCIS C.,
Asst. Surgeon 183d Ohio Infantry.
- POLLOCK, JOHN,
Lieut. Colonel 40th Mass. Infantry. Salem.
- † POORE, BEN : PERLEY,
Major 8th Infantry, M.V.M.
- POPE, ALBERT A.,
Captain 35th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel. Boston.
- POPE, ALBERT L.,
Son of Brevet Lieut. Colonel Albert A. Pope. Hartford, Conn.
- POPE, GEORGE,
Lieut. Colonel 54th Mass. Infantry. Hartford, Conn.
- POPE, HENRY D.,
1st Lieut. 3d Mass. Cavalry. Dorchester.
- POPE, JAMES,
Captain 1st Mass. H.A. Melrose.
- POPE, JAMES F.,
Son of Captain James Pope. Melrose.
- POPE, LEMUEL,
Acting Master U.S.N. Portsmouth, N.H.
- † POPE, PERCIVAL C.,
Colonel U.S.M.C.
- POREÉ, FERDINAND C.,
2d Lieut. 30th Mass. Infantry. Roxbury.
- PORTER, CHARLES H.,
1st Lieut. 39th Mass. Infantry. Quincy.
- PORTER, CHARLES L.,
2d Lieut. 18th N.H. Infantry. Fall River.
- * PORTER, SAMUEL A.,
Captain 104th Illinois Infantry; Colonel 123d U.S.C.T.; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l; Captain
(retired), Brevet Major, U.S.A.
- POTTER, ALBERT,
Surgeon 5th R.I.H.A. Chepachet, R.I.
- POTTER, FREDERICK E.,
Surgeon U.S.N. Portsmouth, N.H.
- POTTER, ISAAC M.,
1st Lieut. 3d R.I.H.A.; Captain 5th R.I.H.A. Providence, R.I.
- POTTER, WILLIAM H.,
2d Lieut. 9th R.I. Infantry. Pawtucket, R.I.
- † POWELL, EDWARD H.,
Lieut. Colonel 10th U.S.C.T.

- * PRATT, LEONARD B.,
1st Lieut., R.C.S., 1st R.I. Cavalry.
- * PRATT, WILLIAM,
Captain 24th Mass. Infantry; Captain, A.A.G., U.S.V.
- * PREBLE, GEORGE H.,
Rear Admiral U.S.N.
- * PRESCOTT, CALVIN B.,
1st Lieut. 1st Battalion Mass. H.A.
- PRESCOTT, CHARLES W.,
By inheritance from Brevet Brigadier Gen'l George L. Prescott. Concord.
- PRESCOTT, ROYAL B.,
1st Lieut. 13th N.H. Infantry. Nashua, N.H.
- PRESTON, EDWARD V.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 5th Conn. Infantry; Major, Paymaster, U.S.V. Hartford, Conn.
- † PRICE, BUTLER D.,
Captain 2d Pa. Cavalry; Major 4th Infantry, U.S.A.
- * PRIEST, GEORGE E.,
1st Lieut. 53d Infantry, M.V.M.; 1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 57th Mass. Infantry.
- PRIEST, GEORGE W.,
In succession to 1st Lieut. George E. Priest. North Newark, N.J.
- † PRINDLE, FRANKLIN C.,
2d Asst. Engineer U.S.N.; Civil Engineer U.S.N.
- PROCTOR, DAVID E.,
Captain 30th U.S.C.T.; Brevet Major. Wilton, N.H.
- † PROCTOR, REDFIELD,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 3d Vermont Infantry; Major 5th Vermont Infantry; Colonel 15th Vermont Infantry.
- PUTNAM, ARTHUR A.,
Captain 14th Mass. Infantry; 1st Lieut. 2d Mass. H.A. Uxbridge.
- PUTNAM, CHARLES P.,
By inheritance from 2d Lieut. William L. Putnam. Boston.
- PUTNAM, CHARLES R. L.,
By inheritance from Brigadier Gen'l Charles R. Lowell. New York.
- * PUTNAM, JOHN C.,
Captain 20th Mass. Infantry; Captain 1st V.R.C.
- PUTNAM, WILLIAM L.,
By inheritance from 1st Lieut. James J. Lowell. Boston.
- QUINCY, JOSIAH,
In succession to Brevet Brigadier Gen'l Samuel M. Quincy. Boston.
- * QUINCY, SAMUEL M.,
Colonel 2d Mass. Infantry; Colonel 73d, 96th and 81st U.S.C.T.; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- * QUINT, ALONZO H.,
Chaplain 2d Mass. Infantry.
- † QUINTON, WILLIAM,
1st Lieut. 19th Illinois Infantry; 2d Lieut. Signal Corps, U.S.V.; Major 14th Infantry, U.S.A.
- * RACKLEY, BENJAMIN F.,
Captain 1st N.H. Cavalry.
- RAND, ARNOLD A.,
Captain 1st Mass. Cavalry; Captain, A.A.G., U.S.V.; Colonel 4th Mass. Cavalry. Boston.
- RAND, EDWARD L.,
By inheritance from Brevet Captain Charles A. Rand. Boston.
- † RAND, EDWARD M.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 27th Maine Infantry.
- RAND, FREDERIC H.,
Captain 4th Mass. Cavalry; Captain 26th N.Y. Cavalry. Longwood, Fla.

- † RAND, STEPHEN,
3d Asst. Engineer U.S.N.; Pay Inspector U.S.N.
- RANDALL, WILLIAM P.,
Lieut. Commander (retired) U.S.N. New Bedford.
- RANLETT, S. ALONZO,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 36th Mass. Infantry. Newtonville.
- RAWLES, JACOB B.,
Colonel 3d Artillery, U.S.A. Angel Island, Cal.
- † RAYMOND, CHARLES W.,
Lieut. Colonel Engineers, U.S.A.
- RAYMOND, EDWARD T.,
Captain 36th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Worcester.
- READ, JOHN,
Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N. Cambridge.
- READ, JOHN BERTRAM,
Son of Acting Asst. Paymaster John Read. Cambridge.
- * REDDING, WILLIAM F.,
Captain 24th Mass. Infantry.
- * REED, EDWARD P.,
Captain 12th Mass. Infantry.
- REED, JOHN B.,
Captain 1st N.C. Infantry. Boston.
- * REED, JOHN H.,
3d Class. (Q.M. General, M.V.M.)
- REED, LEWIS,
Captain 54th Mass. Infantry. Rockland.
- † REILLY, JAMES W.,
Lieut. Colonel Ordnance Dept., U.S.A.
- RENNIE, ZENAS C.,
Captain 49th Infantry, M.V.M. Sydney, N.S.W. Australia.
- RENO, CONRAD,
By inheritance from Major Gen'l Jesse L. Reno. Boston.
- * RESTIEAUX, EDWARD B. W.,
Captain, A.Q.M., U.S.V.
- REYNOLDS, FRANK W.,
Captain 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- REYNOLDS, JOHN P.,
Captain 19th Mass. Infantry; Captain V.R.C. Salem.
- REYNOLDS, ROBERT D.,
Son of Captain Frank W. Reynolds. Jamaica Plain.
- REYNOLDS, THOMAS R.,
By inheritance from 1st Lieut. Charles Reynolds. Providence, R.I.
- RHOADES, CHARLES W. C.,
Captain 3d Mass. Cavalry; Captain 26th N.Y. Cavalry. Boston.
- RHOADES, LAWRENCE,
Captain, C.S., Brevet Colonel, U.S.V. Providence, R.I.
- RHODES, ELISHA H.,
Lieut. Colonel 2d R.I. Infantry; Brevet Colonel. Providence, R.I.
- RHODES, FRANK A.,
1st Lieut. 10th R.I. Battery. Providence, R.I.
- RHODES, JAMES P.,
2d Lieut. 1st R.I.L.A. Providence, R.I.
- RHODES, WILLIAM B.,
Captain 1st R.I.L.A.; Brevet Major. Providence, R.I.
- RICE, ALBERT R.,
Asst. Surgeon 1st Mass. Cavalry; Asst. Surgeon 49th Infantry, M.V.M.; Acting Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Springfield.

- * RICE, ALEXANDER H.,
3d Class.
- RICE, CHARLES E.,
1st Lieut. 1st Mass. Cavalry; Captain 2d Mass. Cavalry; Major 26th N.Y. Cavalry. Allston.
- RICE, EDMUND,
Son of Brevet Lieut. Colonel James H. Rice. Springfield.
- RICE, EDMUND,
Lieut. Colonel 19th Mass. Infantry; Colonel 6th Mass. Infantry (1898); Colonel 26th Infantry, U.S.V.; Major 3d Infantry, U.S.A. Manila, P.I.
- * RICE, FRANKLIN E.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 9th Vermont Infantry.
- RICE, JAMES H.,
Captain 19th Mass. Infantry; Captain 5th V.R.C.; Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.; 1st Lieut. (retired), Brevet Captain, U.S.A. New York.
- RICE, J. MARCUS,
Surgeon 25th Mass. Infantry. Worcester.
- RICE, L. FREDERICK,
Captain 31st Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Brookline.
- † RICE, LEWIS,
Son of Brevet Major L. Frederick Rice.
- RICE, MARSHALL N.,
Captain 35th U.S.C.T. Arlington.
- * RICE, WILLIAM F.,
Captain 19th Mass. Infantry; 1st Lieut. 26th N.Y. Cavalry; 1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 23d Infantry, U.S.A.
- * RICH, GILES H.,
Lieut. Colonel 1st U.S.C.T.
- † RICHARDSON, ALMYNE H. G.,
Captain 114th Pa. Infantry.
- RICHARDSON, EDWARD B.,
2d Lieut. 45th Infantry, M.V.M. Brookline.
- RICHARDSON, EDWARD B.,
Son of Major Edward C. Richardson. Boston.
- RICHARDSON, EDWARD C.,
Major 24th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- RICHARDSON, GEORGE P.,
1st Lieut. 3d Mass. H.A. Boston.
- * RICHARDSON, JAMES M.,
Captain 21st Mass. Infantry; Captain 44th Infantry, M.V.M.; Major 3d Mass. H.A.; Brevet Lieut. Colonel.
- RICHARDSON, JAMES P.,
Captain 3d Infantry, M.V.M.; Lieut. Colonel 38th Mass. Infantry; 1st Lieut. 17th Infantry, U.S.A. Austin, Texas.
- RICHARDSON, R. JULIUS,
Paymaster U.S.N. Chicago, Ill.
- RICHARDSON, SPENCER W.,
Captain 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- RICHARDSON, WILLIAM C.,
Son of Captain Spencer W. Richardson. Boston.
- RICHARDSON, WILLIAM E.,
2d Lieut. 21st Mass. Infantry; 1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 33d Mass. Infantry. Cambridge.
- RIPLEY, THOMAS E.,
Son of Lieut. Colonel William T. W. Ripley. Boston.
- † RITTENHOUSE, BENJAMIN F.,
Captain 5th Artillery (retired), Brevet Major, U.S.A.
- * RIVERS, GEORGE R. R.,
By inheritance from Surgeon Henry W. Rivers.

- † ROBERTS, BENJAMIN K.,
2d Lieut. 7th Iowa Cavalry; Captain, A.A.G., U.S.V.; Major 2d Artillery, U.S.A.
- ROBERTS, GEORGE M.,
2d Lieut. 60th Infantry, M.V.M. Malden.
- * ROBERTS, HORATIO,
1st Lieut. 1st Mass. Infantry; 2d Lieut. V.R.C.
- * ROBERTS, JOHN H.,
Captain 8th Maine Infantry; Captain 2d Maine Cavalry.
- ROBERTS, WILLIAM,
Chief Engineer U.S.N. Waltham.
- ROBESON, ANDREW,
Captain 1st N.Y. Engineers; Brevet Major. Brookline.
- † ROBE, FREDERICK,
Major, Paymaster, Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.
- ROBINS, EDWARD B.,
1st Lieut. 20th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Captain. Boston.
- † ROBINS, RICHARD,
1st Lieut. 11th Infantry, Captain 39th Infantry, U.S.A.
- * ROBINSON, AUGUSTUS G.,
Lieut. Colonel, D.Q.M.G. (retired), U.S.A.
- † ROBINSON, CHARLES D.,
Captain, A.Q.M., U.S.V.
- ROBINSON, J. FRANKLIN,
In succession to Surgeon John L. Robinson. Manchester, N.H.
- * ROBINSON, JOHN L.,
Surgeon 8th Infantry, M.V.M.
- ROCKWELL, ALFRED E. P.,
In succession to Captain Joseph P. Rockwell. Boston.
- ROCKWELL, ALFRED P.,
Captain 1st Conn. Battery; Colonel 6th Conn. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Boston.
- * ROCKWELL, JOSEPH P.,
Captain 18th Conn. Infantry.
- † RODMAN, SAMUEL, JR.,
1st Lieut. 2d Artillery, U.S.A. Son of Captain Thomas R. Rodman.
- RODMAN, THOMAS R.,
Captain 38th Mass. Infantry. New Bedford.
- ROELOFSON, WILLIAM F. E.,
By inheritance from 1st Lieut. Frederick E. Roelofson. Allston.
- * ROGERS, ELLIOT F.,
Son of Captain James S. Rogers.
- ROGERS, HENRY M.,
Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N. Boston.
- ROGERS, HORATIO,
Major 3d R.I.H.A.; Colonel 11th R.I. Infantry; Colonel 2d R.I. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Providence, R.I.
- ROGERS, JAMES H.,
Acting Ensign U.S.N. Detroit, Mich.
- ROGERS, JAMES S.,
Captain 1st S.C. Volunteers. Roxbury.
- ROGERS, ORVILLE F.,
Asst. Surgeon 117th U.S.C.T. Dorchester.
- * ROPES, JOHN C.,
3d Class.
- * ROSE, STEPHEN C.,
Captain 40th Mass. Infantry.
- ROSS, WILLIAM L.,
1st Lieut. 64th N.Y. Infantry. Newport, Me.

- * ROWELL, EDWARD T.,
Major 2d U.S. Sharpshooters.
- ROYCE, HARRISON A.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 22d Mass. Infantry; Captain, A.Q.M., Brevet Colonel, U.S.V. Malden.
- RUNDLET, FREDERICK T.,
Son of Brevet Major Taylor P. Rundlet. Cambridgeport.
- † RUSSELL, EDMUND K.,
Captain 67th N.Y. Infantry; Major 65th N.Y. Infantry; Major (retired) U.S.A.
- RUSSELL, EDWARD J.,
Captain 15th Mass. Infantry; Captain 3d Mass. H.A. Worcester.
- RUSSELL, FREDERIC W.,
In succession to Brevet Lieut. Colonel Ira Russell. Winchendon.
- RUSSELL, GEORGE B.,
Captain 38th Mass. Infantry; Captain V.R.C.; Lieut. Colonel 14th Infantry (retired), U.S.A. Jamaica Plain.
- RUSSELL, HENRY S.,
Captain 2d Mass. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 2d Mass. Cavalry; Colonel 5th Mass. Cavalry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Milton.
- * RUSSELL, IRA,
Surgeon 11th Mass. Infantry; Surgeon, Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.
- RUSSELL, JAMES S.,
Son of Brevet Brigadier Gen'l Henry S. Russell. Milton.
- * RUST, HENRY,
1st Lieut. 1st Maine Infantry; Captain 10th Maine Infantry; Colonel 15th Maine Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- RUTHERFORD, JACOB C.,
Son of Surgeon Joseph C. Rutherford. Providence, R.I.
- SACKETT, FREDERIC M.,
1st Lieut. 1st R.I.L.A. Providence, R.I.
- SALTONSTALL, ROBERT,
In succession to Acting Volunteer Lieut. Commander William G. Saltonstall. Boston.
- * SALTONSTALL, WILLIAM G.,
Acting Volunteer Lieut. Commander U.S.N.
- SAMPSON, AUGUSTUS N.,
1st Lieut. 13th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- SANDERS, CHARLES,
1st Lieut. 48th Infantry, M.V.M. Salem.
- † SANGER, EUGENE F.,
Surgeon 6th Maine Infantry; Surgeon, Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.
- SARGENT, CHARLES S.,
1st Lieut. 2d La. Infantry; Captain, A.D.C., Brevet Major, U.S.V. Brookline.
- * SARGENT, DANIEL,
1st Lieut. 24th Mass. Infantry.
- * SARGENT, EDWARD P.,
1st Lieut. 26th Iowa Infantry.
- SARGENT, FRANCIS W.,
In succession to 1st Lieut. Daniel Sargent. Boston.
- SARGENT, HORACE BINNEY,
Colonel 1st Mass. Cavalry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Santa Monica, Cal.
- SAVAGE, HENRY W.,
By inheritance from Captain Moses H. Savage. Boston.
- SAWYER, CHARLES P.,
In succession to Surgeon Frederic A. Sawyer. Boston.
- * SAWYER, FREDERIC A.,
Surgeon 52d Infantry, M.V.M.
- † SAWYER, JAMES,
2d Lieut. 39th Wisconsin Infantry; Captain, C.S., Brevet Major, U.S.V.

- † SAWYER, NATHANIEL C.,
Major, Paymaster, Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.
- SCHAFF, HARRISON H.,
Son of Captain Morris Schaff. Pittsfield.
- SCHAFF, MORRIS,
Captain Ordnance Department, U.S.A. Pittsfield.
- SCHENCK, ALEXANDER D.,
Captain 2d Artillery, U.S.A. Fort Screven, Ga.
- SCHOULER, JAMES,
2d Lieut. 43d Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- SCULLY, THOMAS,
Chaplain 9th Mass. Infantry. Cambridgeport.
- SEAGRAVE, CHARLES S.,
1st Lieut. 25th Mass. Infantry. North Cambridge.
- † SEAMANS, WILLIAM H.,
Captain 3d Mass. Cavalry.
- * SEARS, EDWARD H.,
Captain 2d R.I. Infantry; 1st Lieut. 1st R.I.L.A.; Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N.
- SEARS, ROBERT D.,
In succession to Captain Edward H. Sears. Boston.
- SEARS, WILLIAM B.,
Captain 2d R.I. Infantry. Brookline.
- SEAYER, JAMES E.,
1st Lieut. 7th Mass. Infantry. Taunton.
- * SEAVERNS, JOEL,
Surgeon, Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.
- SEAVERNS, JOEL H.,
In succession to Brevet Lieut. Colonel Joel Seaverns. London, England.
- SELFRIDGE, GEORGE S.,
Lieut. U.S.N. (1898). In succession to Brigadier Gen'l George F. Shepley. Boston.
- † SHALER, CHARLES,
Major Ordnance Department, U.S.A.
- SHAW, CHARLES F.,
2d Lieut. 38th Mass. Infantry. New Bedford.
- SHAW, JAMES,
Colonel 10th R.I. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 12th R.I. Infantry; Colonel 7th U.S.C.T.;
Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Providence, R.I.
- SHAW, MELVILLE J.,
Captain U.S.M.C. Son of Captain George K. Shaw. China.
- SHEEN, WILLIAM G.,
Captain 39th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Bristol, Tenn.
- SHELDON, HENRY N.,
1st Lieut. 55th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- * SHELTON, EUGENE E.,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Infantry; Captain, C.S., Brevet Major, U.S.V.
- SHEPARD, EDWARD O.,
Major 32d Mass. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel. Boston.
- SHEPARD, JAMES E.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 9th Maine Infantry. Lawrence.
- * SHEPLEY, GEORGE F.,
Colonel 12th Maine Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l U.S.V.
- SHERBURNE, JOHN H.,
1st Lieut. U.S.M.C. Boston.
- SHERMAN, EDGAR J.,
Captain 48th Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 6th Infantry, M.V.M.; Brevet Major. Lawrence.
- SHERMAN, FREDERICK F.,
Chaplain U.S.N. Son of Brevet Major Edgar J. Sherman. Lawrence.

- SHERWIN, EDWARD,
Passed Asst. Paymaster U.S.N. Jamaica Plain.
- SHERWIN, THOMAS,
Lieut. Colonel 22d Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Jamaica Plain.
- SHREVE, WILLIAM P.,
1st Lieut. 2d U.S. Sharpshooters; Brevet Major. Brookline.
- * SHURTLEFF, HIRAM S.,
Captain 56th Mass. Infantry.
- SIBLEY, ARTHUR,
Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N. Boston.
- † SICARD, MONTGOMERY,
Rear Admiral (retired) U.S.N.
- * SILLOWAY, JACOB,
1st Lieut. 6th N.Y. Infantry.
- SLEEPER, JACOB,
In succession to Brevet Major J. Henry Sleeper. Boston.
- * SLEEPER, J. HENRY,
1st Lieut. 5th Infantry, M.V.M.; 1st Lieut. 1st Mass. Battery; Captain 10th Mass. Battery
Brevet Major.
- SMALL, ELDRIDGE F.,
Acting Ensign U.S.N. Swampscott.
- SMALL, SYLVANUS C.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 2d Maine Cavalry. Winchester.
- SMITH, EDWARD H.,
By inheritance from Captain John E. Smith. Lynn.
- † SMITH, FREDERICK E.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 8th Vermont Infantry.
- SMITH, HENRY E.,
2d Lieut. 193d N.Y. Infantry. Worcester.
- SMITH, HERMON J.,
Asst. Surgeon 5th U.S. Colored Cavalry. Lowell.
- SMITH, JOSEPH S.,
1st Lieut. 3d Maine Infantry; Lieut. Colonel, Chief C.S., Brevet Brigadier Gen'l, U.S.V.
Bangor, Me.
- SMITH, NATHAN G.,
Captain 75th U.S.C.T. Roxbury.
- SMITH, PETER D.,
2d Lieut. 1st Mass. H.A. Andover.
- SMITH, PHILIP,
1st Lieut. 4th Mass. H.A. Lynn.
- SMITH, WILLIAM PENN,
Captain 5th Conn. Infantry. Boston.
- † SMITH, ZEMRO A.,
Lieut. Colonel 1st Maine H.A.; Brevet Colonel.
- * SNOW, GEORGE W.,
Asst. Surgeon 28th Mass. Infantry; Surgeon 35th Mass. Infantry.
- SNOW, WILLIAM A.,
Captain 1st La. Cavalry. Winchester.
- SNOW, WILLIAM M.,
Captain 3d Wisconsin Infantry. Brookline.
- SOULE, CHARLES C.,
2d Lieut. 44th Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 55th Mass. Infantry. Brookline.
- SOULE, RUFUS A.,
Private 3d Infantry, M.V.M. By inheritance from 1st Lieut. William T. Soule. New Bedford.
- SPEAR, GEORGE G.,
Captain 30th Mass. Infantry. Pasadena, Cal.

- SPENCER, GIDEON,
1st Lieut. 1st R.I.L.A. Providence, R.I.
- * SPICER, WILLIAM F.,
Commodore U.S.N.
- SPOONER, HENRY J.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 4th R.I. Infantry. Providence, R.I.
- SPOONER, HENRY J., JR.,
Son of 1st Lieut. Henry J. Spooner. Providence, R.I.
- SPOONER, SAMUEL B.,
Major 46th Infantry, M.V.M. Springfield.
- SPRAGUE, AUGUSTUS B. R.,
Captain 3d Battalion Rifles, M.V.M.; Lieut. Colonel 25th Mass. Infantry; Colonel 51st Infantry, M.V.M.; Lieut. Colonel 2d Mass. H.A.; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Worcester.
- SPRAGUE, TIMOTHY W.,
By inheritance from 1st Lieut. Samuel H. Sprague. Boston.
- STACKPOLE, J. LEWIS,
Captain 24th Mass. Infantry; Captain C.S.; Major, Judge Advocate, Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V. Boston.
- * STANIELS, RUFUS P.,
Captain 13th N.H. Infantry.
- * STANNARD, GEORGE J.,
Lieut. Colonel 2d Vermont Infantry; Colonel 9th Vermont Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major General, U.S.V.
- † STANTON, THADDEUS H.,
Captain 19th Iowa Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l, Paymaster General, U.S.A.
- STANWOOD, EBEN P.,
Lieut. Colonel 48th Infantry, M.V.M. West Newbury.
- STARBIRD, ISAAC W.,
Colonel 19th Maine Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Chelsea.
- * STARKWEATHER, ARCHIBALD,
1st Lieut. 26th Mass. Infantry.
- STEARNS, HENRY P.,
Surgeon 1st Conn. Infantry; Surgeon, Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V. Hartford, Conn.
- STEARNS, JAMES P.,
1st Lieut. 22d Mass. Infantry; 1st Lieut. V.R.C. Brookline.
- STEARNS, WILLIAM B.,
Son of 1st Lieut. James P. Stearns. Brookline.
- * STEBBINS, ASA H.,
2d Lieut. 44th Infantry, M.V.M.
- STEDMAN, C. ELLERY,
Asst. Surgeon U.S.N. Dorchester.
- STEDMAN, ELLERY,
Son of Asst. Surgeon C. Ellery Stedman. Dorchester.
- * STEDMAN, JOSEPH,
Lieut. Colonel 42d Infantry, M.V.M.
- STEDMAN, WILLIAM A.,
1st Lieut. 1st Infantry, R.I.D.M. Brooklyn, N.Y.
- † STEEDMAN, CHARLES,
Rear Admiral (retired) U.S.N.
- STEPHENSON, LUTHER,
Captain 4th Infantry, M.V.M.; Lieut. Colonel 32d Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Hingham Centre.
- * STEVENS, CHARLES B.,
1st Lieut. 47th Infantry, M.V.M.
- STEVENS, EDMUND H.,
Medical Cadet U.S.N.; Acting Asst. Surgeon U.S.A. By inheritance from Surgeon Horace Stevens. Cambridge.

- STEVENS, HAZARD,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 79th N.Y. Infantry; Major, A.A.G., Brevet Brigadier Gen'l, U.S.V.
Dorchester.
- * STEVENS, HENRY A.,
Son of 1st Lieut. Charles B. Stevens.
- STEVENSON, ROBERT H.,
Lieut. Colonel 24th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Boston.
- * STICKNEY, HORATIO G.,
Surgeon 3d R.I.H.A.
- STILLMAN, CHARLES A.,
Captain (retired) U.S.M.C. Winchester.
- STOCKTON, HOWARD,
Captain, A.D.C., U.S.V.; 1st Lieut. 3d R.I. Cavalry; 1st Lieut. Ordnance Dept., Brevet
Captain, U.S.A. Boston.
- * STONE, EBEN F.,
Colonel 48th Infantry, M.V.M.
- STONE, GEORGE W.,
Captain 12th N.Y. Infantry; Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N. Kansas City, Mo.
- * STONE, HENRY,
1st Lieut. 1st Wisconsin Infantry; Captain, A.A.G., U.S.V.; Lieut. Colonel 100th U.S.C.T.;
Brevet Colonel.
- STONE, LINCOLN R.,
Surgeon 2d Mass. Infantry; Surgeon 54th Mass. Infantry; Surgeon, Brevet Lieut. Colonel,
U.S.V. Newton.
- STOODLEY, NATHAN D.,
Major 13th N.H. Infantry. Reading.
- * STORER, WILLIAM BRANDT,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 15th Mass. Infantry.
- STORROW, CHARLES,
Captain 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- STOTT, CHARLES A.,
Major 6th Infantry, M.V.M. Lowell.
- † STRANAHAN, F. STEWART,
1st Lieut. 1st Vermont Cavalry.
- STUDLEY, J. EDWARD,
Son of Lieut. Colonel John M. Studley. Providence, R.I.
- STUDLEY, JOHN M.,
Captain 15th Mass. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 51st Infantry, M.V.M. Providence, R.I.
- STURDY, ALBERT W.,
2d Lieut. 18th Mass. Infantry. Attleborough.
- * STURGIS, HENRY H.,
1st Lieut. 20th Mass. Infantry.
- * STURGIS, RUSSELL,
Major 45th Infantry, M.V.M.
- * STURTEVANT, JOHN W.,
Captain 14th N.H. Infantry.
- * SULLIVAN, HENRY D.,
Captain 44th Infantry, M.V.M.
- SULLIVAN, JOHN,
Asst. Surgeon 13th N.H. Infantry. Dorchester.
- † SULLIVAN, THOMAS C.,
Brigadier Gen'l, Commissary Gen'l (retired), U.S.A.
- SWAIN, JULIUS M.,
2d Lieut. 39th Mass. Infantry; 2d Lieut. Signal Corps; Brevet Captain. Boston.
- SWAIN, J. CURTIS,
Son of Brevet Captain Julius M. Swain. Boston.

- * SWIFT, JOHN L.,
Captain 3d Mass. Cavalry.
- † SWORDS, HENRY L.,
Captain 59th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major.
- † TABER, FREEMAN A.,
1st Lieut. 29th Mass. Infantry.
- TAINTOR, HENRY E.,
2d Lieut. 1st Conn. H.A. Hartford, Conn.
- TALBOT, THOMAS H.,
Lieut. Colonel 1st Maine H.A.; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Brookline.
- TALBOT, ZEPHANIAH,
1st Asst. Engineer U.S.N. Holliston.
- * TAPPAN, LEWIS W., JR.,
Captain 45th Infantry, M.V.M.
- TARBELL, GEORGE G.,
Asst. Surgeon 3d Mass. Cavalry. Boston.
- TARBELL, JOHN F.,
Paymaster (retired) U.S.N. Readville.
- † TAYLOR, FRANCK E.,
Captain 1st Artillery, Brevet Major, U.S.A.
- THAYER, CARROLL A.,
In succession to Captain Hiram C. Alden. Boston.
- THAYER, CHARLES P.,
Private 13th Vermont Infantry. By inheritance from Brevet Captain Samuel W. Thayer.
Boston.
- * THAYER, THEODORE A.,
1st Lieut. 45th Infantry, M.V.M.
- * THOMAS, JOSEPH B.,
3d Class.
- * THOMPSON, AI B.,
2d Lieut. 2d N.H. Infantry; Captain 18th Infantry (retired), Brevet Major, U.S.A.
- * THOMPSON, GEORGE J.,
Captain 2d Mass. Infantry.
- THOMPSON, JAMES,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 24th Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- * THOMPSON, J. DIXWELL,
1st Lieut. 45th Infantry. M.V.M.
- † THOMPSON, ROBERT M.,
Master U.S.N.
- THOMPSON, S. MILLETT,
2d Lieut. 13th N.H. Infantry. Providence, R.I.
- * THORNDIKE, ALBERT,
1st Lieut. 19th Mass. Infantry.
- THORNDIKE, ALBERT,
By inheritance from Brevet Brigadier Gen'l George D. Wells. Cambridge.
- THORNDIKE, PAUL,
In succession to Surgeon William Thorndike. Boston.
- THORNDIKE, S. LOTHROP,
In succession to 1st Lieut. Albert Thorndike. Cambridge.
- THORNTON, JAMES B.,
By inheritance from Brevet Colonel Charles C. G. Thornton. Boston.
- THURBER, JAMES D.,
Captain 55th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Plymouth.
- THURBER, WILLIAM B.,
Son of Brevet Major James D. Thurber.
- TICKNOR, BENJAMIN H.,
2d Lieut. 45th Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 2d Mass. H.A. Boston.

- TIDD, JOHN E.,
Captain 32d Mass. Infantry. Woburn.
- * TIFFT, LEWIS A.,
Captain 46th Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 8th Infantry, M.V.M.
- * TILTON, WILLIAM S.,
Colonel 22d Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- * TOBEY, JOHN F.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 10th R.I. Infantry.
- TOBEY, THOMAS F.,
Major 7th R.I. Infantry; Captain 14th Infantry (retired), U.S.A. Washington, D.C.
- * TOBIE, EDWARD P.,
2d Lieut. 1st Maine Cavalry.
- TOBIE, EDWARD P.,
Corporal 1st-R.I. Infantry (1898). In succession to 2d Lieut. Edward P. Tobie. Pawtucket, R.I.
- * TOBIN, JOHN M.,
Captain 9th Mass. Infantry; Captain, C.S., U.S.V. (1898).
- * TOWLE, GEORGE F.,
Major 4th N.H. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel, A.I.G., U.S.V.; Captain (retired) U.S.A.
- * TOWLE, SAMUEL K.,
Asst. Surgeon 1st Mass. H.A.; Surgeon 30th Mass. Infantry.
- TOWNSEND, GEORGE M.,
2d Lieut. 10th Mass. Battery. Hyde Park.
- TOWNSEND, LUTHER T.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 16th N.H. Infantry. Washington, D.C.
- TRACY, CHARLES W.,
Lieut. Commander (retired) U.S.N. Brighton.
- † TRAIN, CHARLES J.,
Captain U.S.N. In succession to Captain Charles R. Train.
- * TRAIN, CHARLES R.,
Captain, A.Q.M, U.S.V.
- TRAIN, STEPHEN G.,
By inheritance from Acting Asst. Paymaster Samuel F. Train. Boston.
- TRICKEY, WILLIAM H.,
Major 3d N.H. Infantry. Claremont, N.H.
- † TRILLEY, JOSEPH,
Chief Engineer U.S.N.
- TRIPP, WILLARD D.,
Lieut. Colonel 29th Mass. Infantry. Watertown.
- † TROWBRIDGE, LUTHER S.,
Major 5th Michigan Cavalry; Colonel 10th Michigan Cavalry; Brevet Major General.
- TRUE, EDWARD A.,
Lieut. Colonel 8th Maine Infantry; Brevet Colonel. Boston.
- * TRULL, EZRA J.,
Captain 39th Mass. Infantry.
- † TRUMBULL, HENRY C.,
Chaplain 10th Conn. Infantry.
- TUCKER, JAMES,
Lieut. Colonel 25th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Colonel. Boston.
- TUCKER, JOSEPH,
1st Lieut. 49th Infantry, M.V.M. Pittsfield.
- TUCKER, LOUIS N.,
Captain 18th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Boston.
- * TUCKER, PAYSON E.,
2d Lieut. 16th Mass. Infantry.
- * TUCKERMAN, S. CARY,
2d Lieut. 19th Wisconsin Infantry; 2d Lieut. Signal Corps, U.S.V.

- * TUFTS, GARDINER,
3d Class. (Lieut. Colonel M.V.M.)
- * TURNBULL, CHARLES N.,
Captain Engineers, Brevet Colonel, U.S.A.
- † TURNBULL, JOHN G.,
Captain 3d Artillery, Brevet Major, U.S.A.
- TURNER, HENRY A.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 43d Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- TURNER, WILLIAM H.,
Major 1st R.I. Cavalry. Dorchester.
- TUTEIN, EDWARD G.,
2d Lieut. 1st Mass. Infantry; Captain 61st Mass. Infantry. Revere.
- * TWITCHELL, GEORGE B.,
Surgeon 13th N.H. Infantry; Surgeon U.S.V.
- TWITCHELL, GEORGE P.,
In succession to Surgeon George B. Twitchell. Greenfield.
- † TYLER, GEORGE O.,
Captain 43d Infantry, M.V.M.
- * UNDERWOOD, ADIN B.,
Captain 2d Mass. Infantry; Colonel 33d Mass. Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.V.
- UNDERWOOD, W. ORISON,
In succession to Brevet Major Gen'l Adin B. Underwood. Boston.
- * UPTON, ALBERT F.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 35th Mass. Infantry.
- † UPTON, WILLIAM B.,
2d Lieut. 50th Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 1st U.S. Volunteers.
- † VAN BRUNT, HENRY,
Rear Admiral's Secretary U.S.N.
- VAN SLYCK, CYRUS M.,
In succession to Captain Nicholas Van Slyck. Providence, R.I.
- * VAN SLYCK, NICHOLAS,
Captain 1st Infantry, R.I.D.M.
- † VARNEY, ALMON L.,
Major Ordnance Department, U.S.A.
- † VAUGHAN, CHARLES E.,
Acting Asst. Surgeon U.S.N.
- † VEAZEY, WHELOCK G.,
Lieut. Colonel 3d Vermont Infantry; Colonel 16th Vermont Infantry.
- WADLEIGH, GEORGE H.,
Captain U.S.N. Boston.
- WAKEFIELD, JOHN L.,
By inheritance from Captain Julius M. Lathrop. Dedham.
- * WALCOTT, CHARLES F.,
Captain 21st Mass. Infantry; Colonel 61st Mass. Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- WALES, B. READ,
Captain 42d Infantry, M.V.M. Dorchester.
- WALES, NATHANIEL,
1st Lieut. 32d Mass. Infantry; Major 35th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Colonel. Albany, N.Y.
- † WALES, SIGOURNEY,
2d Lieut. 13th Mass. Infantry; Major 55th Mass. Infantry.
- WALES, THOMAS B.,
Captain 45th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- WALKER, AUGUSTUS C.,
Asst. Surgeon 133d N.Y. Infantry; Surgeon 18th N.Y. Cavalry. Greenfield.
- * WALKER, CHARLES B.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 33d Mass. Infantry.

- * WALKER, EDWARD A.,
Commander U.S.N.
- * WALKER, FRANCIS A.,
Lieut. Colonel, A.A.G., Brevet Brigadier Gen'l, U.S.V.
- * WALKER, GEORGE M.,
Captain 33d Mass. Infantry.
- WALKER, JOSEPH,
In succession to Captain George M. Walker. Brookline.
- WALKER, ROBERT T.,
Son of Surgeon Augustus C. Walker. Cambridge.
- WALKER, ROBERT W.,
2d Lieut. 34th Mass. Infantry. North Brookfield.
- WALKER, STOUGHTON,
In succession to Brevet Brigadier Gen'l Francis A. Walker. St. Joseph, Mo.
- WALKER, WILLIAM R.,
1st Lieut. 1st Infantry, R.I.D.M. Providence, R.I.
- † WALLACE, JOHN S.,
Chaplain (retired) U.S.N.
- WARD, ARTHUR S.,
Son of Major Henry C. Ward, U.S.A. Boston.
- WARD, HENRY C.,
2d Lieut. 15th Mass. Infantry; Captain 57th Mass. Infantry; Major 16th Infantry, U.S.A.
Manila, P.I.
- WARE, M. EVERETT,
2d Lieut. 45th Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 6th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- * WARING, GEORGE E., JR.,
Major 39th N.Y. Infantry; Colonel 4th Missouri Cavalry.
- WARING, GUY,
In succession to Colonel George E. Waring, Jr. Winthrop, Washington.
- † WARMOTH, HENRY C.,
Lieut. Colonel 32d Missouri Infantry.
- † WARNER, ALEXANDER,
Major 3d Conn. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 13th Conn. Infantry.
- WARNER, DARIUS B.,
Lieut. Colonel 113th Ohio Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. St. John, N.B.
- WARNER, WILLIAM R.,
2d Lieut. 13th Mass. Infantry. Fall River.
- WARREN, HENRY,
2d Lieut. 1st California Cavalry. New York.
- WASHBURN, ANDREW,
Major 1st Mass. H.A.; 2d Lieut. 2d N.Y.H.A. Hyde Park.
- WASHBURN, GARDNER,
Son of Major Andrew Washburn. Hyde Park.
- * WASHBURN, GEORGE A.,
Captain 22d Mass. Infantry.
- WASHBURN, GEORGE F.,
Son of Captain Zadock Washburn. Boston.
- WASHBURN, JOHN D.,
By inheritance from Brevet Brigadier Gen'l Francis Washburn. Worcester.
- WASHBURN, ZADOCK,
Captain 15th Maine Infantry; Captain 10th U.S.C.H.A. Lynn.
- * WATERMAN, RICHARD,
Captain 1st R.I.L.A.
- WATERMAN, RUFUS, JR.,
Lieut. U.S.N. East Greenwich, R.I.
- WEBB, MELVILLE E.,
Asst. Surgeon 33d Mass. Infantry. Boston.

- WEEDEN, WILLIAM B.,
Captain 1st R.I.L.A. Providence, R.I.
- WEEKS, BENJAMIN F.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 28th Mass. Infantry; Captain, C.S., Brevet Major, U.S.V. London,
England.
- * WELD, FRANCIS M.,
Asst. Surgeon U.S.N.; Surgeon 27th U.S.C.T.
- WELD, RICHARD H.,
Captain 44th Infantry, M.V.M. Boston.
- WELD, STEPHEN M.,
Captain 18th Mass. Infantry; Colonel 56th Mass. Infantry, Brevet Brigadier Gen'l. Dedham.
- * WELLS, GIDEON,
1st Lieut. 46th Infantry, M.V.M.; 1st Lieut. 8th Infantry, M.V.M.
- † WELLS, WILLIAM,
Colonel 1st Vermont Cavalry; Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.V.
- † WEST, GEORGE W.,
Captain 10th Maine Infantry; Colonel 17th Maine Infantry; Brevet Brigadier Gen'l.
- * WEST, WILLIAM,
Captain 118th Penn. Infantry.
- * WESTON, BYRON,
Captain 49th Infantry, M.V.M.
- WESTON, FRANKLIN,
In succession to Captain Byron Weston. Dalton.
- * WESTON, THOMAS,
Major 18th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel.
- WEYMOUTH, HARRISON G. O.,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Infantry; Captain 19th Mass. Infantry; Major 1st U.S. Vol. Infantry.
North Cambridge.
- WEXEL, HENRY,
2d Lieut. 45th N.Y. Infantry. Attleborough.
- WHEELER, CHARLES A.,
Asst. Surgeon 12th Mass. Infantry. Leominster.
- † WHEELER, CHARLES N. B.,
Son of Asst. Surgeon Charles A. Wheeler.
- WHEELER, EDWARD B.,
By inheritance from Major Horace M. Wheeler. East Milton.
- WHEELER, EDWARD R.,
Surgeon 24th Mass. Infantry. Spencer.
- * WHEELER, WILLARD D.,
Major, Paymaster, U.S.V.
- * WHEELER, WILLIAM L.,
Acting Passed Asst. Surgeon U.S.N.
- WHIPPLE, CHARLES W.,
Captain Ordnance Department, U.S.A.; Lieut. Colonel, A.I.G., U.S.V. (1898). By inheritance from Major General Amiel W. Whipple. Washington, D.C.
- WHIPPLE, GEORGE M.,
Captain 23d Mass. Infantry. Salem.
- WHITE, AUSTIN T.,
In succession to Captain James C. White. Cambridge.
- WHITE, EDWARD P.,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. H.A. Boston.
- * WHITE, ELISHA M.,
Surgeon 37th Mass. Infantry.
- WHITE, FRANCIS E.,
1st Lieut., R.C.S., 4th N.Y. Cavalry. Brockton.
- WHITE, FRANKLIN W.,
In succession to Surgeon Elisha M. White. Boston.

- WHITE, HORACE C.,
Asst. Surgeon 8th Maine Infantry. East Somerville.
- † WHITE, JAMES C.,
1st Lieut. 44th Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 2d Mass. H.A.
- WHITE, JOHN C.,
Captain 1st Artillery (retired), U.S.A. Brookline.
- WHITE, JOHN E.,
1st Lieut. 4th Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 99th N.Y. Infantry. Bay Ridge, N.Y.
- * WHITE, RUFUS A.,
Captain 11th Mass. Infantry.
- WHITE, WILLIAM B.,
Lieut. Colonel 18th Mass. Infantry. Quincy.
- WHITMAN, FRANK,
Surgeon 58th Mass. Infantry. Bellows Falls, Vt.
- * WHITNEY, ALLSTON W.,
Surgeon 13th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Lieut. Colonel.
- WHITNEY, WILLIAM H.,
Captain 38th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Major. Cambridge.
- WHITNEY, WILLIAM L.,
1st Lieut. 54th Mass. Infantry. Newton.
- WHITON, JOHN C.,
Lieut. Colonel 43d Infantry, M.V.M.; Lieut. Colonel 58th Mass. Infantry; Brevet Colonel.
South Boston.
- WHITTIER, EDWARD N.,
1st Lieut. 5th Maine Battery; Brevet Captain. Boston.
- * WHITTIER, JOHN G.,
3d Class.
- WILCOX, CHARLES W.,
2d Lieut. 9th N.H. Infantry. Milford.
- WILEY, WILLIAM F.,
Captain 24th Mass. Infantry. Peabody.
- * WILLARD, ROBERT,
Asst. Surgeon U.S.N.
- WILLIAMS, CHARLES H.,
2d Lieut. 3d R.I.H.A. Providence, R.I.
- WILLIAMS, GEORGE W.,
By inheritance from Acting Master James S. Williams. Salem.
- WILLIAMS, HORACE B. L.,
Son of Captain Horace P. Williams. Boston.
- WILLIAMS, HORACE P.,
3d Lieut. 5th Infantry, M.V.M.; Captain 22d Mass. Infantry. Boston.
- * WILLIAMS, ROBERT,
2d Lieut. 39th Mass. Infantry.
- WILLIAMS, SAMUEL K.,
2d Lieut. 22d Ohio Infantry; 1st Lieut. 43d Ohio Infantry; 1st Lieut. Wallace Guards,
Ohio Infantry; Captain 2d Ohio Cavalry; Major 8th V.R.C. Boston.
- † WILLIAMSON, JAMES A.,
Colonel 4th Iowa Infantry; Brigadier Gen'l, Brevet Major Gen'l, U.S.V.
- WILLIS, HENRY A.,
1st Lieut., Adjutant, 53d Infantry, M.V.M. Fitchburg.
- * WILSON, ARTHUR H.,
Asst. Surgeon 7th U.S. Veteran Volunteers.
- WILSON, C. WEBSTER,
Acting Volunteer Lieut. U.S.N. Boston.
- WILSON, FLETCHER A.,
Chief Engineer (retired) U.S.N. Boston.

- WILSON, HENRY W.,
Captain 6th Infantry, M.V.M. South Boston.
- WILSON, LEWIS P.,
Captain 13th N.H. Infantry. Peterboro', N.H.
- * WINGATE, GEORGE E.,
Commander (retired) U.S.N.
- WINSLOW, GEORGE F.,
Medical Director U.S.N. Boston.
- WINSLOW, HERBERT,
Commander U.S.N. By inheritance from Rear Admiral John A. Winslow, U.S.N., U.S.S.
"Solace."
- WINSOR, ALFRED,
1st Lieut. 45th Infantry, M.V.M. Brookline.
- WINSOR, ROBERT,
By inheritance from Surgeon Frederick Winsor. Boston.
- * WISE, PIERREPONT,
In succession to 1st Lieut. William G. Wise.
- * WOLCOTT, JOHN W.,
1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Battery; Captain Battery A, Md. Light Artillery.
- WOLCOTT, ROGER,
By inheritance from 2d Lieut. Huntington F. Wolcott. Boston.
- WOOD, ALBERT,
Asst. Surgeon 29th Mass. Infantry; Surgeon 1st Mass. Cavalry. Worcester.
- * WOODBURY, GEORGE T.,
2d Lieut. 1st N.J. Infantry; Captain Battery D, N.J. Light Artillery.
- † WOODBURY, URBAN A.,
Captain 1st Vermont H.A.; Captain 13th V.R.C.
- * WOODMAN, GEORGE F.,
2d Lieut. 1st N.C. Infantry.
- WOODRUFF, CARLE A.,
Lieut. Colonel 7th Artillery, U.S.A. Fort Slocum, New York.
- * WOODWARD, DAVID M.,
1st Lieut. 25th Mass. Infantry; Lieut. Colonel 60th Infantry, M.V.M.
- † WOOSTER, WILLIAM H. H.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 6th Conn. Infantry.
- * WORCESTER, GEORGE S.,
Major 3d Mass. H.A.
- WRIGHT, ALBERT J.,
Acting Asst. Paymaster U.S.N. Wakefield.
- * WRIGHT, JOHN H.,
Medical Director U.S.N.
- WRIGHT, JOSEPH W. B.,
1st Lieut. Battery A, 1st N.J.L.A.; 1st Lieut. 2d Mass. H.A.; Captain 14th Mass. Battery.
South Boston.
- * WYMAN, JOHN C.,
Captain 33d Mass. Infantry; Captain 3d Mass. Cavalry.
- † YOUNG, ANDREW H.,
1st Lieut., R.Q.M., 7th N.H. Infantry; Captain, A.Q.M., U.S.V.; Major, Paymaster,
Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U.S.V.; Captain, A.Q.M., U.S.A.
- YOUNG, WILLIAM H. H.,
1st Lieut. 13th N.H. Infantry. Boston.
- † ZALINSKI, EDMUND L.,
2d Lieut. 2d N.Y. Artillery; Captain 5th Artillery (retired), U.S.A.

SUMMARY

Original Members of the First Class	720	
First Class in Succession	61	
First Class by Inheritance	66	
Second Class	67	
Third Class	6	
Deceased Members		920
Total number on the Roll		377
Members transferred to other Commanderies		1297
Total names in foregoing list of members		178
Resigned, dropped and expelled		1475
Total membership of the Commandery since organization March 4, 1868		53
		1528

